9: Ewers

NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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[For information on the horse medicine cult and its bundle, see all of the above categories.]

11: Goldfrank NF6 Blackfoot NF6

● 778

[Information on bundles and other paraphernalia of the men's societies may be found in Category 575.]

41: Ewers NF6 Blackfoot NF6

● 778

[For information on painted lodge-skin covers and their designs as sacred objects, see Category 531, pp. 24-B--27-B.]

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

THE BUFFALO ROCK

A SMALL stone, which is usually a fossil shell of some kind, 778 is known by the Blackfeet as I-nis'-kim, the buffalo stone. This object is strong medicine, and, as indicated in some of these stories, gives its possessor great power with buffalo. The stone is found on the prairie, and the person who succeeds in obtaining one is regarded as very fortunate. Sometimes a man, who is riding along on the prairie, will [787] hear a peculiar faint chirp, such as a little bird might utter. The sound he knows is made by a buffalo rock. He stops and searches on the ground for the rock, and if he cannot find it, marks the place and very likely returns next day, either alone or with others from the camp, to look for it again. If it is found, there is great rejoicing. How the first buffalo rock was obtained, and its power made known, is told in the following story.

Long ago, in the winter time, the buffalo suddenly disap- 539 peared. The snow was so deep that the people could not move in search of them, for in those days they had no horses. So the hunters killed deer, elk, and other small game along the river bottoms, and when these were all killed off or driven away, the people began to starve.

One day, a young married man killed a jack-rabbit. He was so hungry that he ran home as fast as he could, and told one of his wives to hurry and get some water to cook it. While the young woman was going along the path to the river, she heard a beautiful song. It sounded close by, but she looked all around and could see no one.

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

539 The song seemed to come from a cotton-wood tree near the path. Looking closely at this tree she saw a queer rock jammed in a fork, where the tree was split, and with it a few hairs from a buffalo, which had rubbed there. The woman was frightened and dared not pass the tree. Pretty soon the singing stopped, and the I-nis'-kim [buffalo rock] spoke to the woman and said: "Take me to your lodge, and when it is dark, call in the people and teach them the song you have just heard. Pray, too, that you may not starve, and that the buffalo may come back. Do this, and when day comes, your hearts will be glad."

The woman went on and got some water, and when she came back, took the rock and gave it to her husband, telling him about the song and what the rock had said. As soon as it was dark, the man called the chiefs and old men to his lodge, and his wife taught them this song. They prayed, too, as the rock had said should be done. Before long, they heard a noise far off. It was the tramp of a great herd of buffalo coming. Then they knew that the rock was very powerful, and, ever since that, the people have taken care of it and prayed to it.

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823 [NOTE.— I-nis'-kims are usually small *Ammonites*, or sections of *Baculites*, or sometimes merely oddly shaped nodules of flint. It is said of them that if an I-nis'-kim is wrapped up and left undisturbed for a long time, it will have young ones; two small stones similar in shape to the original one will be found in the package with it.]

logs or brush,—anything in fact to make a close, high barrier. 224 In some places the enclosure might be only a fence of brush, but even here the buffalo did not break it down, for they did not push against it, but ran round and round within, looking for a clear space through which they might pass. From the top of the bluff, directly over the pis'kun, two long lines of rock piles and brush extended far out on the prairie, ever diverging from each other like the arms of the letter V, the opening over the pis'kun being at the angle.

In the evening of the day preceding a drive of buffalo [756] into the pis'kun a medicine man, usually one who was the possessor of a buffalo rock, In-is'-kim, unrolled his pipe, and [782] prayed to the Sun for success. Next morning the man who [778] was to call the buffalo arose very early, and told his wives that they must not leave the lodge, nor even look out, until [784] he returned; that they should keep burning sweet grass, [782] and should pray to the Sun for his success and safety. Without eating or drinking, he then went up on the prairie, and the people followed him, and concealed themselves behind the rocks and bushes which formed the V, or chute. The [292] medicine man put on a head-dress made of the head of a buffalo, and a robe, and then started out to approach the animals. When he had come near to the herd, he moved about until he had attracted the attention of some of the buffalo, and when they began to look at him, he walked slowly away toward the entrance of the chute. Usually the buffalo followed, and, as they did so, he gradually increased his pace. The buffalo followed more rapidly, and the man continually went a little faster. Finally, when the buffalo were fairly within the chute, the people began to rise up from behind the rock piles which the herd had passed, and to shout and wave their robes. This frightened the hindermost buffalo, which pushed forward on the others, and before long the whole herd was running at headlong speed toward the precipice, the rock piles directing them to the

776 hidden. It is sometimes said, however, that when he left
[825] them he told them also that, when he returned, he would find them changed — a different people and living in a different way from that which they practised when he went away. Sometimes, also, it is said that when he disappeared he went to the East.

776 It is generally believed that Old Man is no longer the
178 principal god of the Blackfeet, that the Sun has taken his place. There is some reason to suspect, however, that the Sun and Old Man are one, that *Nātōs'* is only another name for *Na'pi*, for I have been told by two or three old men that "the Sun is the person whom we call Old Man." However this may be, it is certain that *Na'pi* — even if he no longer occupies the chief place in the Blackfoot religious system — is still reverenced, and is still addressed in prayer. Now, however, every good thing, success in war, in the chase, health, long life, all happiness, come by the special favor of the Sun.

776 The Sun is a man, the supreme chief of the world. The
821 flat, circular earth in fact is his home, the floor of his lodge, and the over-arching sky is its covering. The moon, *Kō-kō-mik'-ē-ĭs*, night light, is the Sun's wife. The pair have had a number of children, all but one of whom were killed by pelicans. The survivor is the morning star, *A-pi-su'-ahts* — early riser.

776 In attributes the Sun is very unlike Old Man. He is a
782 beneficent person, of great wisdom and kindness, good to those who do right. As a special means of obtaining his favor, sacrifices must be made. These are often presents of clothing, fine robes, or furs, and in extreme cases, when the prayer is for life itself, the offering of a finger, or — still dearer — a lock of hair. If a white buffalo was killed, the
[778] robe was always given to the Sun. It belonged to him. Of the buffalo, the tongue — regarded as the greatest delicacy of the whole animal — was especially sacred to the Sun.

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

776 The
[171] Cheyennes also have a Ground Man whom they call The Lower One, or Below Person (*Pun'-ŏ-tsĭ-hyo*). The cold and snow are brought by Cold Maker (*Ai'-so-yim-stan*). He is a man, white in color, with white hair, and clad in white apparel, who rides on a white horse. He brings the storm with him. They pray to him to bring, or not to bring, the storm.

825 Many of the animals are regarded as typifying some form
778 of wisdom or craft. They are not gods, yet they have power, which, perhaps, is given them by the Sun or by Old Man. Examples of this are shown in some of the stories.

Among the animals especially respected and supposed to have great power, are the buffalo, the bear, the raven, the wolf, the beaver, and the kit-fox. Geese too, are credited with great wisdom and with foreknowledge of the weather. They are led by chiefs. As is quite natural among a people like the Blackfeet, the buffalo stood very high among the animals which they reverenced. It symbolized
[776] food and shelter, and was *Nato'yĕ* (of the Sun), sacred. Not a few considered it a medicine animal, and had it for their dream, or secret helper. It was the most powerful of all the animal helpers. Its importance is indicated by the fact that buffalo skulls were placed on the sweat houses built in connection with the Medicine Lodge. A similar respect for the buffalo exists among many Plains tribes, which were formerly dependent on it for food and raiment. A reverence for the bear appears to be common to all North American tribes, and is based not upon anything that the animal's body yields, but perhaps on the fact that it is the largest carnivorous mammal of the continent, the most difficult to kill and extremely keen in all its senses. The Blackfeet believe it to be part brute and part human, portions of its body, particularly the ribs and feet, being like those of a man. The raven is cunning. The wolf has great endurance and much craft. He can steal close to one without being seen. In the stories

given in the earlier pages of this book, many of the attributes 825
of the different animals are clearly set forth. 778

There were various powers and signs connected with these
animals so held in high esteem by the Blackfeet, to which 825
the people gave strict heed. Thus the raven has the power 787
of giving people far sight. It was also useful in another way. 778
Often, in going to war, a man would get a raven's skin and stuff the head and neck, and tie it to the hair of the head behind. If a man wearing such a skin got near the enemy without knowing it, the skin would give him warning by tapping him on the back of the head with its bill. Then he would know that the enemy was near, and would hide. If a raven flew over a lodge, or a number of lodges, and cried, and then was joined by other ravens, all flying over the camp and crying, it was a sure sign that during the day some one would come and tell the news from far off. The ravens often told the people that game was near, calling to the hunter and then flying a little way, and then coming back, and again calling and flying toward the game.

The wolves are the people's great friends; they travel with the wolves. If, as they are travelling along, they pass close to some wolves, these will bark at the people, talking to them. Some man will call to them, "No, I will not give you my body to eat, but I will give you the body of some one else, if you will go along with us." This applies both to wolves and coyotes. If a man goes away from the camp at night, and meets a coyote, and it barks at him, he goes back to the camp, and says to the people: "Look out now; be smart. A coyote barked at me to-night." Then the people look out, and are careful, for it is a sure sign that something bad is going to happen. Perhaps some one will be shot; perhaps the enemy will charge the camp.

If a person is hungry and sings a wolf song, he is likely to 789
find food. Men going on a hunting trip sing these songs, 533
which bring them good luck.
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825 The bear has very powerful medicine. Sometimes he
778 takes pity[A] on people and helps them, as in the story of
Mik'-api.[A]

821 Some Piegans, if they wish to travel on a certain day, have
789 the power of insuring good weather on that day. It is sup-
[533] posed that they do this by singing a powerful song. Some
of the enemy can cause bad weather, when they want to steal
into the camp.

People who belonged to the *Sin'-o-pah* band of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, if they were at war in summer and wanted a storm to come up, would take some dirt and water and rub it on the kit-fox skin, and this would cause a rain-storm to come up. In winter, snow and dirt would be rubbed on the skin and this would bring up a snow-storm.

778 Certain places and inanimate objects are also greatly
782 reverenced by the Blackfeet, and presents are made to them.
823 The smallest of the three buttes of the Sweet Grass Hills
[115] is regarded as sacred. "All the Indians are afraid to go
there," Four Bears once told me. Presents are sometimes
[776] thrown into the Missouri River, though these are not offer-
ings made directly to the stream, but are given to the Under
Water People, who live in it.

Mention has already been made of the buffalo rock, which gives its owner the power to call the buffalo.

Another sacred object is the medicine rock of the Marias. It is a huge boulder of reddish sandstone, two-thirds the way up a steep hill on the north bank of the Marias River, about five miles from Fort Conrad. Formerly, this rock rested on the top of the bluff, but, as the soil about it is worn away by the wind and the rain, it is slowly moving down the hill. The Indians believe it to be alive, and make presents to it. When I first visited it, the ground about it was strewn with decaying remnants of offerings that had been made to it in the past. Among these I noticed, besides fragments of clothing, eagle feathers, a steel finger

[A] [See Category 116, pp. 61-69--Analyst]

ring, brass ear-rings, and a little bottle made of two copper 778
cartridge cases. 782

Down on Milk River, east of the Sweet Grass Hills, is 823
another medicine rock. It is shaped something like a man's body, and looks like a person sitting on top of the bluff. Whenever the Blackfeet pass this rock, they make presents to it. Sometimes, when they give it an article of clothing, they put it on the rock, "and then," as one of them once said to me, "when you look at it, it seems more than ever like a person." Down in the big bend of the Milk River, opposite the eastern end of the Little Rocky Mountains, lying on the prairie, is a great gray boulder, which is shaped like a buffalo bull lying down. This is [171]
greatly reverenced by all Plains Indians, Blackfeet included, and they make presents to it. Many other examples of similar character might be given.

The Blackfeet make daily prayers to the Sun and to Old 776
Man, and nothing of importance is undertaken without 782
asking for divine assistance. They are firm believers in 787
dreams. These, they say, are sent by the Sun to enable us to look ahead, to tell what is going to happen. A dream, especially if it is a strong one, — that is, if the dream is very clear and vivid, — is almost always obeyed. As dreams [121]
start them on the war path, so, if a dream threatening bad luck comes to a member of a war party, even if in the enemy's country and just about to make an attack on a camp, the party is likely to turn about and go home without
making any hostile demonstrations. The animal or object [776]
which appears to the boy, or man, who is trying to dream for power, is, as has been said, regarded thereafter as his secret helper, his medicine, and is usually called his dream (*Nits-o'-kan*).

The most important religious occasion of the year is the 796
ceremony of the Medicine Lodge. This is a sacrifice, which, [562]
among the Blackfeet, is offered invariably by women. If a [782]

MEDICINE PIPES AND HEALING

756 THE person whom the whites term "medicine man" is
[115] called by the Blackfeet *Ni-namp'-skan.* Mr. Schultz believes
this word to be compounded of *nin'nah,* man, and *namp'-*
[797] *ski,* horned toad (*Phrynosoma*), and in this he is supported
by Mr. Thomas Bird, a very intelligent half-breed, who has
translated a part of the Bible into the Blackfoot language for
the Rev. S. Trivett, a Church of England missionary. These
gentlemen conclude that the word means "all-face man."
[302] The horned toad is called *namp'-ski,* all-face; and as the
medicine man, with his hair done up in a huge topknot,
bore a certain resemblance to this creature, he was so named.
No one among the Blackfeet appears to have any idea as to
what the word means.

276 The medicine pipes are really only pipe stems, very long,
● 778 and beautifully decorated with bright-colored feathers and
the fur of the weasel and other animals. It is claimed that
[773] these stems were given to the people long, long ago, by the
Sun, and that those who own them are regarded by him with
special favor.

[435] Formerly these stems were valued at from fifteen to thirty
head of horses, and were bought and sold like any other
property. When not in use, they were kept rolled up in
many thicknesses of fine tanned fur, and with them were
invariably a quantity of tobacco, a sacred whistle, two sacred
rattles, and some dried sweet grass, and sweet pine needles.

In the daytime, in pleasant weather, these sacred bundles were hung out of doors behind the owners' lodges, on tripods.

At night they were suspended within, above the owners' seat. 276
It was said that if at any time a person should walk com- 778
pletely around the lodge of a medicine man, some bad luck [784]
would befall him. Inside the lodge, no one was allowed to
pass between the fireplace and the pipe stem. No one but [756]
a medicine man and his head wife could move or unroll the
bundle. The man and his wife were obliged always to keep [386]
their faces, hands, and clothing painted with *nits'-i-san*, a
dull red paint, made by burning a certain clay found in the
bad lands.

The *Ni-namp'-skan* appears to be a priest of the Sun, and 756
prayers offered through him are thought to be specially
favored. So the sacred stem is frequently unrolled for the [755]
benefit of the sick, for those who are about to undertake a
dangerous expedition, such as a party departing to war, for [782]
prayers for the general health and prosperity of the people,
and for a bountiful supply of food. At the present time [178]
these ancient ceremonies have largely fallen into disuse. In
fact, since the disappearance of the buffalo, most of the old
customs are dying out.

The thunder is believed to bring the rain in spring, and 796
the rain makes the berries grow. It is a rule that after the 756
first thunder is heard in the spring, every medicine man
must give a feast and offer prayers for a large berry crop. I [821]
have never seen this ceremony, but Mr. Schultz was once [115]
permitted to attend one, and has given me the following
account of it. He said: "When I entered the lodge with the other guests, the pipe stem had already been unrolled. Before the fire were two huge kettles of cooked sarvis berries, a large bowlful of which was soon set before each guest. Each one, before eating, took a few of the berries and rubbed them into the ground, saying, 'Take pity on us, all Above People, and give us good.'

"When all had finished eating, a large black stone pipe [782]
bowl was filled and fitted to the medicine stem, and the

627 In the more serious cases of adult disputes, force and physical punishment
were employed if gossip failed. In cases of murder, a revenge killing might take
[682] place if a high payment was not offered in retribution and accepted. A person who
[689] disrupted the summer hunt might be beaten and have his clothing and weapons
destroyed. An adulterous woman might have her nose cut off, or be put to death
[684] by the members of her husband's warrior society (Grinnell 1907:220, Ewers
1958:97–98; Wissler 1911:24–26 discuss specific punishments).

157 These forces contributed to the development of some general personality
characteristics of the Blackfeet. Grinnell found them, like other Plains Indians, to be "talkative, merry, and lighthearted," and fond of joking, even though they appeared reserved and quiet when with strangers (Grinnell 1907:181). Wissler commented on their fondness for jest and practical jokes (Wissler 1911:52–53). In addition, I get a picture of a brave, resourceful people, industrious and aggressive, yet much concerned with self, jealous, and easily shamed. These characteristics and their expression were further reinforced by the Blackfeet beliefs.

Religion

869 While learning all these skills and rules, the young people were learning
as well the beliefs that gave the practices validity, supported the rights and privileges of age, gave meaning to the Blackfeet world, and added supernatural reinforcement to the moral code.

778 All of the Blackfeet universe was invested with a pervasive supernatural
power that could be met with in the natural environment. A man could seek and
787 avail himself of this power through proper behavior and ritual. He went alone to
a remote place to fast and pray, and to await the dream or vision that would transfer
[785] power to him. If he was successful the supernatural appeared to him, usually in
animate form, and promised aid and success in all or specific endeavors, if the man
in return would observe faithfully a series of taboos and periodically re-enact in
[778] ritual the experience by which he had received the power. The spirit-being instructed the petitioner to make a medicine bundle containing the symbols of his
[776] power and taught him the appropriate songs and rituals. The spirit was now his
guardian and could be called upon for protection in times of trouble.

The powers, paraphernalia, and rituals became the personal property of the
owner. He and the spirit dealt with each other as individuals, and any group benefits to be expected from this relationship were dependent on the inclinations of the
778 individual owner. The complete power, bundle, songs, and ritual could be sold,
432 or transferred, by one individual to another for a price. The owners of some bundles could sell short-term benefits of their power, as well, usually by going through
the ceremony of the bundle for the benefit of an individual, the family, band, or
tribe, or through the preparation of a charm to be used by the purchaser. Ewers
relates how Wolf Calf acquired horse medicine power and how he used it, how he
transferred parts of the power and how these parts and the bundle itself were
transferred to a series of men from those days in the early nineteenth century on
778 up into the time of Ewer's informants of the 1940s (Ewers 1955:258–261). The
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778 421 point here is that these powers and their symbols were subject to the same controls as any other property. A man, therefore, incurred both rights and obligations with the attainment of power. He was expected to be generous with it, but at the same time he expected to be paid in goods or prestige for the help he gave.

778 554 The Blackfeet believed that the possession of a guardian spirit and power were important for success, so such powers and the bundles that represented them were highly valued. Not all men were successful in their vision quest, but this was not held against them. They were just unlucky. Neither they nor anyone else expected much of them, however, and they could hardly advance in prestige without some successes. Such men might be motivated to gain property to enable them to purchase power from someone who had had the experience, and men with power often sought to transfer it because it was a restricted and often burdensome property. [778 574 784] As with other kinds of property, the bundle owner was expected to be generous with his power. Bundles had to be opened periodically, and the owner had to provide a feast for invited guests as a part of the ritual. In addition, the bundle owner had to observe a number of taboos associated with each bundle—it had to be displayed properly, no one should walk between the bundle and its owner, and numerous restrictions were put on the owner's behavior. Some men owned several bundles, but whether one or many, some owners found the responsibilities, expenses and taboos too burdensome and sought buyers for their power.

Values and Status

554 183 Perhaps, as already indicated, one of the most persistent themes of Blackfeet life was the high value put on individual prestige, a value that operated through and maintained a status structure. This was not a true class society with easily recognized social divisions, but a structure of status positions, each shading into a higher one. The high status people were distinguished readily from those of low status, but the separations along the line might be imperceptible.[8] The whole system was an expression of Blackfeet values, and the highest status was achieved by the man who best represented these ideals.

[555 556] The major characteristics valued by the Blackfeet and by which men were judged appear to have been bravery, generosity, wisdom, and skill; these were displayed in warfare, horse raiding, hunting, religious knowledge and the acquisition of property for use in the service of others.

555 183 It is difficult to establish a hierarchy of the importance of these different attributes. Bravery and generosity appear to have been essential. The ethnographers differ in their ordering of exploits by which a reputation for bravery was established, but all agree that war honors were ranked, and that the killing and scalping of an enemy ranked below the more dangerous feats of successfully wresting the weapons from an enemy and escaping without injury, or stealing into the center

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[8] [565] Ewers believes that social classes were forming in the late 1880s under the influence of horse ownership. A small rich class, a numerous middle class, and a number of poor were recognized, grounded in respect for individual rights and property rights (Ewers 1955:240–244).

524 for playing the stick game as well as pool and cards was a regular gathering place for the people of Heart Butte until it burned down a few years ago. The weekly stick games have moved to a new location on Badger Creek.

177 The horse races attract some white-oriented horse fans, but the majority of the crowd is Indian-oriented. 541 Races are occasions for Indian rivalry and above all to enjoy each other's company. The stick games have a regular but more limited 177 following and with few exceptions, players and observers are Indian-oriented.

524 Song services are meetings of the singing groups and serve both as practice sessions and as forms of social gathering for the people involved. 533 The sessions are usually held in the home of one of the singers, a relative, or a friend. A few kinsmen and friends—young and old, men and women—attend and the evening is spent in singing and drumming old and new songs. The sessions break up at the discretion of the singers and may be followed by a late supper.

788 Bundle openings and curing ceremonies (according to informant and newspaper reports) are religious rituals to which guests are invited. 755 The reports indicate that those in attendance are always people of Indian-orientation. [177] Some are believers and others are sympathetic but noncommitted members of the participants' families. The activities on these occasions are determined by the ritual of the particular bundle or cure, but involve singing, drumming, prayers and some 788 dancing by selected participants. 778 The owner of the bundle regularly paints the faces of those in attendance as a mark of prayer for their well being. [302] Bundle opening ceremonies are followed by a feast. One such ceremony held at Starr School was described by one of the neighbors: [782]

> 788 778 535 The beaver dance given by Jim White Calf was held at the home of Jim and Amy Whitegrass despite the terrific storm and sudden cold. There were many people from Browning out to see this rare dance, that has long been forgotten. Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Fish Wolf Robe, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Many Guns and Mary Ground besides the many people of our community. The dance began with the rythmic [sic] beating on hides to certain songs. The bundle was opened by Jim White Calf and Maggie Many Hides. The bundle consists of many skins of useful animals and small birds that are of help to the owner. The beaver for "energy," the otter for "speed," the ermine for "beauty," the swan for "grace" and the little birds for their endurance of the cold in the winter. The people were then painted and eight danced in a most graceful manner. Maggie Many Hides, Mary Ground, Isabelle, Cecile Horn, Mrs. Fish, Annie Old Person, Mrs. Tom Many Guns all danced like beavers with [574] [262] sticks in their mouths and hands. The usual meal was served after a monstrous amount of energy was put into the dancing and singing. A delicious berry soup, boiled meat, fried bread and a dessert were consumed by everyone. At the end of the dance one certain lady gets up and dances with little small deer hooves and punches a man in the crowd and it goes on until everyone is dancing. It was a most enjoyable occasion for a grand time was had by all (*Glacier Reporter*, October 12, 1961:6).

This "dance" was "long forgotten" by the reporter and others in the community but not by the bundle-owner and the named participants, several of whom owned 788 or had owned bundles themselves. Here was a gathering of Indian-oriented people conducting an Indian ceremony. 781 Some undoubtedly experienced the deep religious experience of a beaver bundle opening, others had a "grand time" at a "most

[ca. 1700]

tools and utensils, but she was also responsible for the movement of the camp equipment. She dismantled the tipi, caught 462 the reluctant dogs and tackled them to the travois, loaded the travois, and kept the lively dogs in line on the march. Often she carried heavy loads on her own back. At the end of a hard day's journey she could not rest until she had pitched the tipi and fed the family. Furthermore, as indicated above, women rendered active assistance in the co-operative buffalo hunt. In this toilsome life youthful beauty was short lived, and there was little comfort in old age. When they became bent with age and too feeble to follow the moving camp on foot, they were abandoned to face death alone.

Men were hunters, warriors, and craftsmen who made their weapons and their ceremonial and religious equipment. In dog days, when swiftness of foot and physical stamina were decided assets, young men must have been proud to have had the reputation of being good runners who could overtake a buffalo or an enemy on foot. Individuals who achieved outstanding war [555] records, or who possessed powers to call the buffalo or heal the sick, must have enjoyed a distinction among their fellows denied the average man.

Probably many religious beliefs widely held by the forest Algonkian tribes survived among the Blackfeet in dog days. 771 Undoubtedly they shared with the forest tribes a basic belief in 778 the ability of supernatural birds or animals to communicate some of their sacred power to young men who actively sought it through prayers and fasting. This power, they believed, would aid and protect its human beneficiary throughout his life. Men 794 who received power from the same animal, such as the bear, beaver, or buffalo, formed cults and performed ceremonies they believed were sacred to that animal. Perhaps the most important of these animal cults in dog days was that of the beaver, for it was the beaver medicine men whose rituals charmed the buffalo into the corral and brought food to their people in time of need.[13]

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[13] Clark Wissler, "Ceremonial Bundles of the Blackfoot Indians," American Museum of Natural History *Anthropological Papers*, Vol. VII, Part 2 (1912), 282. Wissler considered the beaver ceremonies the oldest of the many Blackfoot bundle rituals. [188]

721 War was the principal occupation of the young men. The
Piegans, who continued to be the frontier tribe—living farther
south and west than the others—were the most active aggressors
in the successful wars against the Shoshonis. The Blackfeet, living
farthest northeast, bore the brunt of Cree and Assiniboin
pressures from the east. The Blood tribe in the center warred in
555 both directions. Many older men among the Blackfoot tribes
bragged of killing fifteen or twenty of the enemy. He was but
a modest warrior who could claim less than ten scalps. The successful
ones delighted in recounting their battle records.

721 In their wars with the Shoshonis and Flatheads, the Piegans
sent out large parties of several hundred men to do battle. However,
much of their warlike activity took the form of raiding for
231 horses by small groups of young men. By raiding and raising
horses some Indians managed to build up large herds. In 1809
one Piegan was said to own three hundred, while some Northern
492 Blackfeet owned thirty or forty horses. Two kinds of saddles
were used, a buffalo-hide pad stuffed with moose or elk hair,
employed by active young men, and a rawhide-covered, wooden-framed
saddle with high pommel and cantle, ridden by women.[44]

175 The traders' accounts of Indian religious beliefs are of less
value than their observations of everyday life and customs. They
127 depended to a great extent on the Cree language in their conversations
with the Blackfeet. They saw little of the Indians
during the summer months when furs were not prime and the
natives were hunting far from the trading posts. That was also
796 the traditional ceremonial season. Although Henry learned that
the Blackfeet then recognized the sun as their supreme being,
[776] he did not mention the tribal sun dance. If that important religious
observance of later years was performed at that time it
would have been held in the summer far away from the trading
posts.

778 Traders were intrigued by the painstaking attention given by
the Blackfoot tribes to ceremonial smoking. Yet the medicine

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276 [44] Henry and Thompson, *New Light*, II, 526–27, 726–27.

[ca. 1800]

pipe is the only recognizable ritual to which they referred. 778
Thompson remarked upon the great length of these pipestems, 276
some three or four feet long, and noted that they were carried on the backs of their owners with care when camp was moved. Henry learned of the Blackfoot tradition that the medicine pipe was given to the people by Thunder.

Alexander Henry was told that when a Blackfoot Indian died, 775
his spirit traveled to a great hummock between Red Deer River and the South Saskatchewan. There it ascended into the air and proceeded southward "to a delightful country, well stocked with horses, buffalo, and women and there lives happy to all eternity, making pounds, chasing buffalo, and enjoying handsome women."[45]

Henry regarded the Blackfoot tribes as "the most independent and happy people of all the tribes E. of the Rocky mountains. War, women, horses and buffalo are their delights, and all these they have at command."[46] 181

Strong and warlike as the Blackfoot tribes were, the traders 648
had little to fear from them as long as they gave fair return for furs, horses, and provisions in such coveted wonders as guns and "white man's water." The Indians knew the traders were too few in number to offer a threat to their security. During the 1780's the Blackfoot tribes were uniformly friendly to the white businessmen in their country. In the early nineties, however, their Gros Ventre allies, living on the plains between the South Saskatchewan and the Missouri, twice destroyed Hudson's Bay Company posts. In 1811, believing the traders were discriminating against them, the Gros Ventres proposed an attack upon Rocky Mountain House. When the Piegans learned of this plan they nipped it in the bud by warning the Gros Ventres in no uncertain terms that if they carried out their threat against the traders, they would have to fight them too. The traders themselves had roused the resentment of the Piegans by sending arms

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[45] *Ibid.*, II, 527–29; Thompson, *Narrative*, 366.

[46] Henry and Thompson, *New Light*, II, 737.

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 44]

[ca. 1850]

292 to match those on the shirt. The most elaborate outfits were decorated with hairlock or weasel-skin pendants from the neck, and
294 sleeves. Sixteen or more weasel skins were required to decorate
[231] both shirt and leggings. Worth three or more horses, such suits
were generally the property of rich men.

Some men painted black or dark brown horizontal stripes on
532 their shirts and leggings if they were instructed to do so in their
292 dreams. Indeed, many of the finest suits were made in fulfill-
[787] ment of dream instructions. They were regarded as personal
medicines endowing their owners with supernatural power and
[778] were worn only in battle, in ceremonies, in dress parades, and
to be buried in.

The handsome eagle-feather bonnets worn by a few Blackfoot
292 leaders were reserved for the same occasions. These were not of the familiar flowing type made by the Sioux, but were crowns of eighteen to thirty upright feathers inserted in a folded rawhide headband. The headband was covered with red flannel and decorated with little brass discs and pendants of white weasel skin.

291 The woman's basic garment was a long, sleeveless dress reaching almost to the ankles. Ceremonial dresses differed from every-
[292] day ones primarily in their elaborate decoration. Some dresses
were made of calico, some of heavy blue trade cloth, but the
292 finest were of antelope or elkskin. One skin formed the front and
one the back of the garment. They were sewed together at the
292 sides, and both were sewed to a yoke of the same material which
294 covered the shoulders and upper arms. A handsome dress, collected by John James Audubon in 1843, has a narrow band of trade beads bordering the neck opening, broader bands over the shoulders, and a still broader meandering band below the border
[232] of the yoke on both front and back. A row of elktooth pendants
hangs from the broadest band of beadwork.[1] Some wives of
wealthy men wore four rows of elkteeth on both front and back
of their best dresses.

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[1] Specimen in Audubon Collection, American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

> the party, do all the camp drudgery, and consider themselves 702
> amply repaid in being permitted to learn the science of horse
> stealing from such experienced hands.[8]

Sometimes a childless wife, who preferred to share her husband's dangers rather than to stay home anxiously awaiting his return, accompanied a raiding party.

The seasoned Blackfoot raider was a courageous, alert, resourceful 701
fighting man. Nevertheless, he did not attribute his
success in war to these qualities. Rather he attributed it to the 714
power of his war medicine. No leader or active member of a war
party took the field without his war medicine. It would both 778
protect him from harm and insure his success in his hazardous
adventure. A young man might obtain war medicine in a dream [187]
in which a kindly spirit appeared, took pity on him, and gave
him some of its supernatural power, together with complete instructions for making the sacred symbol of this power and for its use. However, it was more common for a young man to obtain his war medicine from an elderly man who had been a war hero in his youth and whose own war medicine had proved its potency by bringing him safely through many dangerous raids.

Before a young man embarked on a raid, he might take a pipe and other gifts to a noted old veteran and ask him for help. This older man might be his own father. Usually he was a relative. The young fellow made a sweat lodge for the older man, who prayed for him and who transferred to him some of his power and the sacred symbols thereof—a war song, face paints, a sacred object to be worn in action, and instructions for their use.

Of more than fifty Blackfoot war medicines known to me, the great majority were single feathers or bunches of feathers worn in the hair. Perhaps feathers were favored because they were light and compact—practical articles for carrying on long journeys afoot. But there were other war medicines—necklaces, bandoleers, headdresses, shirts, knives, and lances. Running Wolf's war medicine was a moon-shaped brass necklace with pendant

[8] James Doty to Isaac I. Stevens, December 20, 1854, Indian Office Records.

714 feathers. The figure of a horse was incised on the brass ornament.
778 Before going into an enemy camp to capture horses, Running Wolf sprinkled water on his necklace. "In a short time clouds would gather and cover the moon, making it easier to take horses from the enemy without being seen."

701 The horse-raiding party was led by an experienced man whose war record and good judgment inspired confidence in his ability to lead a group of men to an enemy camp, capture a goodly number of horses, and return home without losing any member of his party. The leader (or partisan, as the fur traders often referred to him) might invite others to join him on a raid, or several young men might come to him and ask him to be their leader. No one was compelled to go on these raids. All participants were volunteers. Although the leader might be a mature man in his thirties (rarely more than forty years of age), most of his followers were young men in their late teens or early
701 twenties. Often two young men who were close friends joined a
572 war party together. As partners they would look after one another in the field.

721 Spring and summer were favorite seasons for horse raids. Rarely did the Blackfeet try to raid the tribes west of the Rockies in winter, when deep snows clogged the familiar mountain passes. However, some raiders preferred to take horses from neighboring plains tribes in winter because their enemies were less vigilant in winter and falling snow would quickly obliterate the tracks of captured horses, making it impossible for their enemies to follow them after they started for home.

721 Before setting out on a raid, the party was supposed to obtain permission of the band chief, who was thus informed of their
726 destination and objective. They would not do it, however, if they believed he might object to their venture. On the evening before departure the prospective raiders walked around camp drumming on a piece of buffalo rawhide and singing their wolf (war) songs. Their friends and relatives gave them food and extra
762 moccasins to take on their journey. Other young men, upon hearing their drumming, might ask to join the party. The leader

[ca. 1950]

a young man actively sought supernatural aid by going out alone on foot to some isolated spot at a distance from camp. There, on a bare hilltop, beside a lake, or in some other rarely frequented place, the young man fasted and called upon all the powers of sky, earth, and water to have pity upon him. "Hear, Sun; hear, Old Man; Above People, listen; Underwater People, listen." There he remained without food or water until he was exhausted and fell asleep. Then, in response to his supplications, an animal, bird, or power of nature (such as thunder) appeared to him. This spirit in human form spoke to him and expressed pity for him and the desire to give him "some of its power." The spirit then showed him certain objects sacred to it and told him how they should be made and cared for, and how they should be manipulated to bring the man success and to protect him from harm. The spirit also gave him the songs, face paint designs, taboos, and the ritual associated with the use of its particular "medicine." 787

Soon after the young man returned home, he made the articles given him in his dream in accordance with the instructions he received from the spirit. They comprised the contents of his personal medicine bundle. It should be made clear that the Blackfeet regarded these sacred objects as important symbols of power. They were not the power itself. If a medicine bundle was lost or captured by the enemy, the power was not permanently lost. He who was possessed of the power could remake the bundle. Unless he relinquished this power to another through formal transfer, he retained it until his death. 778

Naturally, some of these medicine bundles came to be more highly respected than others. If a man prospered and obtained outstanding success as a warrior and wealth in horses, his fellow tribesmen came to consider his power to be unusually potent. Others wished to share in its benefits. The Blackfeet believed that just as a man received his power or medicine from a spirit helper, so he could transfer this power to some other human. When a man wanted to obtain the power represented by the medicine bundle of another Indian, he approached the owner 778 425

● 778 425 and offered him a pipe and the promise of horses and other valuables in exchange for his power. Should the owner not wish to part with his sacred possession, or should he feel the offer too small, he refused the pipe. If he accepted the pipe, he agreed to the transfer.

783 Although the details of transfer rituals differed with particular medicine bundles, the ceremonies associated with the transfer of the more important bundles had a number of general features in common. Before the formal transfer, the petitioner and bundle owner purified themselves by taking a sweat bath together. The two men, both naked, entered a sweat lodge, which was a temporary structure composed of a framework of arched willows covered with buffalo robes. Attendants heated stones in a near-by fire and placed them inside the sweat lodge. The two bathers sprinkled water on the hot stones, producing a steam which caused them to perspire freely in the little enclosure. Meanwhile, they sang and prayed. At the conclusion of this purification rite they ran to the cool waters of a near-by lake or stream.

778 425 796 The bundle transfer took place inside the owner's tipi. His wife assisted him in the ritual of transfer. Usually a smudge of sweet-smelling grass or other fragrant plant was made on an earth altar in front of the owner's seat. He opened the ceremony by narrating in detail the story of the origin of the bundle. Then, very slowly and deliberately, often making three feints toward an object before touching it, he proceeded to open the sacred bundle. He untied the knots in the rawhide cords surrounding the bundle, unwrapped the outer covering of skin and the inner ones of trade cloth, and reverently picked up each of the sacred articles in the bundle. He accompanied his actions with prayers and songs, singing a different song for each article handled. Smoking a pipe, dancing, and painting the face of the bundle purchaser were also parts of the ritual of transfer of the more important bundles. Many hours were required to transfer a complex bundle.

784 The purchaser watched and listened intently, for he had to learn every detail of the bundle ritual. He also had to learn

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the taboos associated with the care of the bundle. Most bundles 784
had to be hung on tripods behind the owner's lodge during the
day and brought inside at night. Other taboos were more varied. 778
The owner of a medicine pipe bundle must not let anyone pass
in front of him when camp was moved. A beaver bundle owner
dared not show fear of water in any form. The owner of a snake-painted tipi must not break a bone in his lodge.

Frequent transfer of medicine bundles was encouraged by the 778
Blackfoot belief that having owned important bundles added to
a man's prestige and social position. Men of distinction were 554
proud to recount the various bundles they had possessed during
their lifetime, just as they were proud to tell of their brave deeds
in war. Everyone knew that purchase of an important bundle
required sacrifice of considerable property and that learning the
ritual of the bundle was an intellectual accomplishment.

Many articles associated with successful achievements in war 778
came to be regarded as medicine bundles. Among them were
headdresses, shirts, shields, knives, and lances. These more im- 714
portant war medicines were usually the property of the well-to-do members of the tribe.[1]

The most common of the more important classes of medicine 778
bundles were the painted lodges. There were more than fifty of
them among the three Blackfoot tribes. The handsomely painted 532
lodge cover was not a sacred entity in itself. Rather it was part 342
of a complex of sacred objects received by its original owner in
his dream of power.

According to Piegan tradition some of the oldest painted
lodges are the bear ones. Their origin is explained in the follow- 539
ing legend: Long ago a young Piegan determined to obtain some
secret power which would bring him success in war. While trav- 778
eling through heavy timber in search of a fasting place, he came 532
upon a cave. He entered it. When his eyes became accustomed 342
to the darkness he saw the cave was occupied by a mother bear 773
and her cubs. When he pleaded with the bear mother not to
harm him, she quieted down and even let him fondle her cubs.

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[1] War medicines are described on pages 127–28 of this book.

[ca. 1850]

539 For four days and nights he stayed in the bear's den without
778 food or water. Meanwhile he prayed to the bear to give him of its power.

532 On the fourth night he fell asleep. In his dream a male and
342 female bear appeared. They took pity upon him. The female
773 bear gave him her home, a handsome lodge with three red bears painted on each side and red circles on the front and back representing the bears' den. The doorway was covered with a bearskin. She also gave him incense to be burned in the lodge day and night, a blackstone pipe bowl carved in the shape of a bear, and a song, "Underneath there is a bear which is very powerful. With her protection I shall always be spared in battle."

Then the male bear spoke. "My son, I give you my lodge too." Two black bears standing on their hind legs were painted on this lodge, one at each side of the entrance. The father bear also gave him a pipe and a drum.

Then the mother bear gave him a knife with a bear-jaw handle. She threw the knife at him, and he grabbed it before it could harm him. The bears gave him a song to go with it. "A knife is just like dirt thrown against me."

The bears then drove their children back into the brush and painted themselves. They painted their faces red and made long vertical stripes on their faces by scratching off the paint with their claws.

They told him, "This is how you should paint for battle. This painting will protect you."

When enemies of the bears came through the brush and attacked them, the male bear charged and killed the attackers. Then he told the boy, "See. That is the way. Always charge in battle as I just did."

The next day the young man left the bears' den. Not long afterward he joined a war party. In battle he carried a bear knife, painted himself, and charged as the bears had taught him. He took several scalps, but was himself unharmed. After he returned home, he made the two bear lodges just as the bears had shown them to him in his dream.[3]

[ca. 1850]

The bear knife became a coveted Blackfoot war medicine. It 714
had a sharp double-edged iron blade. Bear jaws and feathers
were bound to its wood or bone handle. There were more than 778
a half-dozen bear knives among the three Blackfoot tribes. In 1847, the missionary Father Nicholas Point met a Frenchman who had lost all his horses in a fight with the Blackfeet. But he was proud to have captured "a bear knife, which is for the Indians what a floating flag is for civilized man."[3]

Only a very brave man dared to purchase a bear knife from 714
its owner because the transfer ceremony was a dangerous ordeal.
After they had purified themselves in a sweat lodge, the man 778
who wished to acquire the bear knife and the owner entered the 796
latter's lodge naked. A bed of thorns was in the lodge. The owner 425
made a smudge of parsnip roots, donned a bearclaw necklace, sang his bear songs, and imitated a bear pawing the ground. Then he jumped upon the petitioner, pushed him on to the bed of thorns and painted him in the bear manner.

After that he said, "Now, I shall give you the bear knife. If you don't take it, I shall keep it. If you get hurt with it, don't blame me."

He crawled four times around the lodge interior growling like a bear. Then, holding the knife by the end of its sharp blade, he hurled it at the initiate. If the latter caught it, he became the new owner and the former owner congratulated him. "You gave your life for that knife. It will make you powerful."

The daddy of all Blackfoot medicine bundles was the beaver 778
bundle. Indian traditions refer to the beaver bundle as the oldest
type of medicine bundle. It was by far the largest. Owners of 778
beaver bundles, known as beaver men or "those who have power
over the waters," were the tribal calendar keepers. With sticks 805
in their bundles they kept count of the passage of the months

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[2] This origin legend^A was told me by Fish Wolf Robe, a Piegan, at the time I negotiated the purchase of a bear-painted lodge for the Museum of the Plains Indian. [115] [126]

[3] Nicholas Point, "A Journey on a Barge on the Missouri River from the Fort of the Blackfeet [Lewis] to that of the Assiniboin [Union], 1847," *Mid-America*, Vol. XIII, 247. [539] [778]

A [i.e., the origin legend of the bear painted lodges--Analyst] [592] [342] [773]

778 and they foretold the return of spring each year. These men and
[805] their bundles played important roles in calling the buffalo and in
planting and harvesting sacred tobacco. The sun dance bundle is thought to have been derived from the beaver bundle.

There were several beaver bundles among the three Blackfoot
778 tribes. Several different legends account for their origin. According to one Blood Indian version, the beaver bundle orig-
539 inated in this way: Once a man and his wife camped alone by
773 the shore of a lake. In their lodge were the skins of almost every kind of animal and bird, for the man was a very good hunter. One day, while he was away hunting, a beaver came out of the water and made love to his wife. The beaver continued to visit her daily. Then one day he persuaded her to go with him to his home in the water. When the woman's husband came home, she was gone. He searched the neighborhood for her until he found her tracks leading into the water. Then he gave up his search.

At the end of four days his wife came out of the water and returned to the lodge. In the course of time she gave birth to a beaver child. She told her husband of her affair with the beaver, but he did not harm her. He became very fond of the beaver child.

When the beaver learned of the man's kindness to the beaver child, he took pity upon the man and decided to give him some of his medicine power in exchange for the bird and animal skins in the man's lodge. One day, when the woman was getting water from the lake, the beaver met her and told her he wished to visit her husband. He requested that incense be burned in the lodge to purify it before his arrival and that her husband give him all the things he asked for in his songs.

When the beaver entered, the lodge was scented with burning incense. He and the husband smoked together. Then the beaver began to sing a song in which he asked for a particular bird skin. When the song was ended, the man rose and gave it to him. Then one by one the beaver sang his songs. Each time he asked for the skin of a certain bird or animal, until he had obtained

all the skins in the man's lodge. But meanwhile the man learned 778
all the songs of the beaver medicine and the bird and animal 539
skin that went with each song.

After the beaver returned to his home in the lake, the hunter 773
collected the skins of all the different birds and animals and made them into his sacred bundle. Thus the beaver medicine bundle came to be.[4]

The great size of this bundle and the variety of its contents 778
caused the beaver ritual to be the most complex of all Blackfoot
Indian rituals. It required years for a man to learn the several 796
hundred songs of this ceremony, the animals to which each referred, and their proper sequence in the ritual. Consequently, ownership of a beaver bundle was not transferred very often. As a beaver man grew old, he taught the ritual to a younger man so that he could carry on the ceremony after the old man's death.

The beaver bundle was opened and the ritual performed in [782]
response to an Indian's vow to feast the beaver man and to give
him valuable property if he or one of his family should recover from a serious illness or be saved from imminent danger on the
warpath. In early times, when food was scarce and the people 778
were hungry, they called upon the beaver man to open his mighty
bundle and perform his ritual to call the buffalo. The beaver man 796
and his wife danced, shaking the hoofs and tail of a buffalo 189
which were taken from the bundle. He prayed and sang his 224
potent buffalo-charming songs to change the direction of the wind and drive the buffalo toward camp. The next morning buffalo would be found close by and would be driven into the pound made by the people of the village. In gratitude for his service in preventing starvation, the people gave the beaver man choice morsels from the buffalo impounded and killed.

Seeds of the sacred tobacco planted by the Blood and North- 249
ern Blackfoot tribes were preserved through the winter in the [778]
bundles of beaver men. At planting time in May they gave a

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[4] This origin legend was told me by Frank Red Crow, a Blood, in 1951. Four [115]
variants of the beaver medicine origin legend appear in Wissler and Duvall, "Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians," AMNH *Anth. Papers*, Vol. II, Part 1, 74-78.

249 feast and prepared the seeds by mixing them with deer, antelope, and mountain sheep dung, sarvis berries, and water. The soil was readied for planting by spreading brush over the field, burning the brush, and sweeping the ground with brush brooms. Each planter and his wife then dug a small plot about three feet square with a digging stick, dropped tobacco seeds in the holes, and covered them.

[776] The beaver men believed the tobacco spirits were dwarfs no more than a foot high. Before leaving the garden for the summer 249 hunt, each planter placed a little crooked stick in the center of 782 his plot. Tied to this stick were a miniature pair of moccasins and a tiny pouch containing tobacco seeds—gifts to the "little people." In fall when the tobacco was ripe for harvest, the nomadic Indians returned to their little tobacco garden. The beaver man again performed his ritual before the tobacco was harvested.

778 Another type of medicine bundle which was of respectable age and great importance to the Blackfoot tribes was the medicine pipe. David Thompson learned of the medicine pipe among the Piegans before 1800. Alexander Henry, in 1809, was told of the Blackfoot belief that the medicine pipe was a gift from the thunder.

> Thunder is a man who was very wicked and troublesome to the Indians, killing men and beasts in great numbers. But many years ago he made peace with the Blackfeet, and gave them a pipestem in token of his friendship; since which period he has been harmless.[5]

[126] In 1943, Makes-Cold-Weather, an elderly Piegan Indian, transferred his Blood Medicine Pipe to me for the collections of the Museum of the Plains Indian. At that time he recited the follow- 778 ing legend of the origin of the medicine pipe:

539

773 « « « In the fall of the year three sisters went to pick berries on some hills near their camp. A storm came up quickly, and hail began

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[5] Henry and Thompson, *New Light*, II, 366.

[ca. 1850]

to fall. The two younger sisters ran back to camp, but the eldest 778
stopped, looked up, and called out, "Oh, Thunder, stop this hail and
I shall marry you." The storm ended, and the sky cleared. 539

Before she reached camp, the eldest sister saw a strange, handsome 773
man walking toward her. When he drew near, she said to him, "Get away from me. I want nothing to do with you."

The man replied, "But you said you would marry me. I am the Thunder."

Then the girl recalled, "You are right. That is what I promised."

The young man said to her, "Now, close your eyes until I tell you to open them." She did as he told her. When she was told to open her eyes again, she found herself in a strange country. There were many lodges. The young man led her to one of them and told her to enter it. Inside the lodge he introduced her to his mother and father. She looked around the lodge and saw a large pipe hanging near them.

After the girl had lived in her new home for a while she became homesick. She went out into the hills and cried. When her husband went looking for her, he found her in tears. He asked her what was wrong, and she replied, "I'm lonesome for my own people—my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, whom I never see any more."

Then he promised her, "Stop crying and I shall take you back to your family."

When they returned to their lodge, her husband told his father that his wife was homesick. The father replied, "Yes, I was going to tell you to send her home. When she goes, tell her to take this pipe."

That evening the father showed her how to perform the medicine pipe ceremony, and explained, "In the spring of the year you will hear me thunder. Then you must give a feast, unwrap this pipe, and perform the ritual and dance I have taught you. I give you this lodge that goes with the pipe. Tell your medicine men to carry this pipe and dance out of the lodge so I can see them."

Then Thunder stood up, put the pipe on his back, and showed the girl how it should be carried when camp was moved. He also showed her how the bundle was to be supported on a tripod behind the lodge during the daytime while in camp. Then he said, "Now, close your eyes until I tell you to open them again." When she opened her eyes Thunder said, "Now I must leave you." She stood alone in the lodge.

Next morning a young Indian, who rose early, was surprised to see

[ca. 1850]

778 a strange painted lodge in the camp. He reported its presence to the
539 chief, who asked him to go see what the strange people were doing
773 in his camp. When the young man looked into the lodge, he saw the girl, recognized her as the one who had been lost some time before, and hurried to tell her parents of her return. When her father saw the new lodge and the strange bundle, he asked her, "What are these?"

She explained, "They are Thunder's lodge and his medicine pipe. They are presents to you from my father-in-law, Thunder." » » »

778 Each year thereafter the medicine pipe was opened shortly after the first thunder was heard in spring. In his ritual the medi-
796 cine pipe man carried his sacred pipe out of the lodge, raised it toward the sky, and prayed for the welfare of his people and that no one in his camp would be killed by thunder (lightning) that year. The pipe bundle also was opened when a camp member, in fulfillment of a vow to have the ritual performed should a dear one recover from sickness or survive dangers on the warpath, made a payment of valuable possessions to the medicine pipe man. It was opened when the tobacco in the bundle was renewed and when it was transferred to a new owner.

791 The highly respected medicine pipe men were easily recog-
nized by their peculiar hairdress. Each let his hair grow long
302 and wore it gathered in a large forward-projecting coil over his
791 forehead. These men played an important role in camp movements, always leading the moving camp. Their pipes had a
484 unique function in oath taking. A Blackfoot Indian who swore
778 upon the medicine pipe made as solemn a pledge of speaking the truth as the Christian who swore upon the Bible in a court of law. These Indians believed that any man who violated his oath taken upon the medicine pipe would surely die.

There were nearly a score of medicine pipe bundles among the three Blackfoot tribes. The most sacred object in each bundle was a long wooden pipestem elaborately ornamented with plumes and such other decorations as eagle feathers, hair or weasel-skin pendants, trade beads, bells, or ribbons. The stone

[ca. 1850]

pipe bowls, wooden food bowls, sacred stones, and other ac-
cessories in the bundle were employed in the ritual. But they 778
were secondary in importance to the pipestem. Although the
ritual of the medicine pipe was less complicated than that of [796]
the beaver bundle, it involved the singing of a lengthy series
of songs and prayers as well as dancing with the pipe.

Some medicine pipes were carried by war parties as powerful
war medicines. One of these was the "children's pipe," which 778
originated in the dream of a Blood Indian named Middle Calf 714
while he was on his way home alone from a horse raid. In this
dream an old man appeared who assured Middle Calf he would 778
reach home safely. The old man gave him a pipe to take to his
children, saying this pipe would bring them luck and good 714
health. When he reached home, Middle Calf made the sacred 787
pipe just as he had seen it in his dream. Its stem, less than eigh-
teen inches in length, was much shorter than that of most other
medicine pipes. It was decorated with pendant feathers, trade
beads, and an obsidian arrowhead.

At the sun dance encampment Middle Calf offered to transfer
his sacred pipe to any child who wished to own it. A wealthy 778
Indian sent word that he wished to purchase it for his eldest son. 425
The transfer ritual was unusually simple, involving the singing
of but four songs. First the owner took some balsam needles be- 796
tween his fingers and raised his hands, while singing, "The above
ones gave me this incense which I hold." Then he held up his
right hand with the thumb extended and sang, "The holy one
above, he is holy." He touched the ground with the same thumb
and sang, "The earth persons are holy." Finally he took the pipe
stem in both hands, raised it, and sang the fourth song. "My
pipe is holy. My pipe hears me." Then he stood up, holding the
sacred pipe, and danced to the accompaniment of drums.

This medicine pipe had two functions—to bring health and to
foster success in war. The father of a sick child might make a 778
vow to purchase this pipe so that the child might regain his 782
health. When going into battle or into an enemy camp to capture [755]
[726]

[ca. 1850]

778 horses, the owner of this sacred pipestem tied it in his hair on
the top of his head.[6]

782 One of the greatest mysteries in the history of the Blackfoot
776 tribes is that of the origin of their tribal sun dance. Alexander
Henry referred to their high regard for the sun when he wrote
796 in 1811, "The greatest oath a Slave [Blackfoot] can possibly
utter is that the earth and the sun hear him speak."[7] But he made no mention of a tribal sun dance among the Blackfeet. Prince Maximilian was at Fort McKenzie and visited the Indian camps near by at the sun dance season, but he did not describe the ceremony. Many years later Lieutenant Bradley reported that some of the white employees at Fort McKenzie witnessed the Piegan sun dance in 1832. And the winter count of the Blood Indian called Father of Many Children recalled the year 1818 as the one in which "The Blood Indians had their Sun Dance in the winter time."[8] Possibly the ceremony was new to the tribe at that time.

In any event, it seems improbable that the Blackfoot tribes
[171] originated the sun dance. It was the major tribal religious ceremony among nearly a score of Plains Indian tribes. It was most
highly elaborated among the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and West-
796 ern Sioux. Probably the Blackfeet derived this ceremony from
the Arapahoes, either directly or through their neighbors, the
177 Gros Ventres, who were close relatives of the Arapahoes.
Whether the Blackfoot tribes borrowed some of the features of the sun dance of an alien tribe before the beginning of the nineteenth century is questionable. It may very well have been an early nineteenth century innovation.

Certain it is that by the middle of the nineteenth century the sun dance was the great tribal religious festival of the Blackfeet. It is equally certain that their sun dance was not a carbon copy of the ritual of any other tribe. It was modified and adjusted

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[115] [6] The story of the children's pipe was told me by Jim White Bull on the Blood Reserve in 1951. The pipe itself is in the collection of the Denver Art
[113] Museum.

[7] Henry and Thompson, *New Light*, III, 731.

[8] Bradley, "Manuscript," *MHSC*, Vol. IX, 268.

[ca. 1850]

to the existing Blackfoot ceremonial pattern of the medicine 796
bundle. The beaver medicine men in particular contributed both
to the symbolism and the sacred paraphernalia of the Black- 177
foot sun dance.

A woman, the medicine woman, played the leading role in 796
the Blackfoot sun dance. Only a woman who had lived a virtuous
life, one who had always been true to her husband, could qualify 793
for this part. She assumed this sacred role by making a solemn 796
vow to the sun at a time of crisis in her family. She promised
the sun that if her sick loved one should regain health or her 793
warrior son or husband return home safely from a perilous raid, 182
she would undergo the sacrifice of serving as medicine woman
in the sun dance of her tribe. This sacrifice involved not only
the purchase of a costly natoas bundle worth many horses, but
also the observance of a fatiguing fast and the personal responsibility for the success of the complex ceremony. She knew full 796
well that should anything go amiss during the ceremony, she 793
alone would be blamed, and both her veracity and her virtue
would be denounced by her fellow tribesmen.

If her appeal to the sun was answered, the woman's promise was formally proclaimed to the people of her camp. She faced the sun, and a man experienced in the sun dance ritual publicly declared that this woman, whose prayer to the sun had been answered, promised to give the sun dance. In some years more than one woman in a tribe made this sacred promise. Each was
required to purchase a bundle and assume the medicine woman's
role. Perhaps this accounted for the existence of several natoas [778]
bundles in each Blackfoot tribe. Other virtuous women pledged
themselves to assume the less demanding roles of "coming forward to the tongues" and assisting the medicine woman.

In the spring of the year a messenger was sent from the camp 796
in which a woman had pledged to serve as medicine woman to
the other scattered bands of the tribe. He presented tobacco to 203
the chief of each band and informed him of the woman's promise.
After the bands assembled in early summer to form the tribal 796
camp circle and begin the summer hunt, relatives of the medicine 237

[ca. 1850]

a limb and counted coup upon it just as they would have done 796 upon a fallen enemy. The party dragged the pole into camp and laid it in the center of the camp circle with the base facing the 346 east. Other men gathered posts, poles, and brush needed in building the medicine lodge.

The design of the medicine lodge appears to have changed 796 about the middle of the nineteenth century. According to Indian tradition and one published account, the older form of this structure 346 resembled a huge tipi with long poles leaned against the tall center pole.[*] 178 This conical structure was like the Crow Indian sun dance lodge of later years. In more recent years the Blackfoot medicine lodge has been a polygonal edifice of forked, upright cottonwood posts connected by stringers laid in their forks. There was one peripheral post for each band of the tribe. Each band was responsible for cutting, hauling, and setting its post early on the fifth day of the ceremony. Certainly this type of medicine lodge, resembling the one used in the Arapaho sun dance, has been common since the 1870's.

In the forenoon of this day the complicated ritual of transferring 796 the natoas bundle to the medicine woman was begun in her lodge west of the unfinished medicine lodge. The medicine 778 woman of a previous year and her husband were on hand to transfer their bundle. Either her husband or another man well versed in the intricate transfer ritual served as master of ceremonies. Also in the lodge were the medicine woman's female assistants.

Slowly and deliberately the natoas bundle was opened and its sacred contents revealed. A long series of prayers and songs accompanied the opening. The most important articles in the 796 bundle were the sacred garments and accessories of the medicine woman. One by one her assistants helped her to put them on. 778 The garments included an elkskin dress, a robe of the same material, 292 and an elaborate headdress. This was a buffalo-hide headband in the form of a lizard, with pendants of weasel skins and upright feather plumes. Attached to the front of the headband

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[*] *Ibid.*, Vol. IX, 266.

796 was a crude skin doll containing tobacco seeds and a weasel skin
stuffed with human hair. A flint arrowpoint hung from the doll's
778 head. The Blackfoot Indians believed this peculiar bonnet and
292 the elk garments had been given to a beaver medicine man long
ago by a bull elk. The elk, in turn, had received them as presents
796 from another elk who had run off with his wife. The primary
costume accessory was a sacred digging stick similar in form to
778 the ones commonly used by Blackfoot women for unearthing
293 prairie turnips. Another legend tells of the origin of this religious symbol. A woman married the Morning Star and went to live with him in the lodge of his father, the Sun. One day the woman used this tool to uproot a sacred turnip. She looked down through the turnip hole, saw her own people on earth, and became homesick. Morning Star then permitted her to descend to earth through the turnip hole.

796 One by one the long series of songs recited the mythological
[778 origin of each object in the bundle. After the medicine woman
was outfitted, her husband's body and face were painted black
533 with charcoal, a half-moon was painted on his breast and a circu-
302] lar sun on his back, and lines representing sun dogs were made on his cheeks, chin, and forehead.

796 During this ceremony in the medicine woman's lodge an altar
was constructed near the lodge door by stripping off the sod in
778 an area about three feet square, covering it with a thin layer
532 of light-colored earth, and executing a symbolic dry-color painting on this prepared surface. A central circle (Sun) was flanked by representations of two sun dogs (Sun's face painting), a crescent moon (Sun's wife), and a disc (Morning Star, their son). Before the medicine woman's party left her lodge, this altar was destroyed, symbolizing the obliteration of the scar on the face
[773] of the legendary Blackfoot hero, Scar Face. In the Scar Face myth his face was healed during his visit to the Sun.[10]

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[10] The fact that three legends—the Beaver Medicine, the Woman Who Married a Star, and Scar Face—are required for the symbolism of the Sun Dance is further indication of the composite character of this ritual. Clark Wissler, "The Sun Dance of the Blackfoot Indians," American Museum of Natural History *Anthropological Papers*, Vol. XVI, Part 3.

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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778

Albert Mad Plume, Piegan Indian, wearing "the Lord's shirt."

COURTESY BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

[facing p 190]

797
778
292

Their failure to obtain the Black Robe's powerful war medicine did not shake the Blackfoot warrior's faith in their own. Nevertheless, at least one young man found a way to gain the advantages of the forbidden power on his own.

Big Plume (born about 1830) accompanied a war party to capture horses. He was one of the youngest members of the group. When they neared the enemy camp, the older men told the younger ones to wait outside the camp while they stole into the village to get horses for the entire party. While he waited outside the field of action, Big Plume fell asleep. When the veteran horse thieves led horses from the camp, all the young men except Big Plume ran to join them.

When Big Plume awoke and realized he had been left behind, he began to cry. But he saw it was nearly daybreak. So he jumped up and ran to get away from the hostile camp as fast as he could. At dawn he crawled into a badger hole, where he hid for the rest of the day. When night came, he started running again in the direction of his distant home camp. Running and walking, he covered as much ground as possible. Toward morning he came to some thick brush and hid in it the following day. There he fell asleep.

As Big Plume slept, a handsome white man wearing a canvas shirt appeared to him and comforted him, saying, "Don't be afraid. Don't cry any more. You will get home safely."

That night he traveled on. Again, as morning approached, he hid in some brush and went to sleep. The same man came to him, wearing a blue shirt, and said, "Don't worry. You'll get home safely." On the day following another night's travel this man came to him once again in his dreams. This time he was wearing a red shirt. He seemed to smile as he spoke his assuring words. Big Plume thought he looked like the Lord.

Another night's journey brought Big Plume to the Yellow Mountains. A fourth time he saw the man in his dreams. This time the man was wearing a skin shirt with holes in it and crosses painted on it. He said, "Don't be afraid. I am the Lord. I am

sorry for you. You will get home and you will live to be an 797
old man."

After Big Plume reached home, he made the skin shirt just 778
as he had seen it in his dreams. He wore this perforated shirt 292
with the red crosses painted on it to war. Big Plume was successful and became a leader among his people. When Big Plume grew old, his brother-in-law, Bear Chief, asked him for this shirt. Four times Bear Chief made this request before Big Plume said to him, "Make me a sweat lodge. I shall pray to the Lord and tell Him I am giving Bear Chief his shirt because I'm too old to use it."

After he had transferred the shirt to Bear Chief, Big Plume told him, "This summer you will go to war and will meet the enemy. All the others in your party will run away. You will have to fight them alone."

That summer Bear Chief's war party sighted a lone enemy in the distance. All his comrades ran away. Bear Chief put on his sacred shirt and prayed to the Lord for help. He sang the song Big Plume gave him, "All the other Indians are babies." Then he charged the enemy. His shirt was shot through front and back, but Bear Chief was not even scratched. Later Bear Chief carried this shirt on horse raids. When he wore it into the enemy camps, they could not see him. One time he wore the shirt in a battle with the Crow Indians. They shot at him but could not hit him.

This famous shirt became one of the most coveted garments among the Piegans. Although the original shirt is said to have been sold to George Bird Grinnell by Bear Chief, it was remade at least three times. One of these versions, owned by the late Albert Mad Plume in 1951, is shown in one of the illustrations in this book.[18]

In 1859, with the active encouragement of Blackfoot agent 797
Vaughan, himself a Protestant, a Jesuit mission was founded on

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[18] Chewing Black Bones, a Piegan, owner of the second version of this garment, told me the origin and history of The Lord's Shirt in 1951. The third version is Cat. No. LB1-1-p in the Denver Art Museum.

726 preparations involving the assembling of necessary sacred and secular
equipment for the journey.

WAR MEDICINES

714 Not only the leader but each participant carried his own sacred
war medicine to protect him from harm and bring him luck in his
● 778 undertaking. These medicines were obtained through the dreams of
the individuals themselves in which they received instructions for
714 the preparation and ritual manipulation of these medicines, or they
778 were received from older men who had been successful in war and
787 whose medicines were highly respected by their juniors. In my
informants' youth the first type was uncommon. Weasel Tail alone
of my informants claimed to have used a war medicine originating in
his own dream. He had a vision of a wolf cap and wolf robe and a
song having the words, "I am a wolf. I am going to eat a person." He
always wore the cap and robe and sang this song before he went into
an enemy camp to take horses. He was but 15 years old when he
dreamed this medicine.

714 It was much more common for a young man to go to an old man
before he embarked on his first raid and ask him for some of his power.
778 Usually, but not always, the older man was a relative of the younger
one. The request was preceded by the offering of a pipe and gifts.
Usually the young man also made a sweat bath for the older one.
Some Blackfoot elders were frequently called upon for assistance
because of their known success in war and/or because younger men
who had obtained their help had achieved remarkable success. The
Piegan elders On-Lucky-Trail and Under Bull were such men. The
former was also considered to possess the power to tell young men of
the location of fine horses owned by enemy tribes. The latter possessed
the Arapaho medicine pipe bundle. Feathers from that bundle
brought success to many raiders. The elder man commonly prayed
for the young warrior who sought his aid and gave him a war song and
a medicine object to carry on his expedition. It was common practice
for the recipient of a war medicine to give the donor one or more horses
after a safe return from a successful raid. Some young men were
eclectic in assembling their war medicines, obtaining sacred objects
from two or more older men in whose powers they had great faith.

I have knowledge of some 40 Blackfoot war medicines. Fourteen have been described in the literature: 11 by Wissler (1912 a, pp. 92–95), 2 by McClintock (1930, pp. 12, 29), and 1 by Uhlenbeck (1911, p. 67). From informants I obtained the information on 21 war medicines summarized in table 6. Although in theory there were no limitations upon the types of objects that could be used as war medicines, an analysis of these 40 medicines reveals that variety was limited and the great majority of them tended to follow a definite pattern. The majority of war medicines consisted simply of a feather or bunch of feathers worn in the hair. Undoubtedly the lightness and compactness of feathers made them practical objects for carrying on long journeys afoot into enemy country. The data in the table also indicate the conservatism of the Blackfoot in placing their trust in tried and proved medicines obtained from successful elderly warriors in preference to originating new medicines. 714 778 [237]

TABLE 6.—*Some war medicines of Blackfoot warriors*

Owner	Tribe	Origin of medicine	Description
Weasel Tail	Blood	Own dream	Wolf cap and wolf robe. 714
Lazy Boy	Piegan	Three Suns	"He gave me an owl feather for my hair. Even if you hit me with gun fire you could not hurt me while I wore that plume." 778
		Tail Feathers	"He gave me a coyote skin painted red to wear around my neck. A coyote sees a long ways and never misses what he goes after." 237
		On-Lucky-Trail	"He gave me sacred paint for my face."
		Red Eagle	"He gave me a red paint from his medicine pipe bundle." 714
Rides-at-the-Door	do	White Quiver	"He gave me a plume from the Under Bull medicine pipe bundle to wear in my hair." 778
		Many-Tail-Feathers	"He gave me an eagle tail feather, with a metal ring attached representing the sun, and horse hair tied to the ring." 302
Iron	Blood	Moon	"He (my father) gave me a song given him in a dream, also an otter skin bandolier and a tuft of owl and prairie chicken feathers for my hair." 714
Scraping White	do	Striped Calf	"He (my father) gave me a song and the skin of a blackbird which I tied on my head. My father dreamed these medicines and used them himself on the war path." 778 237
White Quiver	Piegan	Under Bull	A plume from Under Bull's medicine pipe bundle. [533]
Bear Chief	do	do	Do.
Arrow Top	do	Striped Dog	A plume from the medicine pipe bundle of Striped Dog.
Heavy-Turns-Over	do	Little Dog	An owl head to be tied in the hair.
Jim Blood	do	Wolf-Crop-Ears	A plume worn in the hair.
Coat	do	Many-Tail-Feathers	A buffalo necklace with buffalo tail in center.
Duckling	Blood	Makes Fire	A coyote tail worn on the head.
Spotted Bull	do	(?)	A bunch of feathers, with brass tack decorated rawhide disk fastened to it, worn in the hair.
Middle Bull	do	A horse medicine man (name unknown).	A rawhide rope, short whip, and piece of white horse's mane worn as necklace.
Striped Calf	do	Head Robe	A skunkskin bandolier.
Little Dog	Piegan	Big Lake	A bunc[illegible] owl feathers worn in the hair. "Wh[illegible] enemy shoots a man wearing these [illegible]ers he will not hit him."
Double Gun	do	do	Bunch of owl feathers worn in the hair (obtained from his father, Big Lake).
Big Crow	do	Crow Flag	Two striped eagle feathers worn in back of his head, from Crow Flag, a North Blackfoot.
Sacred-Turning-Bull	N. Piegan	(?)	A buckskin shirt with round brass buttons ("moon disks") upon it. [292]
Three Eagles	do	Brings-Down-the-Sun	An owl's head.
Running Wolf	do	do	A necklace, consisting of a brass piece in moon shape with figure of horse incised on it and plumes hanging from ends. "He sprinkled water on it before going into an enemy camp to capture horses. In a short time clouds covered the moon, making it easier to take horses from the enemy." [301]

726 782 533 Medicine songs also were intended to protect their possessors as well as to bring them luck in taking horses. Uhlenback (1911, pp. 66–67) mentioned three songs employed by the Piegan, Bear Chief. One, known as "the song of the horse-stealing" was actually a prayer to the sun, "Sun look at us, have pity on us, help us." Another, sung while in sight of the enemy camp, was intended to pacify the enemies' dogs, "In the night I am not seen, the dogs are my partners." A third song, rendered when the sound of enemy firing was heard, had the words, "The guns can see me, I can see the bullets, they are like birds, they curve."

726 Rides-at-the-Door explained the use of his own war medicine:

> 778 782 When I went to the enemy to steal horses I carried my war medicine in a small, cylindrical rawhide case. This medicine could never be put down. In a lodge it always had to be hung up. When my party got near the enemy camp, I made a little fire, took charcoal and sweetgrass and made a smudge. I sang the song given me with my medicine and prayed before donning my medicine plume. In my prayers I asked Sun for horses, to get away safely and not to have to return on foot. Sometimes I prayed to the sun, "See me. The rain is holy and the wind is holy." Then it was bound to blow, and the sleeping enemy would not hear us when we went into their camp and took their horses.

726 714 778 It was not uncommon for an inexperienced young man, doubtful of the potency of his own war medicine to "call a help" on an older man of the war party just prior to the rush for enemy horses. The more experienced man would give him a feather from his own medicine or other token of his own medicine power. A fearful young warrior might make a vow before the other men of his party to feast the owner of some powerful medicine bundle on his return home, should he pull [782] through safely. Vows to undergo self-torture at the next tribal Sun Dance were also made before entering the enemy camp to take horses (Ewers, 1948 b, pp. 167–168). These last-minute petitions for supernatural aid helped to bolster the wavering courage of inexperienced raiders.

Informants' testimony revealed the Blackfoot belief that reliance upon the protective power of war medicine was no justification for reckless exposure in battle. Lazy Boy cited the case of Calf Shield, whose power came from Big Lake, a noted Piegan chief. On the way to take horses from the Sioux, Calf Shield's entire party was wiped out. Although no one survived to tell of that action the Piegan generally claimed the party must have taken too great chances. "It was not the fault of the medicine or its giver if the recipient took too great a risk." Thus repeated losses of possessors of renowned war medicines in combat failed to shake Blackfoot faith in the power of these medicines. There were always a number of brave warriors able to testify to the potency of their medicines in preserving them from almost certain death on the warpath.

701 the Crow. White Quiver vowed vengeance against that tribe. In later years he led many raids on their horse herds. White Quiver started going on war parties while still a boy. He grew to be a tall, strong man of remarkable physical stamina, who could ride 3 days and nights without food while driving captured horses homeward from an enemy camp. Rides-at-the-Door, who went on eight horse raids under White Quiver's leadership, remembered him as a generous, easy-going, fun-loving man. He described White Quiver's appearance as "tall, very dark, and ugly." The Crow Indians, who suffered most from his [861] thievery, dubbed him "the big Negro." Crow mothers are said to have disciplined their crying children by saying, "Keep quiet. The big Negro is out there. He will get you if you don't stop crying."

White Quiver told Rides-at-the-Door he had gone to the enemy 40 times to steal horses, yet his career as a horse raider ended before he was 30 years of age. He raided the Crow more than any other tribe. Superintendent Campbell claimed White Quiver had made 11 trips to the Crow and each time came home with horses. He also took horses from the Gros Ventres, Cree, Assiniboin, and Sioux. White Quiver considered the Flathead his friends. Informants could recall 15 distinct raids led by White Quiver.

701 White Quiver's war medicine was a plume from the medicine pipe 714 bundle owned by Under Bull, and known as the Arapaho pipe. In the 1940's this medicine pipe bundle was owned by my interpreter, Reuben 778 Black Boy (pl. 11, *a*, *right*).[A] When White Quiver returned with horses he usually gave one or more of them to Under Bull.

701 White Quiver's tactics were unorthodox but extremely successful. Usually he traveled to the enemy on horseback rather than on foot. 726 (Rides-at-the-Door said every time he accompanied White Quiver on a raid he went mounted.) White Quiver was always the party leader and insisted on taking the greatest risks himself. Often he left the others of his party in a secluded spot some distance from the enemy camp, entered the camp alone, and brought horses out to them. Rather than follow the usual Piegan practice of taking horses at night or at daybreak, White Quiver preferred to boldly walk into the enemy camp 701 at dusk, just as the people were settling down for the night. When he 727 brought horses out he told each member of the party to take a good one to ride. When a stop was made on the return journey, he told each man he might keep the horse he was riding. Then he distributed the driven horses equally among the party members.

701 White Quiver's war parties generally were small ones. Informants could recall only 2 parties led by him which numbered more than 11 men. One of these raids was against the Sioux, on which 30 men killed all the enemy of 5 lodges and took all their horses. The other, comprising 17 men, was a raid on the Gros Ventres during which the

[A] [See category 701, p. 358-J--Analyst]

Piegan and Shoshoni before the former obtained horses. He men- 714
tioned that the Shoshoni shields were fully 3 feet across, and those of
the Piegan, similarly employed to hide the entire seated warrior from
the enemy, must have been of about the same size. However, the
shields used for the Blackfoot in the period of mounted warfare were
nearer half that size, suggesting that the use of horses in war influenced
the reduction in shield size. My informants said Blackfoot shields 714
were made from the thick rawhide of the neck of the buffalo bull,
shrunken over a fire to a thickness of a half inch or more, trimmed into 778
circular form, and ornamented with painted protective designs and a [281
border of eagle feathers. In native belief the shield's power resided 532
primarily in the medicine paintings and the blessings bestowed upon 237]
the shield by medicine men when it was made. However, it was
sturdy enough to stop an arrow and to deaden or deflect the force of a
ball from a muzzle-loading flintlock. The horseman carried the shield 714
on his left arm (if he was right-handed) in such a way as to cover
his vital parts, leaving his left hand and right arm free to handle his
offensive weapons.

Although Bradley (1923, p. 258) termed the shield "an indispensable
part of every warrior's equipment," informants said that poor men
did not possess them. It cost at least a horse to obtain a shield,
ceremonially blessed by medicine men. In lieu of a shield the poor
man sometimes carried a buffalo robe (with the hair) folded several
times, over his left arm. Bradley (ibid., p. 258) learned that the 714
American Fur Co. at one time attempted to introduce polished metal
shields among the Blackfoot. This action "was opposed by the medi- 177
cine men, who would thus have been deprived of an important source
of revenue, and the superstitious feelings of the Indians induced them
to prefer their own which alone could undergo religious dedication
and enjoy the favor of the Great Spirit." [47]

EARLY USE OF PROTECTIVE ARMOR

Shimkin (1947 a, p. 251) found that the modern Wind River Sho- 714
shoni referred to the Blackfoot as "Hard-clothes (armor) people."
Wissler reported Blackfoot traditions "implying that buckskin shirts [101]
of two or more thicknesses were worn as protection against stone and
bone points" (Wissler, 1910, p. 163). Weasel Tail cited a tradition 714
regarding Blackfoot use of long shirts, reaching below the knees, made
of three thicknesses of buckskin in fighting battles during the pre- 175

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[47] The use of a rawhide shield by the Spanish horsemen of old Mexico may have encour- [171]
aged Plains Indians to employ the shield as a weapon for mounted men. However, there
can be no doubt that the Indians were familiar with the rawhide shield before contact with
Spaniards. Pfefferkorn (1949, p. 291) described the Spanish soldier's shield of the period
1756-67 as "egg-shaped" and made of three or four layers of rawhide riveted together.
The Plains Indian shield was circular, of a single thickness of shrunken buffalo rawhide.

quiver. Even painted lodges, together with all their sacred paraphernalia, 541
were bet on the outcome of races. However, the winner
of a painted lodge was required to submit to the ceremony of transfer 525
before he could gain possession of that lodge. Even though he won 525
the lodge, he was expected to give the former owner a horse at the 778
time of formal transfer. On the other hand, if it was discovered that
the loser of a painted lodge attempted to hold back any sacred article
belonging to that lodge, the winner might rub his face in manure and
the loser would have no cause for anger. Before race time great piles 541
of articles wagered stood near the finish. A man might risk any or 525
all of his material possessions. Although Wilson (1887, p. 192)
claimed the Blackfoot wagered their wives on horse races, both
Bradley (1923, p. 276) and my informants denied this was ever done.
My informants claimed a man did not bet any of his wife's personal
property. Women, of course, bet among themselves.

As the jockeys walked their horses toward the starting point (assuming 541
the race was to be run on a straightaway) members of the
competing societies drummed, sang their society songs, and engaged 575
in good-natured horse play, pretending to reinact their coups against members of the rival society. A man who had taken a scalp in war would run up to a member of the rival society, knock him down, and pretend to scalp him. If a man had stolen a horse of the same color and appearance as one entered in the race by the rival society he might cry out, "I stole a horse like that one of yours; I had complete power over it. This horse of yours will be tamed too."

Two leading men, one selected by each society, served as starters.
As the jockeys neared the starting point on their way down the course, 541
they walked their horses in a wide circle, side by side, around the starters. As they came abreast of the latter, facing the finish, the starters gave the verbal signal "Ok'i" (now), and the jockeys whipped their horses into a run. Lazy Boy said races sometimes were started by a shot from a gun instead of a verbal signal. The starter, in that case, must have been a man who had shot an enemy in warfare. If the starter lied in his claim to that distinction, it was believed one of the horses in that race would fall.

In order to let the spectators, gathered around the finish, know how 541
the race was progressing, two horsemen, one on a dark- and one on a 575
light-colored horse, each representing one of the competing societies, were stationed at one side of the course about midway of its length. As the racers came abreast of them the horseman representing the society whose horse was in the lead at that point would weave his horse back and forth.

There were two judges at the finish, one representing each society. Usually, however, there was nothing to judge, for the winning horse was a hundred yards or more in the lead. Not infrequently one horse

THE HORSE IN RELIGION

THE HORSE MEDICINE CULT

Horse medicine (ponokâmita saám) was and still is considered the 778
most secret and one of the most powerful medicines of the Blackfoot.
Wissler (1912 a, pp. 107–111) included a brief description of horse
medicine and its uses in his study of Blackfoot ceremonial bundles.
That description was based upon information obtained from the aged
Piegan, Red Plume, by D. C. Duvall, Wissler's mixblood assistant.
All my older informants had great respect for the power of horse
medicine. Some of them were afraid to discuss it. One man claimed 778
that if he were to talk of horse medicine he would become paralyzed.
Another said if he told me what he knew of horse medicine harm 784
surely would come to both of us. Nevertheless eight of my older informants,
including both Piegan and Blood Indians, were willing to
discuss this subject with me. In addition, Wallace Night Gun, leader 115
of the horse medicine cult on the Blackfeet Reservation, Mont., during
the 1940's, proved a willing and exceedingly helpful informant. His
portrait appears on plate 15, *A*.A Wallace Night Gun died in the fall
of 1950, aged ca. 78 years. In December of that year his horse medicine 126
bundle was purchased by the Smithsonian Institution. It is
catalog No. 387744 in the United States National Museum collections. 113

Wissler (1912 a, p. 110) was informed that there were "less than
twenty horse medicine men." My informants named 21 Piegan, 8 156
Blood, and 3 North Blackfoot Indians who possessed objects sacred
to the horse medicine cult. All were not horse medicine practitioners.
Judging from the frequency of their mention by informants the following
seem to have been the most prominent and/or most active
horse medicine doctors in buffalo days: the Piegan Indians Wolf Calf,
Fish Child, White Antelope, Boy, and Generous Woman; the Blood
Indians Water-Old-Man, Owner-of-Sacred-White-Horse, Many-Spotted-Horses,
and Ghost Woman; and the North Blackfoot Indian,
Yellow Lodge. Ghost Woman was the only female known to have
possessed horse medicine powers.

Among the South Piegan, at least, the horse medicine men com- 794
prised an organized cult, the members of which attended the cult 778
ceremony, the horse dance, in a body, interchanged secrets of the uses
of specific medicines, and throughout much if not all of the cult's
known history had a recognized leader. In the middle and late 19th

A [See category 115, p. 358-N--Analyst]

794 778 century Wolf Calf was the leader. In recent years, and until his death, Wallace Night Gun held that position.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE PIEGAN HORSE MEDICINE CULT

794 792 Wallace Night Gun and most older informants regarded Wolf Calf, Wallace's maternal grandfather, as the originator of the horse medicine cult among the Piegan. Wolf Calf, also known as Pemmican Maker, died shortly before 1900. He was a friend and informant of George Bird Grinnell, who was inclined to credit Wolf Calf's claim to membership in the Piegan party that met and fought Capt. Meriwether Lewis' small force on or near the present Blackfeet Reservation in 1806. Grinnell reckoned Wolf Calf's age at 102 in 1895 (Wheeler 1904, vol. 2, pp. 311–312; Grinnell's photograph of Wolf Calf, p. 313).

794 [787] Wallace Night Gun said Wolf Calf was a young man when he began to dream of horse medicine. As Night Gun recalled Wolf Calf's explanation of the origin of horse medicine, it happened in this way:

> 794 231 In Wolf Calf's youth the Piegan owned horses and had lost all fear of these animals. Nevertheless, they had never been able to capture any of the wild horses with long manes and shaggy tails which they saw in their country. Whenever they got close to the wild horses they ran away. One day, while Wolf Calf's band was moving camp, members saw some wild horses in the distance. A party of men (including Wolf Calf) rode after them and chased them for miles. They caught up with one of the wild ones, roped it and threw it. They put a war bridle on it and led it back to camp. When it was tied, all the people gathered around it. The horse was quiet. It stood still and looked around. Members of the group who had captured the animal agreed to give it to Wolf Calf to keep with his herd. Wolf Calf necked the horse with one of his mares. For 3 days the wild horse was well behaved and remained beside the mare. On the fourth day Wolf Calf decided to let it run with his herd. That night the wild horse disappeared and did not come back.
>
> Later Wolf Calf had a troublesome stallion in his herd named Gone-in-Different-Brush. It had a habit of leaving the herd, mixing with the horses of other owners and biting them. One day a man came to Wolf Calf and told him, "Take that stallion, throw him and cut him, so he won't bother our herds." Wolf Calf asked his boy to get the horse. "We shall halter break him, throw him and I'll castrate him." The boy went after the horse but it got away from him and again bothered the other man's herd. Then that man told his boys, "I'll fix him." He roped the stallion, threw him, and tied bones to his forelock and around his neck. After the stallion was untied he ran away bucking and jumping as fast as he could go. "Now," said the man, "he will never come back." But after a while he saw the horse returning. The bones were gone from its forelock and neck. Again and again the man tried to keep the bothersome bones on the stallion, but without success. Finally, in desperation, the man threw the horse down, roached his mane, cut his tail short, and tied rawhide tightly in his short tail. Again he released the stallion, saying, "Now he will never come back." But next morning the man found Wolf Calf's stallion back in his herd. His tail and mane had grown long. On his head was paint—red and white clay. Then the man told his boys, "Let that horse alone. We can do nothing with him."

All this time Wolf Calf didn't know how his stallion had been treated by his 794
neighbor. One night his stallion, Gone-in-Different-Brush, appeared to him in
his dream, and said, "Father, tell that man to let me alone. Don't let him abuse 787
me any more. Help me and I shall give you great power that you can use all
your life." Wolf Calf then told his neighbor, "Don't harm that horse any more. 231
I'll catch him and break him." Wolf Calf broke the stallion and always was
careful to treat him well, petting him and giving him special attention.

About a year later the stallion again appeared to Wolf Calf in a dream. "Father," he said, "I am grateful for your kindness to me. I want to repay you. You will always have a lot of horses. Wherever you are I shall be with you to help you. Now I shall give you the sacred dance of the horses. We dance it. It will be your secret. Let your people keep it from generation to generation."

Each time Wolf Calf caught his stallion after that he saw paint on it. The
horse grew old and Wolf Calf continued to dream of it. It became so old grass
dropped from its mouth when it fed. Finally it died. Then Wolf Calf cut some [778]
of the dead horse's mane and the soft chestnut from one leg and kept them in a
bundle in his lodge as a remembrance of his favorite horse.

Wolf Calf felt badly and continued to think of that horse. A few months later 794
he had a dream in which the wild horse he had kept in his herd for 4 days some
years before appeared to him. The wild horse said, "I know you miss your 787
favorite horse. I want you to know I appreciate what you did for me too. You
didn't kill me, but let me go. Father, I am Sitting-on-a-Hill. I shall give you 778
my power. I'll give you all the roots that grow in the ground that we horses like
to eat. They will be your medicine."

Later Wolf Calf, in another dream, saw people dancing the horse dance. They were arguing. One said, "What shall we do?" Another said, "We shall give him secret power to cure the people?" The first one said, "No, we shall give him secret power to cure horses." Finally they agreed, "Let us throw these powers together. Let us give him power to do both."

Then Wolf Calf told his friends of his dreams for the first time. "I have dreamed of this power a long time. Through my horses and these men I was given secret power. I am going to dance the dance just as I saw it. I shall call it the horse dance." The people gathered to watch Wolf Calf dance the horse dance.

Some time later Wolf Calf was watching horses grazing beside a river. 794
As he approached he saw them pawing with their forefeet, digging up roots.
He found a root partly unearthed and picked it up. It was about 6 inches 787
long. When he started home with it the horses followed him. That night he
was told in another dream, "This root you found will be good for many things. 778
If a horse is sick take some of this root, grind it into a powder and mix it 231
with sage. Then give it to the sick horse. Put it in water, throw the horse
down and let him drink it. The horse will be able to eat and you will save it."
Then Wolf Calf gave another dance and gathered the people around. He told [796]
them of his new power. They agreed, "This is a very powerful dance."

Wolf Calf tried all the medicines he was told of in dreams. Some were 794
for sickness. If a man couldn't eat, a certain root would restore his appetite.
If someone felt lazy a little powdered medicine would make him feel energetic 787
again. There was also a medicine to turn a fine day into a raging blizzard or
to make rain come on a dry day. 778

Then Wolf Calf told the people, "If anyone is sick we shall give the secret 794
horse dance. It will pull him through. If a war party is surrounded by the
enemy and one of that party vows to give me a feast and invite me to dance, 796
that man will escape unharmed."
[755]
[789]

794 Night Gun said Wolf Calf transferred some of his horse medicine
power to his son-in-law, Fish Child. Fish Child then began to have
dreams of horse medicine. He and Wolf Calf decided to pool their
794 knowledge. Lazy Boy claimed Fish Child's primary contribution
231 was his discovery of a medicine for stimulating an exhausted horse.
Lazy Boy credited Wolf Calf with originating the use of horse medi-
794 cine for influencing the actions of race horses. Fish Child trans-
ferred horse medicine to Boy (born ca. 1848), the Gros Ventres brought
[778] up by a Piegan chief. Boy dreamed of a whip and a rope. These
sacred articles were added to the leader's bundle and have been em-
[796] ployed in the horse dance ceremony ever since.

Night Gun mentioned no other Piegan who made any significant contribution to the elaboration of the sacred paraphernalia, ritual, or medicinal practices of Piegan horse medicine men. He was familiar with the history of some of the transfers of this power among the Piegan. Fish Child transferred some of his power to Stingy, the blind man renowned as a breeder of horses, who in turn transferred at least a part of his paraphernalia, "the double whip," to Eagle Child, who died near Starr School in 1941. Fish Child also transferred some of his power to White Grass, a band chief. In his last illness Fish Child gave his power to his son, Black Coyote (born ca. 1831). Weasel Head (who died in 1943) received some horse medicine from Boy.

Tracing the transfers from Wolf Calf since the time of his exchange
[821] of medicines with Fish Child, Night Gun told of at least one occasion
[789] on which Wolf Calf aided White Quiver, the most successful of all
Piegan horse raiders, by giving him one of the plumes from his bundle and explaining how it could be used to bring stormy weather when White Quiver approached an enemy camp to capture horses. Wolf Calf also gave some medicine and a plume to Iron Shield. Little Plume received some of Wolf Calf's medicine, and shortly before his death gave it to his brother, Yellow Kidney (still living). The gift included two horse medicine songs.

794 Night Gun said his grandfather, Wolf Calf, carefully taught him
the songs and ritual of the horse dance and the uses of some horse
756 medicines. Wolf Calf intended for Night Gun to be his successor
as leader of the cult. However, when Wolf Calf died, his son White Antelope (born ca. 1860) claimed the sacred horse medicine bundle. There was an argument and Mike Short Man and White Antelope split the bundle. White Antelope lost interest in horse medicine, but noted that Phillip Arrowtop was becoming interested in it. On his death White Antelope left the bundle to Wallace Night Gun with the provision that Phillip Arrowtop (still living) should be given some of the paraphernalia and medicines. This was done. When Mike-

Short-Man was near death he offered his horse medicine to Night 794
Gun, but the latter requested that it be transferred to Herman Dusty
Bull, who wanted it. On Herman's death, his brother, Charles Dusty 756
Bull (still living) acquired this bundle, said to contain paints,
feathers, and some horse medicines.

These data indicate that the Piegan horse medicine cult originated 794
in the visions of one man, Wolf Calf, and was elaborated by the con-
tributions of at least two others, who willingly pooled their knowledge 178
with Wolf Calf. Since their time nothing has been added to the
ritual, materia medica, or medicinal practices of the cult. Horse
medicine powers were transferred to many other men. There was a
tendency for them to be transferred in fullblood families from brother
to brother or father to son. In the process much knowledge of the
employment of horse medicines was lost. In recent years the posses- [778]
sion of horse medicine songs and paraphernalia, entitling the owner [796]
at attend and participate in the horse dance, has been coveted, while
there has been little interest in the use of horse medicine to cure or in- [231]
fluence the actions of horses. It is certain that the uses of many spe-
cific medicines are no longer known. In the early 1940's, only Wal- [756]
lace Night Gun and Phillip Arrowtop were thought to be capable of
using horse medicines. In recent years the primary function of the [755]
cult has been the observance of the traditional horse dance for the
purpose of curing sick humans.

That this is not a comprehensive history of the Piegan horse medi- 794
cine cult is apparent from the fact that elderly informants named
other horse medicine men active in that tribe in buffalo days. While 756
it is probable these men obtained their powers from Wolf Calf they
may have made some independent discoveries.

My eldest male informants, Lazy Boy and Weasel Tail, claimed
that Water-Old-Man, a Blood Indian, older than Wolf Calf, possessed
and used horse medicine before Wolf Calf originated the cult among
the Piegan. If that is true, Wolf Calf's dreams may have been con-
ditioned by his knowledge of Water-Old-Man's practices. In the
Blood tribe, as among the Piegan, there was a tendency for horse
medicine power to be transferred within families. However, Weasel
Tail could not recall two members of the same family possessing this
power at the same time. No one now living on the Blood Reserve
has knowledge of the use of horse medicine in the opinion of all Blood
informants questioned on this point. The bundles of the best-remem- 778
bered practitioners in that tribe, Water-Old-Man and Owner-of-a-
Sacred-White-Horse, were said to have been buried with them. Ghost
Woman, the last Blood Indian known to have made extensive use of
horse medicine, died about 1925. Knowledge of its use was lost on
her death although her bundle remained in her family. Although 794
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794 my informants had knowledge of the existence of the horse medicine
184 cult among the North Blackfoot, I obtained no history of that cult.

Older informants said that in their youth some horse medicine men
756 were regarded by laymen of that tribe as possessors of much greater
powers than others. Some horse medicine men also were recognized
as specialists in the use of horse medicines for specific purposes.
[628 There was rivalry between horse medicine men of the three Blackfoot
tribes.

Scraping White told of a contest between Water-Old-Man, the
756 noted Blood practitioner, and Berry Eater, a leading North Black-
541 foot horse medicine man, which took place in his father's time (i. e. probably before 1860). They decided to test their respective powers by racing on horseback over the ice of a frozen river. Members of both tribes placed bets on the outcome of the race. Water-Old-Man rode a buckskin, Berry Eater a sorrel. Neither horse was an experienced racer. Before they started each rider invoked the aid of his medicine. They ran their horses at full speed over the slippery river ice. As they neared the opposite shore, Berry Eater's horse slipped just enough to throw it off stride. Water-Old-Man's horse finished strong, won the race, and the Blood Indians collected their winnings. Probably this was the contest referred to by Wissler (1912, a, p. 111).

TRANSFER OF HORSE MEDICINE POWER

778 The common procedure for obtaining horse medicine, in the life-
time of my informants (both Blood and Piegan), was for a person
437 seeking this power to go to a recognized horse medicine man and offer him gifts of horses, robes, blankets, money or other valuables, along with a pipe, saying, "I want some of your horse medicine," and naming the use the seeker wished to make of it. If the horse medicine man did not wish to grant the request, either because the payment did not appear adequate or for any other reason, he refused to accept the pipe. Then he sang some of his horse medicine songs to avoid bad luck coming his way because of his refusal. If the horse medicine man accepted the pipe he called all the other members of his village who possessed horse medicine power to a horse dance for the purpose of making the transfer and explaining to the neophyte how to make use of the medicine. If, after receiving the medicine, the recipient should still be doubtful regarding any detail of its use, he returned to the man from whom he had secured the power, made an additional payment and requested further instruction.

Weasel Tail recalled his own failure to obtain horse medicine. His experience furnishes a first-hand account of the transfer procedure:

> When I was a boy about 17 years of age, I met an old Blood Indian named 778 Rain Maker one day while I was returning to camp with two buffalo I had killed. I told the old man to take them both. Rain Maker prayed for me, 437 then he said, "My boy, you will live to be an old man like I am." He then told me to kill two more buffalo so that he might have four tongues. I killed the buffalo and took him the tongues. The old man, who was known as a horse 778 medicine man, then invited me to a feast at which other horse medicine men were present. During the ceremony Rain Maker got down on all fours in front 437 of me singing. He held his fists tightly clenched and moved his hands back and forth in imitation of a horse pawing with his forefeet. 796 When Rain Maker finished his singing and pawing the ground in front of me he said, "Now, my boy, you are foolish. I have just offered you this medicine and you didn't take it. I wanted to help you. The medicine in my right hand is for doctoring horses. The one in my left hand is for horse racing. They are very powerful." Then the old man told me that since I had not grasped one of his hands while he was pawing and singing I could not have any of his medicine."[67] I realised then that I had made a great mistake. But before that I knew no better. Never again did I seek horse medicine.

In former times the horse medicine man did not relinquish his own 778 right to make use of medicines after transferring the right to another. However, in recent years Indians have transferred horse medicine 425 songs and paraphernalia, relinquishing all title to them, but retaining the right to attend the horse dance. Perhaps the recent concept of [177] transfer of title has been applied only since the Indians became thoroughly familiar with the white man's concept of property rights in reservation days, and since the decadence of the employment of horse medicines as means of influencing the actions of horses.

THE HORSE DANCE: CEREMONY OF THE HORSE MEDICINE MEN

Wallace Night Gun said the ceremony of the horse medicine cult 796 was properly termed "the horse dance." In the old days it was held [437] primarily on occasions of transfer of horse medicine powers. On occasion Wolf Calf employed the ceremony as a means of testing the knowledge of other horse medicine men. After he had assembled the horse medicine men, he took one of his medicines from his bundle, for example, a certain root used in his practice. He chewed it, rubbed some dirt on it, then called upon any other man who possessed the power to make use of that root to prove it. The medicine was passed among the assembled horse medicine men until it reached one who had knowledge of its use. He drummed and sang the songs appropriate to its use, threw the medicine on his body, and caused it to disappear. He then removed it from some other part of his body and threw the root back to Wolf Calf. In a gathering of horse medi-

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[67] A parallel procedure occurred in the Blackfoot ceremony of transfer of the bear knife. Informants said that near the close of that ceremony the owner, after imitating the antics of the bear, threw this dangerous weapon at the prospective owner. If he failed to catch the knife he did not gain possession of this sacred object.

Data regarding horse medicines used as depressants are scarce. 171
Mrs. Murphy informed me that Ute medicine men placed a root (unidentified) in the mouth of an opponent's race horse to make it logy. She also reported that the Ute formerly fed sleepy grass to a horse as a depressant, although details of this usage were not obtainable. The Montana ranges contain a number of stock-poisoning plants injurious to horses, including larkspur, locoweed, lupines, and death camass. However, we have no proof that Indian horse medicine men employed any of these plants in concocting depressant medicines.

Table 8.—*Plant medicines used as horse stimulants by other tribes*

Tribe	Plant	Use
Arapaho	"Hiwaxuhaxhiwaxu" (native name). Probably wild peony (*Paeonia brownii*).	Root rubbed on nose of tired horse to refresh it (Kroeber, 1902–7, p. 424). Probable identification by Mrs. E. V. A. Murphy.
Cheyenne	*Anaphalis margaritacea* var. *subalpina*.	Dried and powdered flowers placed on sole of each hoof and blown between horse's ears to make it long-winded and untiring (Grinnell, 1923, vol. 2, pp. 187–188).
	Thalictrum sparsiflorum	Dried and ground to fine powder, administered by mouth to make horse spirited, long winded, and enduring (ibid., pp. 141, 173–174).
	(?)	Unidentified root obtained from Kiowa-Apache, administered by mouth to make horse long winded and stimulate a tired horse (ibid., p. 129).
Gros Ventres	Niitsican (native name), "hollow root." Unidentified.	Given horses to strengthen and refresh them (Kroeber, 1908, p. 226).
Nez Percé	*Clematis douglasii*	Scraped end of root held in nostrils of a fallen horse. Immediate stimulating effect. (U. S. Forest Service, 1937, p. B58.)
	Paeonia brownii, wild peony	Chewed root placed in horse's mouth and mouth held shut until horse swallowed to stimulate exhausted horse (Mrs. E. V. A. Murphy).
Omaha	*Laciniaria scariosa*	Corm chewed and blown into horse's nostrils to make it long winded. Flower heads mixed with shelled corn fed to horses to make them swift (Gilmore, 1919, pp. 133–34).
Pawnee	*Ionoxalis violacea*, sheep sorrel; and *Xanthoxalis stricta*, yellow wood sorrel.	Bulbs pounded and fed to horses to make them fleet (Gilmore, 1919, p. 98).
Sarsi	(?)	An herb or root administered to give horse surpassing speed (Jenness, 1938, p. 74).
Teton Dakota	*Clematis douglasii*	Dried and powdered root administered by nostrils to stimulate tired horses when hard pressed by enemy (Eugene Barrett).
Ute	"Ewuhigare" (native name). Unidentified.	Pounded and rolled with grass and administered to revive an exhausted horse (Lowie, 1924 b, p. 311).
	Paeonia brownii, wild peony	Root chewed and placed in horse's mouth to give it long wind (Mrs. E. V. A. Murphy).

RELATIONSHIP OF HORSE MEDICINE TO OTHER BLACKFOOT MEDICINES

Wissler (1912 a, pp. 107–108) pictured and described an attachment 178
known as "a thing to tie on the halter" as a Blackfoot ceremonial bundle. My informants referred to this object as "horse bridle." Three Calf recalled that Generous Woman, a prominent Piegan horse medicine man, made one of these bridles of a thin stick about 18 inches long, covered with red flannel, with feathers pendent at the ends and small bags of horse medicine tied to the stick. Other "horse bridles" were similar save that they were trimmed with strips of white weaselskin. Although these objects were made and used primarily by horse

778 medicine men they were wrapped in separate bundles when not in use. Wallace Night Gun said that men who were not horse medicine
[787] cult members were known to have dreamed of one of these bundles. If the lay dreamer wished to make a bundle like the one seen in his
778 dream he went to a horse medicine man and asked for help. The latter then told him to make the bridle just as it appeared in his dream and
791 to bring it to him to give it power. Upon payment the horse medicine man gave the owner several little packages of horse medicine to tie to the "horse bridle," together with instructions for the use of these
778 medicines. The owner attached this "horse bridle" to his horse when he rode to war or rode in the riding big dance. It was believed to
231 make the horse lively, to keep it from falling, and to keep enemy bullets from hitting it. Night Gun said men who dreamed of these
778 bridles also received songs in their dreams which were added to the
[533] collection of horse medicine cult songs. He claimed there were few of these bridles among the Piegan in buffalo days. The only one I saw on the Blackfeet Reservation was owned by a cult member.

796 Wissler (1912 a, p. 111) noted the introduction of horse medicine ritual into the medicine pipe ceremony of the Blackfoot. Night Gun said it was common practice for a medicine-pipe owner to ask a horse medicine man to insure that the horse used to carry the medicine pipe would not fall or be harmed while camp was on the move. The horse medicine man used his sacred rope and whip in the ceremony of bless-
778 ing the horse of the medicine pipe man. He sang and transferred three horse medicine songs to the pipe owner. He also transferred
796 some of his power to the whip and rope of that man. It is noteworthy
437 that a whip and rope are among the objects in the typical Blackfoot medicine pipe bundle, and that horse medicine songs appear in that ceremonial ritual. McClintock (1948, pp. 56–60) described a medicine pipe transfer he witnessed in which not only the whip and rope but also the saddle, bridle, and horse used to transport the pipe were transferred. In that transfer ceremony four (three?) horse songs were sung with great care "lest misfortune befall their horses." There were restrictions that the horse employed to carry the medicine pipe must be used only by its owner "lest some of his horse-herd sicken and die," and that the medicine pipe owner "must not strike a dog or horse, nor cut a horse's tail." The medicine-pipe owner who had purchased three horse medicine cult songs was privileged to attend the horse dance and to sing those three songs during the ceremony.

778 Less certain is the relationship between horse medicine and the horse-painted lodge formerly found among the Piegan. Wissler and
342 Duvall (1908, p. 94) have published Head Carrier's version of the origin legend of the horse-painted lodge. It is noteworthy that Head Carrier was a North Piegan horse medicine man. John Old Chief

claimed Wolf Call formerly owned the horse-painted lodge and transferred it to a North Blackfoot medicine man before he died. Other informants denied this. One man claimed the horse-painted lodge of the Piegan was of Gros Ventres origin. 778 342

THE SOUTH PIEGAN BLACK HORSE SOCIETY

Jim Walters said that Mountain Chief (who died in 1942) originated a dancing society known as the Black Horse Society. Mountain Chief preserved the head of a black horse he had stolen from the enemy. During his dance he carried this head on a stick, and gave away horses. Jim's father obtained the horsehead from Mountain Chief and gave the dance, giving away good horses and receiving poor ones in return. Jim told his father it wasn't worth keeping. His father gave the head to John Two Guns, who kept it for a while, then gave it to someone else, who probably threw it away. At the Christmas dance at Starr School in 1942, a dance by members of the Black Horse Society was requested. Only one man came out to dance. There seems to have been no direct connection between this short-lived society and the horse dance of the horse medicine men, although the existence of the powerful horse medicine cult may have inspired the organization of the Black Horse Society. 237 535 575

EVIDENCES OF THE HORSE MEDICINE CULT AMONG OTHER TRIBES

Respect for the supernatural powers of horse medicine men was widespread among the Plains Indians. Although most comparative data on this subject relate to the nomadic tribes, the earliest reference to the existence of the cult appears in an account of the horticultural Arikara written by the fur trader Tabeau in 1803–04. Tabeau regarded Kakawita, chief of the Male Crow division of the Arikara, in whose lodge the trader resided, as the most influential and highly respected man in the tribe. Kakawita possessed a medicine bundle containing a little whip "which makes a famous courser out of a draught horse, and, when he hangs it on his wrist, while singing a certain song, all the horsemen who accompany him fall from their horses." Among the chief's taboos was the belief that his "powder [sic] was weakened if some one broke a bone in his lodge" (Tabeau, 1939, pp. 185–186). Three decades later Maximilian (1906, vol. 23, p. 394) noted an Arikara taboo against breaking a marrow bone in a hut. "If they neglect this precaution, their horses will break their legs in the prairie." Skinner (1914, p. 532) heard of the Plains Cree horse dance but was unable to obtain detailed information regarding it. He believed, perhaps erroneously, that it was "presumably . . . a mimetic dance to obtain increase of the herds." The anthropological literature lacks informa- 171

768 This orderly distribution of horses following a death intestate was possible only in cases where the deceased was a man of prominence who had been well liked and highly respected by his people during his life. In many instances of death intestate members of the camp, whether or not they were related to the deceased, made a run for his property as soon as they learned of his death through the loud weeping and wailing of his close relatives. Men of the camp ran for his horses, while women went to get his household furnishings. The men might take all the good horses in his herd and leave the poor ones for the widow. Close relatives of the deceased, preoccupied with their mourning, did not attempt to prevent this raid, and custom decreed that they should not do so. The raiders were not permitted to take horses or other property belonging to the dead man's wife or other members of his family before his death, even though horses belonging to those people ran with the dead man's herd. On a woman's death people might raid her horses and other property. Informants recalled that these raids were made with particular relish upon the property of a man of some wealth who had had a reputation for stinginess. As one informant stated, "Even his wife would be glad to be rid of him, and she would remarry shortly after his death."

Wissler (1911, pp. 26–27) claimed these raids were limited to relatives of the deceased. However, our informants' contentions that anyone in the village might share in the raid were based upon personal observations. They are corroborated by the brief description of Culbertson (1851, p. 126), penned a century ago.[illegible]

SECONDARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE HORSE IN BLACKFOOT RELIGION

IN BUNDLE TRANSFERS

778 Wissler (1912 a, pp. 253–254) expressed the opinion that the association
437 of horse payments with the transfer of Blackfoot medicine bun-

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231 [illegible] Recognition of the legality of a verbal will made before death seems to have been widespread in the Plains. Kiowa informants spoke of this custom in their tribe. Cheyenne
174 also recognized it (Llewellyn and Hoebel, 1941, pp. 214–215). Inheritance customs in cases of death intestate varied widely, with preference given to different relatives by
[171] different tribes. Tixier (1940, p. 184) found that the Osage recognized a form of primogeniture by which the eldest son inherited all his father's horses, while the eldest daughter
[428] became owner of the lodge. The Plains Cree father's horses were distributed by the eldest son among his brothers and sisters, reserving one horse for the widow (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 251). The Cheyenne widow's right to her husband's horses was "law" (Llewellyn and Hoebel, 1941, p. 216), while the Gros Ventres' wife inherited nothing from her husband, his property generally being divided among his father, mother, brothers, sisters, and children (Kroeber, 1908, pp. 180–181). Kroeber found no fixed customs of inheritance among the Arapaho. The death of a wealthy man resulted in considerable competition among his relatives, although his brothers and sisters generally acquired much of his property (Kroeber, 1902–7, p. 11). I have the distinct impression from reviewing the literature that inheritance patterns in other Plains Indian tribes may have been no more standardized than they were among the Blackfoot. However, I have found no description in the literature of the raid on property by nonrelatives of the deceased among tribes other than the Blackfoot.

dles was "so fixed that one must suspect the present system of transferring 778
bundles to have developed in its present form since the intro- 437
duction of the horse." Lack of information on the occurrence and
transfer of bundles in early times makes it impossible to check Wissler's 231
hypothesis. Native tradition claims the Sun Dance and beaver 174
bundle originated before the introduction of horses. There is also a
tradition that the Blood Indians' Long Time Pipe was transferred
through dog payments before horses were known to these Indians.
It is possible that horses may have replaced slaves, dogs, robes, or
whatever other valuables may have been given to insure the transfer
of sacred objects in pre-horse times. The fact that horses, after their
introduction, were recognized as valuable media of exchange in secular [436]
transactions probably would have encouraged their use as payments
for medicine bundles as well. Whatever the origin of the close
association of horse payments with bundle transfers, it is certain that
it existed in 19th-century buffalo days. The owner of an important
sacred bundle received the petitioner who wished to obtain title to it
with mixed feelings. He weighed his loss of sacred power through
the relinquishment of his bundle against his gain through the acquisition
of a number of fine horses offered in payment.

IN THE SUN DANCE CEREMONY

The influence of the horse made itself apparent at various stages of 796
the Sun Dance, the most important Blackfoot tribal religious ceremony.
I have described (p. 128) the care given to the transport of 231
the medicine woman's sacred paraphernalia to the Sun Dance encampment
on a horse travois. War honors, most commonly acquired on 796
horse raids, were required of both the cutter of the tree to be used for
the center pole, and by men who cut the thongs to bind the rafters to 231
the posts in the construction of the lodge. The latter rite was trans- 555
ferred through payment of a horse and other property. Before cutting [703]
the hide the cutter was required to raise his knife and publicly
declare four personal coups, which commonly included the capture of
enemy horses. In recent years older men who have counted coups
have stood as sponsors for younger men or women who paid to cut
the hide. Plate 17, *a*,[A] portrays Makes-Cold-Weather (ca. 1866–1950),
one of the last of the Piegan veterans of intertribal horse raids, counting
his coups before his protege cut the hide in the Sun Dance near
Browning in 1943.

Men who underwent the excruciating self-torture in the Sun Dance 796
lodge (pl. 17, *b*),[A] did so in fulfillment of vows, made before going into 785
dangerous action, to submit to the torture if they came through safely.
The two accounts of personal experiences in self-torture, which I ob-

[A] [See category 796, p. 358-P--Analyst]

796 tained from elderly Blood Indians, indicate that the vows of both men
785 were made shortly before they entered enemy camps to steal horses.
There is a possibility that the Blackfoot tribes borrowed the Sun
[177] Dance torture from the Arapaho in the historic period, and hence since
the introduction of horses (Ewers, 1948 b, pp. 167-168, 171-172).

796 Three quarters of a century ago Bradley (1923, pp. 267-268) wrote
of the warriors who entered the Blackfoot Sun Dance to count their
555 coups during the closing days of the ceremony.

> 231 Those who desire the privilege of recounting their coups must first present a horse to someone at the door of the medicine lodge (an irrevocable gift), when he may enter the lodge and in his turn relate his exploits, illustrating them by gestures indicating the manner of their performance.
>
> The horse stealers, however, are not required to make the gift of a horse at the door but bring with them a bundle of sticks, and casting one into a fire kept burning in the lodge, say: "At such a time I stole so many horses at such a place, from some enemies." Then casting in another stick describe another occasion.

796 If the Blackfoot observed the Sun Dance before they obtained
horses, as was uniformly claimed by informants, it was none the less
231 influenced by the presence of the horse in historic times. The data
cited above show that even the details of this most sacred tribal ritual
were colored by Indian regard for and preoccupation with horses.

BELIEFS CONCERNING THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS OF HORSES

231 There was a general belief among the Blackfoot that horses possessed supernatural powers. Just as they believed some humans pos-
● 778 sessed stronger supernatural powers than others, so they thought the sacred powers of some horses were more potent than those of ordinary horses. I have referred (p. 259) to the two horses which were credited with having bestowed horse medicine powers upon their owner, Wolf Calf, in his dreams. Horses that performed deeds of unusual strength or endurance, that miraculously escaped from battle without a scratch, or received wounds thought to have been mortal yet recovered, were spoken of by informants as animals possessing potent "secret power." Their remarkable deeds were proof to the Indians of their possession of that power.

Weasel Tail cited a case which will prove this point.

> Heavenly Colt was a strong, gray horse born of a mare stolen from the Flathead by a Blood Indian. He was broken for riding at 3 years of age and proved to be an excellent war horse. After Heavenly Colt gained a wide reputation among the Indians, the Gros Ventres stole him. In the battle between the Piegan and Gros Ventres in the summer of 1866, Heavenly Colt was ridden by Sitting Woman, Gros Ventres head chief. During the action the horse was shot through the neck. Three Suns, a Piegan chief, ran to the horse and said, "It is too bad such a fine horse must die. I shall claim him until he dies." Then the horse dropped. But the next morning the Piegan saw a gray horse on a distant hill.

They went after him and found he was Heavenly Colt. He was alive and in good condition. Heavenly Colt was returned to his rightful Blood owner. That horse had great secret power. 231 778

Like humans, horses were believed to survive death as spirits possessing the power to return and make their spirit presences known to the living. Weasel Tail illustrated his own strong belief in horse spirits by relating a personal experience. 231 774

About 50 years ago I visited the lodge of Steel, a Blood Indian. I knew Steel thought his father's spirit was near him at all times. I asked Steel, "Where is your father, Many Spotted Horses?" While I tálked I heard a horse whinny far away. Then I heard a horse at the back of the lodge shaking and its stirrups rattling. Then I heard someone talking behind Steel. I could see no one there. It was Steel's father's spirit, come to visit him on his spirit horse."[56] 775

BELIEFS REGARDING THE ORIGIN OF HORSES

The beliefs of the great majority of aged, fullblood Blackfoot Indians regarding the origin of horses are embodied in their mythology. In the course of my field work on the Blackfeet Reservation, Mont., elderly Piegan informants recited three different myths explaining the origin of horses. One was told by Short Face, recognized by his fellows as the most accomplished storyteller on the reservation, in the fall of 1943. In the summer of 1947, my interpreters, Reuben and Cecile Black Boy, said that during the intervening years Dog Child, a North Piegan, had told them another version of this myth. 825 779 [115]

Short Face's version, which I have given a title to, follows.

THUNDER'S GIFT OF HORSES

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Many years ago, when people used dogs for moving camp, there lived a Piegan named Wise Man. He and his wife were a handsome couple, but they wore very plain buckskin clothes. One day Wise Man said to his wife, "I have been thinking about something. If my plans work out we shall have very fine clothes. Let's move away from here and make camp in the woods. I'll collect all the wood you need, but you must not break any of the sticks I bring in." 773 539

Wise Man and his wife moved to the woods. After he had brought in wood, he told his wife, "Now I shall go up the hill and catch some eagles." He ascended the hill, dug a pit, found a dead coyote and cut it open, placed a roof of sticks over the pit after he had climbed into it, and tied the coyote on the roof. When eagles saw the coyote they swooped down and began pecking at the carcass. Wise Man grabbed each eagle in turn as it ate, pulled it into the pit and wrung its neck. He caught eight eagles. Then he returned to camp and told his wife, "I shall make myself a bonnet from these feathers." He made his bonnet—

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[56] Wilson (1924, pp. 144–145) reported Hidatsa belief that all horses had supernatural powers, and that if horses were not properly cared for they would not increase in numbers and might leave their negligent owners. A Hidatsa informant also claimed the Assiniboin considered their horses sacred and sang sacred songs to them (ibid., p. 142). Dorsey (1894, p. 499) mentioned the Dakota custom of praying to horses. The existence of their horse medicine cults is evidence of belief in the supernatural powers of horses among other Plains and Plateau tribes. [171]

175 many changes of clothing and seek handsome gear to show off their
horses. The decadence of slave raiding decreased women's fears of
231 being taken captive by alien peoples.

182 The coming of the horse offered greater security to the aged and the
562 physically handicapped. Whereas their lives were formerly sacrificed
because they could not be taken along with the moving camp, these
175 people could live well in the Horse Culture Period if they owned horses
231 which others might use to kill buffalo and move camp for them.
Stingy, the wealthy, blind, influential Piegan (frequently mentioned
182 in previous pages), probably would have died in infancy had he been
888 born during the Pedestrian Culture Period.

734 The band, basic political and residential unit among the Blackfoot,
probably was a stable, exogamic organization of blood relatives, led
175 by the most able, mature man in the group in the Pedestrian Culture
Period. By the waning decades of buffalo days the Blackfoot band
231 had become a fluid organization, composed both of related and unre-
182 lated families, within which marriage was permitted. Necessity for
621 extensive reorganization of bands following serious plagues and war
losses in historic times undoubtedly contributed to this change in the
character of Blackfoot bands. Dependence of the poor in horses upon
the charity of wealthy leaders helped to keep the bands fluid. The
poor followed the leader who was able and willing to offer them the
greatest security through dispensing gifts of food and gifts or loans
of horses. They readily shifted their band allegiance if they thought
they could improve their condition thereby.

It is doubtful whether the ability to dispense individually owned
175 property to other band members was a factor of any importance in
231 the selection of a band chief in the Pedestrian Culture Period when,
182 presumably, there were no marked extremes of wealth and poverty.
622 However, in the Horse Culture Period requirements for band leader-
ship came to include considerable wealth and a willingness to employ
it for the alleviation of the poor.

INFLUENCE ON RELIGION

231 If the Blackfoot Indians looked upon dogs as sacred animals in
the days when dogs were their only domesticated animals, their
● 778 descendants appear to have no traditions regarding that attitude. I
[744] have found no trace in Blackfoot culture of a dog cult organized for
the express purpose of appealing to dog spirits for aid in doctoring
or influencing the actions of dogs.

771 On the other hand, the horse came to occupy a position of consider-
able prominence in Blackfoot religious beliefs and rituals. The sud-
231 den appearance of this animal, whose services did so much to lighten
182 the daily tasks of the Indians and to raise their standard of living,

demanded an explanation. The Blackfoot looked upon the horse as a 771
godsend. In their mythology it was represented as a gift of powerful
sky or water spirits. Horses were thought to possess supernatural 231
powers. The ability of certain horses to perform feats of unusual 182
strength or endurance was proof to the Indians that those animals [773]
possessed those powers to a very high degree.

Some horses were believed to have appeared to their owners in [778]
dreams and conferred their powers upon them. Through such trans- 794
ference of powers the secret horse medicine cult was believed to have
originated. The relatively few members of this cult carefully 231
guarded their knowledge of the origin of their medicines and restricted
their use by outsiders in such a way that their secrets would not be
revealed. Members were feared and respected by fellow tribesmen
to the extent that many aged Indians still fear to discuss the cult.
There are no other Blackfoot ceremonial organizations whose secrets
have been so closely guarded, with the possible exceptions of the Horn
Society among the Blood and the Tobacco Planters of the North
Blackfoot. The influence of horse medicine men's activities pervaded
the fields of warfare, hunting, recreation, and curing, as well as the
daily lives of their people. Their ritual practices were designed to
heal sick and wounded horses and to cure humans, to revive exhausted
horses, to assist individuals in capturing horses from the enemy or in
handicapping enemy war horses, to prevent hunting horses from falling
in slippery winter weather and to retard the movements of
buffalo in the hunt, to handicap race horses, to capture wild horses,
and to prevent horses from straying from their owner's herds. Their
ceremony, the horse dance, followed the generalized Blackfoot ceremonial
bundle pattern but had distinctive features. Taboos observed
by horse medicine men also were distinctive. There was a close relationship
between the horse medicine men and owners of medicine
pipes whom the horse specialists customarily aided. These specialists
also aided other Indians in the preparation of protective "horse
bridles" worn under the heads of war horses on scalp raids.

Indirectly the influence of the horse affected other Blackfoot re- 231
ligious rituals. Horse payments were invariably made as inducements
to owners of ceremonial bundles to transfer their power to prospective 182
purchasers. At intervals throughout the tribal Sun Dance ceremony 796
participants were required to recite their coups, most commonly acquired
through raiding for horses. In the two cases of self-torture
during a Sun Dance that have been recorded in detail, the suppliants
are known to have vowed to undergo the torture just before entering
enemy camps to take horses.

Finally the horse was given a role of prominence in burial and 231
mourning rites. The favorite horses of a wealthy individual were 182

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Indian pony gradually was replaced by larger and stronger animals 178
resulting from the breeding of white men's work horses with the
Indians' stock. 231

Nevertheless, the continuity of Blackfoot culture was not entirely broken by the cultural revolution that followed the disappearance of the buffalo and the abandonment of the nomadic, hunting existence. In the 1940's, six decades after the buffalo were gone, the influence of the Horse Culture Period of buffalo days survived. Survivals were noticeable in Blackfoot work habits, their concepts of wealth, their recreation, social relations, and ideals.

After the buffalo were gone the Blackfoot took readily to cattle 233
raising but showed little interest in or aptitude for farming, which
involved techniques and procedures alien to their experience. In the 241
1940's Agricultural Extension Agents on the Blackfeet Reservation 178
in Montana recognized that the successful Indian farmers were persons of considerable white admixture. The fullblood group showed little interest in settling on the irrigated projects to grow crops. Fullbloods still preferred to make their living by raising livestock, primarily cattle and sheep. This preference is traceable to the tribe's generations of accumulated experience in the care of horses and its lack of crop-growing traditions.

I have pointed out (p. 30) the survival of the concept of 178
wealth in terms of horse ownership among the older fullbloods on
this reservation, even though horses in the 1940's had relatively little 556
monetary value. This is definitely a survival from the days when 231
individual wealth was determined primarily in terms of horse ownership.

I have also (p. 234) referred to the survival of interest in horse 178
racing, long a favorite sport among the Blackfoot. In fact their
ready acceptance of the entire rodeo complex may be attributed to 541
their background of appreciation of skill in the handling of horses. [177]

There remains an appreciation of the value of ceremonial bundles
among the Blackfoot which is out of all proportion to the function 178
of those bundles in the religious life of these people in modern times.
A number of bundle owners have neither the knowledge nor the desire 778 ●
to use these sacred bundles ceremonially. Yet they are reluctant to part with them, mindful of the fact that their former owners prized
them as equivalent in value to many horses. The horse medicine cult, [194]
though limited in function, still holds a respected position in the religious life of the fullbloods.

Blackfoot social relations are still marked by the dependence of 178
poor relatives upon tribal members who have achieved a degree of
economic success. This drain of the "have-nots" upon the "haves" 571
has the effect of limiting the economic progress of ambitious indi- 454

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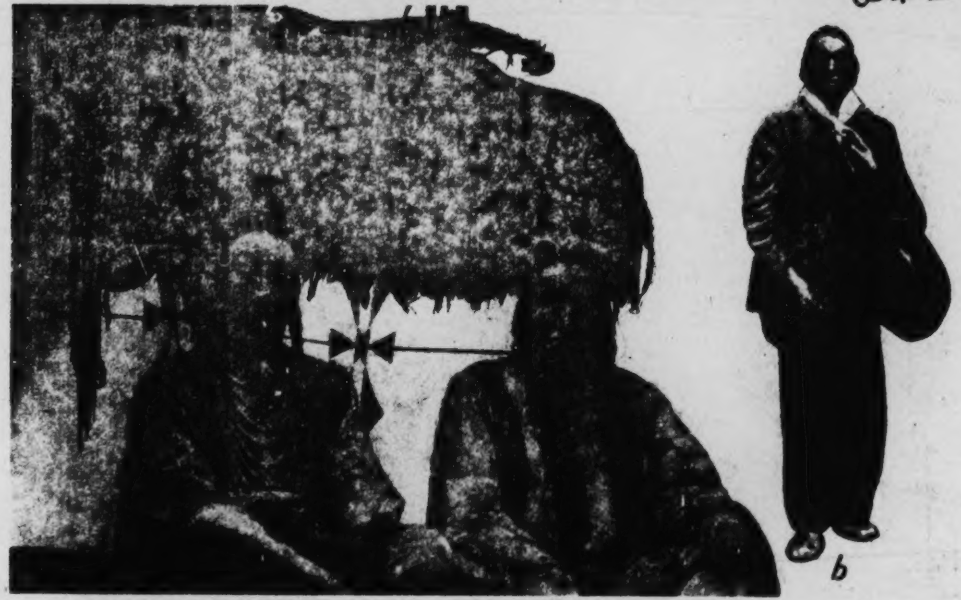

a, The Arapaho pipe bundle, source of White Quiver's war medicine. (Photograph taken in 1947. Courtesy Glacier Studio, Browning, Mont.) *b*, White Quiver (ca. 1860–1931), the most successful Piegan horse raider. (Courtesy Museum of the Plains Indian.)

[p. 358-J]

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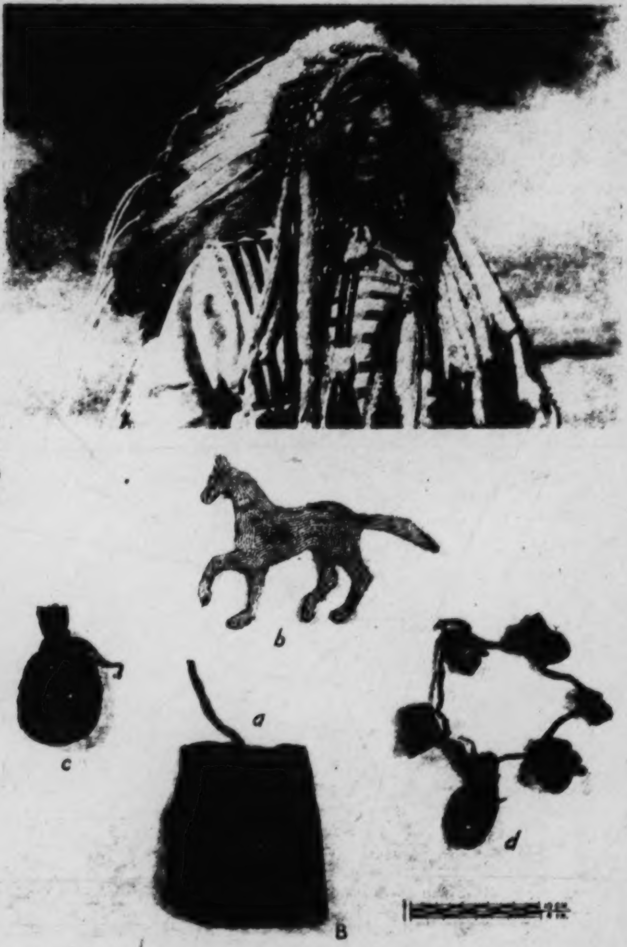

A, Wallace Night Gun (ca. 1872–1950), leader of the Piegan Horse Medicine Cult. (Courtesy Great Northern Railway.) *B*, Portion of Wallace Night Gun's horse medicine bundle in the United States National Museum (No. 387744): Pouch (*a*) contains beaded horse fetish (*b*) and pouches of secret horse medicines (*c* and *d*).

[p.358-N]

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

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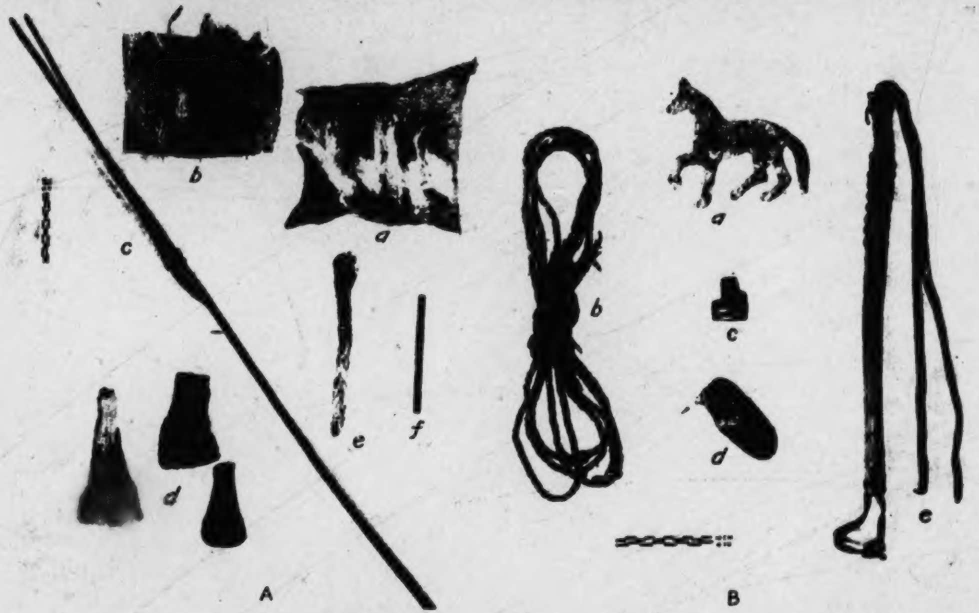

A, Portions of Wallace Night Gun's horse medicine bundle: *a*, invitation feathers; *b*, altar plumes; *c*, fire tongs; *d*, packets of red and black earth colors; *e*, sweetgrass used in making smudge; *f*, altar marking tool. *B*, Portion of Wallace Night Gun's horse medicine bundle: *a*, Rawhide horse fetish; *b*, rawhide rope carried by horse-dance leader; *c*, pipe bowl smoked in horse dance; *d*, horse mane fetish; *e*, whip carried by horse-dance leader.

[p.358-D]

> 439 "They are notorious thieves; when we hear of a band coming in every piece of iron
> 157 or other European article that can be carried off must be shut up."[144]

439 They are also described as great bargainers.

> 437 "I have seen one of this tribe employ ½ hour in bartering a dozen wolves and twice
> 157 as many Depouilles (fat on the ribs and back) and so unreasonable as to demand a
> Gun, Pistol, or any other article that attracted his attention for one Skin . . ."[145]

Maximilian notes this in another connection:

> "The Crows in their visits and negotiations presented the Blackfoot with valuable articles, costly feather caps, shields, horses, etc. but received nothing at all when they came to the latter, by which all the Indians are incensed against the Blackfoot. In this respect the other tribes showed much more delicacy."[146]

The unusual shrewdness of the Blackfoot in their trade with the whites, their sharp bargaining, their disregard of tradition in not giving return gifts to the Crow, and the firing of the prairie to raise the price of meat were, according to the fur traders, uniquely Blackfoot, and must be attributed, at least in part, to the fact that they were subject to a competitive fur trade which made good businessmen of them.

Religion

432 This commercialism of the Blackfoot was not limited to their trading
425 practices but became characteristic of many aspects of their institutions.
This was especially apparent in the buying and selling of bundles. Religious
778 bundles such as the Medicine Pipe bundle, Beaver bundle, and Sun Dance
[782) bundle were bought by an individual, usually in fulfillment of a vow made
in time of misfortune. Although the bundle transfer was part of a religious
ceremony, the interest of the buyer, the seller and the community was
centered upon the property exchanges involved. To sell at a high price
and to buy at a low price was a major objective in most bundle transfers.
The buying of bundles was frequently a profitable investment, for the
bundle owners received fees for the religious services they rendered to the
[454) community. Finally, some individuals bought bundles as an investment for
prestige in which wealth could be displayed.

175 The above picture of bundle transfers applies only to the latter part
of the nineteenth century. Earlier, it appears that the number of bundle
425 transfers was less frequent and the property exchanged much smaller. In
432 a discussion of Blackfoot medicine bundles in 1833, Culbertson says, "they
778 might be transferred but the owners were seldom willing to surrender the

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[144] *Ibid.*, p. 544.

[145] *Journal of Duncan M'Gillivray*, p. 46.

[146] Thwaites, *op. cit.*, p. 161.

10: Lewis E-4 (no date) 1973 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

dignity they conferred."[146a] This suggests a very different condition from the frequent buying and selling of the 1850's–1880's which is attested to by field material. Culbertson tells us that a bundle was valued at nine horses.[146b] This too, is far below the later bundle prices of thirty to sixty horses. 175 425 432 778 [435]

Judging from our more complete information of the reserve period there seems to be a direct relation between the fluidity of bundle transfers and the price of bundles on the one hand, and the number of horses. Thus, with the falling off in the number of horses on the North Piegan reserve following the depression of 1929, the bundle transfers practically came to a standstill and there was a sharp fall in the prices paid for them. 425 432 778 435

Our material therefore suggests that the greater fluidity in bundle transfers is related to the expansion in Blackfoot economy and the increase in wealth that we have already noted. We have seen that the increase in the size of herds and the growth of polygyny occurred in the eighteen thirties and thereafter. It is significant that the first mention in the literature of medicine bundles and the fact that they were sold for horses also occurs in this period (1833).[147] [178] [433]

This raises the question of the age of Blackfoot medicine bundles. When Thompson visited the Piegan in 1787 he made no mention of bundles and specifically observed that medicine bags were absent. It may be assumed that had bundles been present Thompson would have mentioned them because of their resemblance to medicine bags. The following passage from Thompson's journal gives an interesting account of medicine pipes, which were probably the precursors of the medicine pipe bundle. 175 778 175 276 778

> "The natives of the forest pride themselves on their Medicine bags, which are generally well stocked with a variety of simples which they gather from the woods and banks of the Lakes and Rivers, and with the virtues of which they are somewhat acquainted. The Indians of the Plains had none of these . . . But these people must also have something to which they can attach somewhat of a supernatural character for religious purposes; and for this purpose they have adopted the Red Pipe, and Pipe Stem, which seems to have been such from old times . . . for a medicine pipe there are certain ceremonies to be gone through and a woman is not allowed to touch a medicine pipe . . . and their long pipe stems are equally sacred. These are of three to more than four feet in length, and about three to five inches in girth and well polished. Each respectable man has from three to four of these pipes which are tied together when not in use and hung on a tree; on removing from place to place the owner slings them over his back and at the encampment again hangs them up."[148] [171] [562]

[146a] Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 265.

[146b] *Idem.*

[147] *Idem.*

[148] Thompson, *op. cit.*, pp. 365–366.

175 The statement that a woman is not allowed to touch a medicine pipe
272 makes it quite clear that he is not referring to the medicine pipe bundle,
778 for in the case of the latter husband and wife were the normal ritual unit.
[562] Thompson's statement about the absence of medicine bags is significant,
for in 1833 Catlin gives a detailed description of Blackfoot otterskin medicine bags.[149]

175 While this evidence is not sufficient to determine the age of medicine
778 bundles among the Blackfoot, it at least suggests as one possibility that
the bundle complex came in between 1787 and 1833. In any case we believe
[425] that the commercialism in bundle transfers which sets the Blackfoot apart
[432] from other Plains groups developed in the period after 1830.

Changes in Warfare

177 Probably there have been no changes in any aspect of aboriginal culture
726 greater than those which have occurred in warfare. These changes were
231 brought about by the introduction of the horse, gun, and fur trade on the
northern Plains.

411 It must be pointed out here that our conclusions for the Blackfoot are at variance with those made in Smith's intensive study of Plains warfare, and suggests that the problem of the effect of the horse and gun on the Plains may profitably be re-examined. Dr. Smith writes,

> "With due consideration to their cultural importance (horse and gun) there is however, no conclusive evidence that they revolutionized war procedures. Apparently, their effect was not radically to change the existing war complexes, but to accelerate the momentum of warfare."[150]

This conclusion is based on a survey of the distribution and varieties of war honors, methods of counting coup, scalping, and motives of war on the Plains, without due regard to time perspective and diffusion. The author's "war complex" which is a static picture of nineteenth century Plains warfare, assumes a degree of stability and integration of the above elements which seems unwarranted. In view of the non-historical approach, it is not surprising that no "evidence" of vital changes was found. It is our purpose to show on the basis of the historical documents the nature of the changes in the motives, methods, and organization of Blackfoot warfare.

Early Warfare

175 In one of the most dramatic accounts in the literature, we are treated to
726 a description of a pre-horse battle between the Piegan and the Shoshone
given to David Thompson in 1787 by an old Piegan chief, Saukamappee.

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[149] Catlin, *op. cit.*, p. 38.

[150] Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 433.

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the small raiding party to the point where it became the most charac- 721
teristic type of Blackfoot warfare. 726

This change in emphasis occurred gradually. The Blackfoot utilized the [411]
large scale pattern of tribal warfare during the fifty year period of terri- [231]
torial expansion, beginning in the 1730's, whereby they moved across the [177]
western Plains driving the Shoshone, Kutenai, and Flathead before them. [648]
In addition to the horse and gun, we must now attribute a good part of this successful conquest to the military strength made possible by their well developed political system. The systematic sending out of the small raiding party became important only after they had established their domination of the western Plains, when continued raids for horses superseded disputes over territory.

Large war parties persisted even after the pattern of the raiding party was well established. This occurred mainly when the tribal interests were threatened, such as the attempts of the allied Plateau groups to hunt buffalo
on the Plains. In 1787 Thompson wrote, "a party of about 250 warriors [175]
under the command of Kutenai Appe went off to war against the Snake Indians".[183] In 1800 the same chief, "was utterly adverse to small parties, except for horse stealing.... He seldom took the field with less than 200 warriors, but frequently with many more."[184]

In these accounts we find elements similar to those described in Sau- 178
kamappee's account. In a battle between the Piegan and Kutenai in 1810, 726
in which both sides were armed with the gun, the Kutenai formed a rude [411]
rampart with their tents, tent poles, and baggage. The Piegan attacked
with their cavalry but were three times repulsed. They then resorted to [704]
their older practice of infantry fighting. About 170 men drew up a rude line about 400 yards from the enemy, and at intervals sent forty men forward to dare them to battle. They would approach to about 60-80 yards, shouting insults, calling them old women, and dancing and springing in a frantic manner so as to make more difficult targets.[185] These elements are clearly a survival of an old pattern.

Later Warfare

Changes occurred in the use of weapons following the introduction of the 179
gun. The lance, once so important, was discarded as a useful weapon and 178
became a ceremonial object. The quilted leather shirts that were worn for 411
protection against arrows were of little use against bullets and gradually 726
disappeared. The shield, while losing most of its utilitarian value became 714
[778]

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[183] *Op. cit.*, p. 347.

[184] *Ibid.*, p. 370.

[185] *Ibid.*, pp. 424-425.

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178 very important as a medicine object, deriving its power from the symbols
724 painted upon it.[166]

411 The camp circle is recent among the Blackfoot. When Henday visited
714 the Blackfoot in 1754 he came upon 200 tents camped in two parallel lines
(778 with an open avenue between them.[167] Jenness suggests that this arrange-
175 ment was "very satisfactory for repelling slow infantry attacks, but not the
178 sudden raids of mobile horsemen."[168] Undoubtedly the adoption of the
712 camp circle was also related to their attempts to protect their newly ac-
361 quired horses from raiding parties, for Maximilian tells us that horses
were kept in corrals within the camp circle.[169] The origin of the camp circle
721 among the Blackfoot may therefore tentatively be attributed to the changes
in warfare consequent to the introduction of the horse on the Plains.[170]

721 More important, warfare had become an integral part of the new Black-
foot economy. To better understand this relationship we must consider
433 briefly the role of the horse in Blackfoot economy.

The importance of horses can be gauged by the extensive native ter-
231 minology used to describe them. The writer has gathered more than
twenty terms describing the types and qualities of horses. Horses were
classified according to their functions, as race horses, war horses, travois
horses and pack horses; and by their special abilities, as "horses that can
go long distances", "horses that can run in deep snow", etc. It is clear that
horses were valued for their aid in hunting, in war and in transportation.
[436] But, in addition to their utilitarian and productive values, horses became
(556) a medium of exchange and the main form of wealth.

The accumulation of wealth, the manipulation of property, spending,
231 buying, and selling, dominated Blackfoot life. Social position depended
556 upon the liberal use of wealth, ostentatious display, and other forms of
social investment. Every step in religious and secular ritual involved
property payments, and the number of horses that changed hands in the
bundle transfers, and the buying into societies was truly remarkable.
[554] The ownership of horses therefore became a major index of social status.

000 The ownership of horses had still further importance, for horses were

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[756] [166] An attempt on the part of the American Fur Co. to introduce polished metal
shields was effectively blocked by the medicine men who as Bradley tells us, "would
(434) have thus been deprived of an important source of revenue." Bradley, op. cit., Vol.
9, p. 282.

[167] Henday, *op. cit.*, p. 355.

[168] Diamond Jenness, *The Sarsi*, p. 13.

[169] The arrangement of two parallel lines was used in marching, as is described in Stanley's account of 1854. ". . . in less than one hour the whole encampment was drawn out in two parallel lines on the Plains, forming one of the most picturesque scenes I have ever witnessed." *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs* (1854), p. 200.

[170] Idem.

721 wealth in horses or the ownership of medicine bundles, would refuse to be
554 led by one of lower standing. Not only were the poor rarely leaders, but
[556] they often had difficulty in joining a raiding party, for participation was
limited to those who had the necessary equipment—a gun, powder and
ammunition, a good supply of moccasins, dried provisions, protective war
charms, and, when the party went on horse, a good horse.

721 With adequate skill, any member of the tribe could produce the equip-
ment necessary for the early type of warfare, but the new equipment, guns
554 and ammunition, could be purchased from the trading posts only by those
556 who had a surplus of horses, dried provisions or hides. This put the poor
184 at a distinct disadvantage, and was a check upon vertical mobility. This
[439] also gave a new paternalistic role to the chief as a distributor of valuable
goods.

721 Differences between rich and poor were reflected in their participation
in war in still another way. Not owning war bonnets, beautiful head-
556 dresses, or medicine pipes, the poor went to the hills to seek supernatural
184 power for a successful war party, while those who could afford it bought
[787] their charms from renowned medicine men. Despite this handicap, inform-
[778] ants relate that the poor were the most daring on horse-stealing parties,
[432] for they had the least to lose and the most to gain.

Normally, raiding parties started out in the early spring, the summer
721 or the fall, rarely the winter, for the Blackfoot did not like to go out in cold
weather. A wise leader would leave at nightfall, travel until dawn, and
[342] then rest during the day in shelters constructed in the foot-hills.

The function of the leader consisted mainly in enforcing simple precau-
721 tionary rules, such as prohibiting a fire for cooking, or the shooting of
game once in enemy territory. Every party had one or two scouts who
701 reported to the leader. When the party neared the camp of the enemy the
leader decided who was to do the raiding. If the party was small it would
break up, every man for himself, and arrange to meet at an appointed
spot. In other cases, the leader ordered some to stay, usually the inex-
perienced or the poorer ones, while the leader, alone or with a choice few,
went for the horses. This rear guard duty was resented for there was a
possibility that they would not be allowed to share the loot. The chief
[431] might present them with a horse, a gift which they were expected to
[727] acknowledge at the victory dance.[174] Many parties broke up because of this,
those ordered to remain behind often disobeying and going out for their
own horses. In cases where the party was mounted and had ambushed the
enemy, this individualism was even more marked. It was every man for
[727] himself with a great deal of snatching and bickering over the loot, even
among brothers.

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[174] J. Richardson, Mss.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

836 the only reason for the limited participation: "There are a lot of women on
554 this reserve who could put up a Sun Lodge, but don't want to." While their
796 virtue might be unassailable, she was convinced that they either could not
837 muster enough wealth, or did not care to meet the considerable demands
[778] for buying the *natoas* bundle,[170] putting up the lodge and staging a give-
[184] away.

182 The rewards of chastity unsupported by property are limited indeed. In
431 1939, the Sun Lodge vower only gave two horses away. The transferrer
796 asked by an interested bystander how he "had come out," laughed and
425 answered, "I never did as badly as this time." The crowd, well-aware that
there was to be no give-away, showed little interest in the proceedings.
[832] When the great moment arrived, the sun pole could barely be raised; most
[535] of the men preferred to dance the Owl Dance, that aid to flirtation and liai-
[575] son. But the conspicuous display at the transfer of Horn Society member-
ships two days earlier had drawn a large and expectant company.

Bundles[171]

575 The costs, limited memberships available, and unappealing demands of
424 such a society as the Crazy Dogs were clearly deterrents to participation,
184 but nevertheless an impressive proportion of the adult male population
bought into the cheaper (younger) organizations, and for special reasons
422 into the Horns. The ownership of medicine pipes and beaver bundles is
778 much more restricted. Only thirty, or less than one-tenth of the group
184 sampled, bought pipes at all:

25 bought 1 pipe
1 bought 2 pipes
2 bought 3 pipes
2 bought 4 pipes

Only six have bought beaver bundles:[172]

3 bought 1 bundle
3 bought 2 bundles

Of the first group, one had also purchased a medicine pipe; of the second, one had purchased four.

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[170] It is possible to vow the Sun Lodge without buying the *natoas* bundle. Cf. Wissler, *Blackfoot Sun Dance*, pp. 241, 246.

[171] Many other types than those discussed here were in circulation. For full descriptions, see Wissler, *Blackfoot Bundles*, passim.

[172] Wissler (*Blackfoot Bundles*, p. 169), writes in 1912: "At present beaver bundles are to be found among the divisions except the Blood, among whom they have not been particularly popular for a long time."

The turnover in these important pipes and bundles is not great and prices 778
fluctuate considerably.[173] The man who has paid a large number of horses 432
is frequently loathe to relinquish his bundle for fewer animals. It was many 435
years before the last buyer to pay a hundred horses for the Long Time Pipe
was ready to let it go for fifty. The woman who bought the *natoas* bundle
in 1929 put up ten horses, one heifer, a set of harness and a saddle. In 1939,
she still owned the bundle.[174]

The initial expense, however, is but a small part of the total cost. Further ritual knowledge enhances the value of the bundle, but while this may bring a good return in the future, it must be paid for in the present. Moreover, the owners of certain bundles are expected to open them and feast all previous owners sometimes as often as once a month. For some these additional obligations are too onerous. All four owners of beaver bundles participate in the general ceremony, but only one possesses the knowledge necessary to conduct it. His bundle is considered the most powerful.[175]

All bundle owners are members of societies, but five, each of whom had 575
purchased only one bundle, did not join the Horns. Pressure from the 778
Church, the loss of horses, or the complete acceptance of white goals may [177]
account for this unusual behavior. Whatever the reasons for these particular
lapses, it is also an interesting fact and an index of changing values that the [798]
sons of bundle owners and society members have not always followed in [178]
their fathers' footsteps. They have not always joined societies or purchased
ceremonial objects.

Those who buy ceremonial privilege consider the gain against the cost. 787
When Harvey Fleet Foot, a young and ambitious farmer, was at "death's 778
door" shortly after the serious illness of his small son, he dreamed that he 432
should vow a pipe. Only then would he and his family be protected from
further harm. Since no special pipe was mentioned in the dream, he sought 782
advice from an old medicine man and Horn priest, his father's brother, and [751]
from his father-in-law, a substantial cattle and horse owner and farmer. [756]
The two old men agreed to back Harvey, "if he followed the voices of the
spirit." They decided that he should vow the Long Time Pipe. Said the
medicine man, "As long as you can pay for it, you might as well vow the
strongest pipe." And Harvey Fleet Foot, aided by his rich father-in-law, [435]
bought the Long Time Pipe for twenty horses and other goods.

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[173] Bradley (*Characteristics*, p. 265), writing before 1877, comments, "In value [175]
they were computed at about nine horses." Lewis (*Effects of White Contact*, p. 44 ff.),
basing his conclusions on Major Culbertson believes that before 1850 "the number
of bundle transfers was less frequent and the property exchanged much smaller."
Wissler (*Blackfoot Bundles*, p. 277) writes: ". . .whereas. . .medicine pipes formerly
required but two or three horses, they now often go to thirty head."

[174] Harry D. Biele, Field Notes.

[175] *Ibid.*

778 437 The final public gesture was revealing. After a ceremonial capture and days spent in negotiation, the concluding phase of the transfer was reached. Mounted on a painted horse and carrying the pipe on his back, Harvey returned to the tipi of the seller. Outside were ranged the horses to be paid. In due time, the seller emerged, danced up a small aisle opened by the spectators, scrutinized the horses carefully, and slowly nodded his acceptance. The bargain was struck. In this business-minded community a seller is not always satisfied, however; then additional horses must be brought in or the deal is called off even at this late hour.

778 182 [178] Buying a bundle is a protection, a responsibility, a means of enhancing prestige, and a speculation. But—symptom of the changing times—ceremonial consummation may have to wait: Harvey Fleet Foot held up the Sun Dance for three days. He had to cultivate his fields.

V. Some Further Aspects of Contemporary Interpersonal Relations

Men and Women

562 657 586 Women as a class have benefited from reserve life for the white man's law now protects their property and person. Serious assault and murder are severely punished. As early as 1883, one agent noted the results with a certain regret: "As the old law of cutting off a woman's nose for leaving her husband is done away with, women do as they like."[176] And desertion no longer relieves the erring husband of all responsibility. But it must be admitted that official interference in this last, though encouraged by the outraged wife, has proven none too effective; the abandoned woman and her children usually return to her parents for consolation and support.

562 428 178 [177] The law has also favored women in matters of inheritance. In an earlier day, most of them, to be sure, owned some property; a few, through gift or medicine power, owned considerable, and in the late buffalo period, many seem to have expected a substantial share in the paternal inheritance.[177] Wissler, writing in 1910, observes, "... nothing goes to the widow. She may, however, retain her own personal property to the extent of that brought with her at marriage. She may claim, though not always with success, the offspring of her own horses."[178] Today, "though not always with success," she claims a good deal more. Bulwarked by white example and force, she demands not only a stake in her father's estate but in her husband's as well.

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[176] 1883, Vol. 4, No. 5, p. 176.

[177] See story of Red Crow's sister, Revenge Walker, p. 11 ff. A

[178] Wissler, *Social Life*, p. 27.

A.[See Categories 578 and 621--Analyst]

joke with your brother's, it means you are in earnest." The only Blood 593
confined to the insane asylum, whose case was not complicated by physical 578
causes, attempted to murder his wife because he believed she was having 152
intercourse with a ghost. Many a husband, approaching his end, threatens 831
his mate with death, for only when she accompanies him on his final journey [572]
can he be sure that in the next world he alone will possess her.

Husbands, who need proof of good behavior and who can afford to pay [158]
for it, may insist that their wives "vow the tongues"[180] or put up the Sun [775]
Lodge, for only those who are chaste before and faithful after marriage can 593
do so with impunity. Sometimes, however, the pressure may be so great, 796
that a woman must take a chance. Urged by her husband who remained un- 783
convinced concerning her virginity at marriage, Weasel Girl distributed the 626
tongues at the Sun Dance. Her husband's uncle, noting that she failed to 784
mention the names of any men she had rebuffed, suspected her avowal, and [837]
threw his piece of meat to a dog at his side. Later that evening, this dog
was shot while making off with a chicken. His alertness and caution had [836]
saved him, the uncle was certain, from a sure and untimely death. That
Weasel Girl, herself, only lived three years longer was further evidence that
she had lied.

Suspicion is not always without cause, as it may well have been in this 837
instance. The most casual encounter, the social dances in the dance hall,
even the Sun Dance, offer innumerable opportunities for illicit adventures,
and these are not missed. Many a husband has found his wife with her lover.
But so obsessed are they by their suspicions, that every possibility of [152]
adultery immediately becomes a fact.

Informal wife-lending among the Blood is inconceivable whether to a 432
casual friend[181] or a life-long "*taka.*" Yet this act which cannot be tolerated 778
in daily living, is ritually sanctioned when the sorcery roots are purchased 786
by members in the Horn Society.[182] At this time, the wife of the buyer 575
deposits her clothes in her husband's lap. Protected by a buffalo robe, she 754
is taken to the tipi of the seller and ceremonially painted. She then "goes
837

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[180] Wissler, *Blackfoot Sun Dance*, p. 234 ff.

[181] Henry in his Journal (vol. 2, p. 526) states that the Blackfoot were a "nuisance in offering women." Wissler (*Social Life*, p. 10) observes that he believes these women were captives.

[182] Among the neighboring Cree the opposite situation existed. They practised 171
informal wife exchange. D. G. Mandelbaum (*The Plains Cree*, p. 246) writes: "This 837
relationship reflected considerable honor upon the participants, for only the most stout-hearted men could become intimate companions of their wives' paramours." But in a ceremony called Sitting Up Until Morning (*ibid.*, p. 228) although the "warriors of one society issued invitations to the wives or daughters of the members of other societies" and "at dawn, the men washed and painted the women's faces,

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

432 on the sacred walk."[183] Returning, she gives the sinister root which she has
● 778 received from her nocturnal partner to her uneasy husband.

786 The interval of waiting is among the greatest trials of the Blood. The
575 anxious husband must show no jealousy during the "walk"; he must joke
754 with his fellow members and suffer their teasing without taking offense. So
837 great is this strain that some are unable to bring themselves to the test; others hire a substitute wife, although the added cost may be considerable.

754 The Blood are not overly engrossed with sorcery, perhaps because black
181 magic may act as a boomerang, perhaps because hostility is quickly and
154 overtly expressed, perhaps because their way of life brought numerous and
[837] tangible rewards. But some standard of values is suggested by the fact that the greatest power to hurt others is acquired by submitting to what they believe entails the greatest personal suffering—the possession of one's wife by another. Its institutionalization in the Horn Society in no way relaxes the sexual tensions among the people at large; it merely succeeds in heightening them for the few who want to purchase the most feared power available to the Blood.

831 Writing on the relations between Blackfoot men and women, Wissler
171 observes, "We found no traces of the conventional modes of registering
554 conquests as among the young men of the Dakota and Village Indians."[184]
154 Victims of a monotonous poverty, these more easterly tribesmen readily transferred a symbol from their glamorous past to the one remaining area of competition, sex. The counting of coups over amorous successes may well have seemed unnecessary, and even ridiculous, to the more exuberant Blood whose daily routines gave them many other ego satisfactions.

593 Marital Instability.—Psychopathic possessiveness and aggressive
837 behavior, however, offer a poor foundation for a satisfactory or enduring
581 marriage. In 1909, a worried agent, after discussing the difficulties arising from drink, observed, "The morality question is at present a more serious one on this reservation, the transgressors very principally young married people who, after quarrelling separate and insist upon availing themselves of the old tribal right to take other partners."[185] The instability of early marriage can be easily documented. A Dancing Bird, beautiful if undiscriminating, consoled ten "husbands"; a wilful Mary Red Bear boasted

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[171] combed their hair, and gave them a gift. . .no sexual license is permitted during this occasion."
[837] The attitudes and values of the two tribes are nicely revealed in the following incident from a tale: A Blackfoot visiting a Cree makes him a present of a horse. In return, the Cree offers him his wife.

[183] Cf. Wissler, *Blackfoot Societies*, p. 413 ff. Also Harry D. Biele, Field Notes.

[184] Wissler, *Social Life*, p. 9.

[185] 1909, Vol. 43, No. 15, p. 169.

war deeds and political authority being equal, would ordinarily not join 561
a war expedition led by one who was his junior. Among war chiefs who had [701]
already made their major coups, seniority was as important a factor in [554]
prestige as the number of major coups.

Unlike the Pawnee and the Comanche one's prestige did not decline after [555]
the last war deed. War was understood as a means for acquiring wealth,
and if one were already wealthy, status could be maintained in certain 556
spheres without war deeds. Once one had built an adequate herd of horses, 721
there was no humiliation for those who preferred to remain in camp. Moreover, 554
after renouncing warfare, one might gain further prestige. Ceremonial [778]
life was another form of competition with property as one of the stakes; a [425]
man surpassed another by paying more for an article of ceremonial importance
or by acquiring more sacred articles. The tribal chiefs themselves [621]
were usually older men who had already distinguished themselves as warriors. [622]
Having given up the war path, they settled with their large herds of
horses to help their relatives and thus established their positions as leaders
in civil life. In this status of leader a man with less wealth and fewer coups
might surpass a man with a finer war record who had greater wealth but less
generosity. Above all, the mere fact of having grown old was regarded with 888
respect, for one must have power in order to grow old. Hence, it was any 561
dignified old man who with his liaisons to supernatural powers said prayers [782]
for the departing warriors. In fact, they prayed that the young man who
offered them a pipe would have a long life and many children. [889]

The general structure of the age societies exemplifies this pattern still 575
further. The societies such as the Bees and the Prairie Chickens were 561
entered by many young men, required little outlay of wealth for membership
and served mainly for display, recreation, and solidifying the bonds [556]
between comrades. Those high in the hierarchy of age societies such as the
members of the Catchers and the Horn societies were necessarily older men
of sufficient wealth to pay a relatively high price for admission. Hence the
group of members was not large. In addition these societies were entrusted [692]
with legal authority, based in part on the supernatural power which membership
gave them. We thus see again the tendency to associate with age
both authority and supernatural power. Though the Crazy Dogs, lying [761]
about midway in the hierarchy of age societies, might sing the old Plains
song, "We do not want to become old," this was sung perhaps more in [533]
derision of their "enemy society" than as an expression of the desire to die
young.

Within the residence group any remarks on authority must be prefaced 592
by the observation that the smaller units were in the final analysis autonomous.
Each household unit was free to move any place it desired at the 596
will of the man who was head. Among the households that coalesced into

667 to learn to cook, tan hides, and make moccasins. There was no hazing of the
585 new wife; rather, if very young, she was treated like a child in the attempt
to make her feel at home in this new situation.

593 In addition social dicta prescribed that women be participators in the
562 cultural rewards apart from the warpath. This was mainly the case with
ceremonial life. It was always necessary for a man to have a woman partner
[778] when he obtained the medicine pipe or entered the sacred societies. In these
[575] activities it was usually a wife, though a man might seek another woman to
796 take her place. These women were not ceremonially so important as a male.
593 However, one case shows where a man refused to join the Crazy Dog society,
562 and to overcome his resistance, his comrades took his wife as a member. As
under this circumstance he could not refuse his wife and maintain com-
[575] munity respect, he paid for her membership and sat beside her in all the
meetings. In the Sun Dance alone a woman overshadowed her husband, but
[577] this status assured her husband of a firm marital tie. As Sun Dance vower,
she personified the cultural ideal of womanhood, the woman who above all
was faithful to her husband.

562 Beyond this elevation of the status of women through the necessity for
842 women partners in receiving sacred objects and in participating in general
social life, there lay a mystical concept. Through women came the greatest
treasures the culture offered. This meant in the family that a man might
[603] have children, for children of both sexes were avidly desired. Older people
[597] raised their grandchildren in order to have children in the tipi. It was also
the practice to adopt a child should one's own child die. This pattern of cul-
562 tural rewards went even farther. In obtaining the most sacred root in the
796 Horn and mω'toki societies, the root which was the zenith of sacred objects
778 brought to the earth by the woman who brought the Sun Dance, a woman
[575] was necessary. In an esoteric ceremonial act a woman obtained for her hus-
band the root from a man who sold it. This was a very secret and unmention-
[432] able event that separated socially the seller from the buyer until the two
[571] "made friends" at some time when neither owned the root any longer. Thus
through marriage the two worlds of the male and the female were united to
581 obtain the rewards of the culture.
582

Balancing of the Lines

601 The question of lineality arises in any discussion of kinship terminology
602 in its relation to the family organization. We believe that there is only slight,
if any, emphasis on the paternal line.

601 Critical in fixing lineality is the relative weight of husband versus wife's
brother. In the foregoing paragraphs a relative balance of the two authori-
607 ties has been indicated. Ideally, it was a friendly, warm, though respectful
relationship, implying a type of cooperation like that between brothers,

Song Services, Bundle Openings and Curing Ceremonies

184 Song services were meetings of the singing groups and served
177 both as practice sessions and as forms of social gathering for the
533 people involved. The sessions were held in the home of one of the singers, a relative, or a friend. A few kinsmen and friends might attend and an evening was spent in singing and drumming old and new songs. The session would break up at the discretion of the singers and might be followed with a late-hour supper.

796 Bundle openings and curing ceremonies (according to informant
778 and newspaper reports) were religious rituals to which people were
184 invited. The reports indicate that those in attendance were always
177 people of Indian-orientation. Some were believers and others were sympathetic but noncommitted members of the participants' families. The activities on these occasions were determined by the ritual of the particular bundle or cure, but involved singing, drumming,
[782] prayers and some dancing by selected participants. The owner of the
[302] bundle regularly painted the faces of those in attendance as a mark of prayer for their well being. Bundle opening ceremonies are followed by a feast. One such ceremony held recently at Starr School was described by one the neighbors:

> The beaver dance given by Jim White Calf was held at the home of Jim and Amy Whitegrass despite the terrific storm and sudden cold. There were many people from Browning out to see this rare dance, that has long been forgotten. Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Fish Wolf Robe, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Many Guns and Mary Ground besides the
> [535] many people of our community. The dance began with the rythmic [sic] beating on hides to certain songs. The bundle
> [825] was opened by Jim White Calf and Maggie Many Hides. The bundle consists of many skins of useful animals and small birds that are of help to the owner. The beaver for "energy," the otter

> 184 for "speed," the ermine for "beauty," the swan for "grace"
> and the little birds for their endurance of the cold in the
> 177 winter. The people were then painted and eight danced in a
> most graceful manner. Maggie Many Hides, Mary Ground,
> 796 Isabelle, Cecile Horn, Mrs. Fish, Annie Old Person,
> Mrs. Tom Many Guns all danced like beavers with sticks in
> ● 778 their mouths and hands. The usual meal was served after a
> monstrous amount of energy was put into the dancing and
> [825] singing. A delicious berry soup, boiled meat, fried bread
> and a dessert were consumed by everyone. At the end of the
> [535] dance one certain lady gets up and dances with little small
> deer hooves and punches a man in the crowd and it goes on
> [264] until everyone is dancing. It was a most enjoyable occasion
> for a grand time was had by all.[173]

[237] This "dance" was "long forgotten" by the reporter and others in the community, but not by the bundle-owner and the named participants, several of whom owned or had owned bundles themselves. Here was a gathering of Indian-oriented people conducting an Indian ceremony. Some undoubtedly experienced the deep religious experience of a beaver bundle opening, others had a "grand time" at a "most enjoyable occasion," a social gathering of people who shared interests in aspects of Indian culture.

Visiting

184 The social grouping of Indian-oriented people gains further
177 support from observations of informal clustering. At the Indian Days
574 encampment, and at the social dances in particular, it was relatively
easy to watch for the Indian-oriented people and to notice with whom they spent their time in informal groupings--visiting, chatting, watching and relaxing. The range of Indian-oriented people was expanded by

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[173] "Starr School News," The Glacier Reporter, Browning, Montana, Vol. 31, No. 34, October 12, 1961, p. 6.

177 Indian Days committee where they try to insure that the ceremonies
184 are properly Indian; they help in planning the program and in the
565 regulation of the camp; they don ceremonial regalia, usually a beaded
554 white deerskin suit and a Plains Indian headdress, to take part in the
[292] dancing and exhibitions that make up the program.

[796] If a Sun Dance is held, it can be sponsored only by people of this class, the principle roles will be filled by the Chiefs and their families; they know the songs, dances and the ritual necessary for the performance of a ceremony that follows tradition as closely as their knowledge and modern conditions will allow.

Such Chiefs are called upon to greet distinguished visitors and to officiate in adoption ceremonies in which visiting dignitaries are given an Indian name and taken into the Blackfeet tribe. If any family wishes to hold a give-away, a Chief is called upon to be the crier, the one who announces the import of the ceremony, leads in chanting the proper songs, and calls out the names of those honored with a gift.

[778] Several of these men own medicine bundles that they open on the proper occasions, and they help conduct the ceremonies at the bundle
[755] openings of other people. A few know curing practices and rituals and conduct curing ceremonies even though they and their patients also go to white doctors.

[643] Some of the Chiefs serve on the Honorary Tribal Council and
[664] receive a small per diem for attendance at Council meetings. Members of this Honorary Council are chosen frequently to accompany delegations to the state and national capitols to lobby for or against proposed

361 Creek in 1883.

657 Below them lived the greater part of the Black Patched
101 Moccasins Band under Little Dog.

[563] Below them in the area of the crossing of the present highway from Great Falls to Browning lived the Piegan's "white brother-in-laws", the squaw men with their Indian wives and mixed-blood children.

Below them was the Old Agency and near it about 100 cabins built to house the old people when Old Agency was first built (1879).

[621] The Small Robes lived near Old Agency but the band was in process of breaking up as a residential unit, and its members were going to live with other bands.

[443] About a mile east of Old Agency on the flat south of Badger Creek was the trading post operated by Joe Kipp.

Just east of the trading post the Buffalo Dung Band was settled.

Below them were some of the older people of the Black Patched
[178] Moccasins Band. On the flat south of this group was the site of the
[237] first medicine lodge in which cattle tongues were employed as sacred
[778] food the summer after the buffalo disappeared.

Below this locality lived another group of the Buffalo Dung Band under Shorty White Grass.

Below them lived the easternmost band on Badger Creek, a small group, constituting all that was left of the Bugs Band after

a veritable epidemic of society dances and ceremonials sprang up, attended by all who could pay the price. Those who knew the songs 535
and rituals suddenly stepped into the limelight, even though they 796
may have had but few war deeds to their credit. Here was a new 555
opportunity to be known, to stand out before all others and to espouse the Indian way of life. Men resolved to join every society and to own every medicine bundle. Then in a smoking ceremony where each could display his ritual accomplishments, even the young who had never seen an enemy camp could compete on equal grounds with the taunts of the old. In terms of property and sacred regalia they might even make these old warriors shy before them.

As a result medicine bundles and society regalia were furiously 575
bought and sold. Each new buyer, showing his generosity by paying 778
more than the previous owner, ridiculed his society enemies for
stinginess. Prices for membership in the Horn society soared from [432]
a gun and blanket before treaty to a horse, and from one horse to [435]
several horses. These prices reflect the favourable conditions for
horse-breeding. In five years the number of horses on the reserve 231
doubled, from 540 in 1885 to 1,085 in 1890, according to the agency
estimates. In the years around 1900 there were nearly 3,000 horses, [435]
and it was not unknown to pay sixty horses for a Medicine Pipe.

Officialdom looked askance upon these activities, for this care-free circus took time away from gardening and prolonged unneces- 657
sarily the process of making the Blackfoot self-sufficient. At first 177
the great problems for the agents were in keeping the Indians on the reserve, preventing horse-stealing, and attempting to interest them in the care of their houses and gardens. Then the Sun Dance 796
with its misunderstood torture ceremony became an irritation. Some
whites conceived the chief object of the Sun Dance to be the fur- 785
nishing of a sadistic spectacle to the Indians, who were imagined 177
to smack their lips in delight as the young men tore the skewers 657
from their flesh.[1] As soon as this phase of the ceremony could be abolished, the Sun Dance would disappear, they believed, for the

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[1] The Sun Dance was an annual ceremony intended to ensure the people against disaster. The central rites, led by a woman, lasted only four days, but many other events also occurred during this season. Since this was the one time of the year when the entire tribe camped together, it was an occasion for joyful renewing of acquaintance, exchanging property, and feasting bosom companions. Among such varied activities, the torture ceremony was a relatively minor event participated in by a few. These were mainly warriors on a raid who, in peril of their lives, had sought the aid of the sun, vowing that, if they returned safely, they would give flesh in return. If they escaped successfully, these men were obliged to fulfil their side of the contract. In the ceremony skewers were driven through the muscles of the chest and back to be torn loose by the participant in a dance.

Blackfoot declare that a generally "favourable trade balance" exists 574
in terms of generosity: more exports occur than imports. Some
Indians commented on this with pride, extolling Blackfoot gen- 431
erosity. Others have been less impressed, saying that the Black-
foot should not be the ones who are always giving.

Religious ceremonies may be viewed as an aspect of distribution. 796
Although the object of Blackfoot religion can be conceived as a
deflector of, or insurance against, certain malignant cosmic forces, the [771]
manner of achieving this constitutes a system of exchange and dis-
tribution. To overcome illness, for example, one vows to purchase 796
a certain medicine bundle, shield, or painted tipi from another.
Ceremonial transfer usually involves many persons singing the 425
songs and performing the proper ritual under the direction of a [155]
master of ceremonies who receives a fee for his services. At the
conclusion food is given to the guests. The cost of the transfer and
the price of the medicine bundle are borne by the recipient. Mem- 575
bership in sacred societies or acquiring a weasel-skin suit operates 425
the same way. The regalia purchased is regarded as a medicine
bundle and gives a guarantee against catastrophe.

A sacred object provides almost continuous opportunities for 778
generosity not only for the owner himself but for all members of his
family. Most sacred objects have annual ceremonies wherein its 796
songs are sung as the bundle is opened and displayed. Here, too, a
paid master of ceremonies is required to lead the songs. During such [465]
a ceremonial considerable quantities of food are given away to all [431]
present. Relatives may help by giving away a blanket, money, or
a horse to a guest in honour of the owner.

The most prosperous Indian, hence (in their terms) those on 422
best terms with cosmic forces, have bought and sold many sacred
objects. This matter of having owned sacred objects then becomes 778
a symbol of generosity. When one has owned a large number of [556]
them, say fifteen, an opportunity arises to exhibit generosity. Such
a person may hold a smoking ceremony at which time he can de- [796]
monstrate his past generosity by singing the songs of each sacred
object. Those with fewer sacred objects to their credit will be
unable to sing comparably, thus exposing their lack of generosity.

Many of these distributive mechanisms are used relatively little. 425
It is a rare year when a major sacred object or membership in a
sacred society changes hands. No Medicine Pipe was acquired 778
575

425 except through death in the decade of the thirties; the Horn society
778 changed hands in 1932 and was still owned by the same members
in 1941; the present Old Women's society recently acquired three
575 new members. One of the Indians whose income we studied purchased
a relatively minor sacred object. The only objects that
change hands regularly are the Sun Dance bundles which change
796 hands almost every year. Ceremonies for these sacred objects and
for the sacred societies, however, are more frequent. The Tobacco
796 Dances and the Sun Dance occur annually and serve as important
distributing agents. This is particularly the case with the Sun Dance,
431 which today is paid for not only by the buyer of the Sun Dance
bundle but by contributions from the chiefs and other prominent members of the tribe. To save it, the Sun Dance has been changed from a purely private vow to a semi-public obligation. The sacred societies, i.e., the Old Women's society and the Horns, also hold annual dances when the Indians are gathered for the Sun Dance. A few continue to hold ceremonies for their painted tipis, and in spring at the first thunder the Medicine Pipe owners stage annual demonstrations of their generosity. In winter and through the year the periodic vows of the Deer Dance or of the Ghost Dance, and Beaver Bundle activities require fees for the directing functionary and food for the guests. Four out of seven whose incomes were investigated contributed to these ceremonies, either by donating $2 to $5 for buying food or by giving money and blankets in honour of the owner of the sacred object or a member of the sacred society. Thus certain aspects of Blackfoot religion seem to be continuing as distributive systems.

575 In one sense the age societies may be said to have died out.
The frequent lively dances and regular sale to a younger group are
178 gone. According to Wissler, in 1905 there were at least seven active
societies among the Northern Blackfoot.[1] Today there are nominally
four. One of the societies has not even held a dance for more
[425] than a decade. When these societies were active, they changed hands
every four years; a participant bought his dance regalia, held it four years, and then sold it to one of a group of younger men. Today this system appears to have died out as young men no longer care

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[1] C. Wissler, "Societies and Dance Associations of the Blackfoot Indians," *Anthropological Papers*, American Museum of Natural History, 1913, vol. 11, p. 369.

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

Despite greater social contact than formerly between various 178
sectors of the reserve, the general picture is one of biological families
looking to the agency for income and distributing it within a reduced [434]
circle of kinsmen. Life within these units has become more stabilized [602]
and old incentives have decreased in effectiveness.

(3) After the victory of the older generation in its fight for the 177
issue of rations, the younger generations find them merely a contribution to their meals. Under the influence of restaurants, stores, and 262
boarding-schools, food habits have changed. Retail stores have inevitably become the main source of any dietary supplement to the rations, mostly canned foods and bread. The same trends have 177
occurred with clothing, for dungarees, underwear, shirts, and overcoats are the common costume of men. Even the conservative 291
women must first buy their yardages of printed calico before making them into dresses. All except the old and discouraged now sense a 177
need for curtains, cabinets, kitchen tables, and linoleum rugs, items
which are not included in the basic agency issues to the newly [352]
married. Maintaining a household has become unalterably dependent upon the white economy. [439]

Maintenance services increase this dependence. The Gleichen 177
mechanics and blacksmiths repair Indian cars and farm equipment,
sewing machines, radios, and mechanical washers. The dentist extracts their teeth and orders plates for them. 445 Being human, some Blackfoot undervalue the free medical services at their hospital and prefer to patronize, and pay, village doctors and pharmacists. Recreation at the pool halls and the movies, the cup of tea and the sandwich at the Chinese restaurant, the occasional trip to Calgary on the railway, all show further dependence on the white economy. Indeed, as a consumer the average Blackfoot differs little from the white farmers and villagers that surround the reserve.

Certain basic attitudes of a market economy have crept in. The 177
virtue of exhibitionistic generosity has decreased in value, and the
virtue, formerly soft-pedalled, of sagacity with property (*sikınapsi*, 571
a shrewd person) has gained. This attitude is supported by the
shortage of cash for making necessary purchases and in turn supports the trend towards a narrower definition of obligation to kinsmen. [602]
An elderly man who had purchased a medicine bundle was 177
openly criticized by his sons and grandchildren for incurring needless
expenses, since the owner of this bundle was expected to hold periodic 778
feasts and give-aways, and with living now geared to the white 602
economy, this was hard to do. A generation ago ownership of this 556

177 same bundle would have been considered a valuable asset in the
778 competition for exhibition of generosity, to say nothing of its super-
natural benefits, and the possessor would have been aided by the
602 pooled resources of his large circle of kinfolk.

556 Yet there remain significant differences between white and
Indian consumers. Of low status in terms of skills which they can
177 contribute, their returns are less and their share proportionately
smaller. Few Indians have been able to alter their lot through edu-
433 cation, even if they normally could expect employment of their
skills off the reserve. In capital assets, they are paupers, for property
of value in the white economy is usually theirs only for use and not
for disposal. As participants in the white world they would be living
without opportunity for social advance on the bottom rung, with
inadequate diet, the cheapest of clothing, and the most dismal of
houses to rent.

177 This impoverishment not only occurred through dependence on
the white economy, but dependence redefined wealth itself. Starting
436 from a period when wealth was viewed in terms of horses transfer-
able between all Indians, it became increasingly necessary to deal
177 with whites. In these dealings the Indian pony quickly lost its value.
436 Later barter took place, but gradually transactions were restricted
to a currency basis. Now only the agency converts certain defined
437 commodities into cash. With conversion rates determined by the
177 agent and the world market, Indian labour and produce achieve
value for the white economy. In some respects the rate of conversion
657 is the same for Indian and white, yet in others, e.g. wages, seeking
436 to accomplish the most with limited operating funds, the agency
has set conversion at a lower rate than the one found off the reserve.

While the trust funds help mitigate some of the discrepancies
177 between the two worlds, the Blackfoot are still far from possessing
certain key advantages of the white citizen. On the reserve there
177 is little freedom or encouragement of enterprise. Skills of value in
472 the white economy are fostered to a point, but their development
as an enterprise is minimal. The possibility of loans from the trust
[426] fund has not been realized, probably because individuals have not
enough private property to offer as security to make the loan accept-
[453] able to Ottawa. Certainly banks and credit houses are excluded
since the property of these wards is inalienable. Moreover, the
[421] emphasis given by the agency and the council of chiefs has been on
collective advancement rather than on using the trust funds to

177 in every respect, yet he sought actively to convert others to his
faith. This was regarded as dangerous and caused considerable friction
[797] until he ceased to proselytize. No doubt other criteria of acceptable
conduct for a devotee of Indian ways can be found, but considerable
latitude of deviation seems to be tolerated, as was also the
case in buffalo days.

Let us observe finally what effect these changes have had on
177 ceremonial structure. First we see the collapse of the old structure
of age-societies. Though four of the societies still exist, their character
561 has been radically altered. The Prairie Chickens society last
575 changed hands during the early twenties, was danced a few times
at the Sun Dance camp, and then practically ceased to function.
177 Its members, who are now in their early thirties, have little interest
in Indian ways, and whenever the older men encourage them to hold
561 a dance, they maintain they are too busy. In winter time the members
575 occasionally hold a dance in Crowfoot Hall, but here the newer
535 dances such as the Owl Dance rather than the traditional Prairie
Chicken dance are preferred. The Crazy Dog society, a step higher
in the age-grade hierarchy, has shared a similar fate. Though it has
danced a few times within recent years, the dance positions were
occupied mostly by older men interested in a display rather than
the incumbents who were busy farming.

Only the Half Braves, now a society of middle-aged men, continues
the tradition of holding an annual dance at the circle camp.
This secular society, formerly for much younger men, is now made
177 up of those who have turned to the Indian style of life. There are,
however, a number of age-grades represented in its membership of
561 predominately wealthier men. Single members are recruited from
575 time to time from those who would normally belong to the alternate
age-grade, and thus the joking derision of the adjacent age-grades
can be maintained. Occasionally a society hand game is held where
this organized group plays the unorganized survivors of the adjacent
age-grades, but this is infrequent. It is possible that in a few
years the Crazy Dogs will reorganize similarly taking in some of the
at present unorganized middle-aged men of the adjacent age-grades.

177 The most dramatic change has taken place in the Horn Society.
Formerly at the top of the age-grade hierarchy, its members possessed
561 supernatural powers through the ownership of regalia. Today
575 its members are often the forty-year-olds who are just embracing
778 Indian ways. In fact vowing membership in this society may be one
of the first signs of a transition. Since the supernatural power of the

Horn Society is the greatest of any society, its strength is regarded 177
as comparable to that of the Christian churches. Furthermore, its
power has been increased by combining into it the regalia of the 561
former Kit-Fox Society, a defunct society with great supernatural 575
power. Thus when Christian power has failed, one appeals at once 778
to the strongest of Indian powers. This change occurred during
World War I when after a lapse of about thirty years the Horn [771]
Society was revived by a group of comrades because of their interest
in Indian ways. At that time it still had age-grade character. After [155]
the influenza epidemic of 1918 it was bought out by persons of
various ages who had vowed to join in order to ensure recovery.
Since then persons of many ages have formed groups to join the
society, though the majority is middle-aged. Because it is vowed
only in time of severe crisis, the period of holding membership is
now about ten years instead of the former four.

The Sun Dance itself has also been forced into conformity with 177
reserve life. The circle camp no longer makes the four changes in
location before building the lodge. Without the participation of 796
young people, the circle is a thin line of tipis and tents with numerous gaping holes where an extinct band formerly camped. Because of farm work and the Calgary Stampede, it lasts only about a week instead of several weeks. On the climactic day of general participation to erect the Sun Dance lodge, a handful of individuals kneel with the calico offerings before the ceremonial leaders to have their faces painted. The past enthusiasm at raising the centre pole and pushing the rafters into place has become almost perfunctory. Few go forth to gather the green branches that form the outer wall. Only one or two dancers appear in yellow paint to dance inside the lodge. Nevertheless, the ceremony is considered indispensable, for without it the entire tribe risks misfortune. Since the eligible vowers are few and cannot afford the frequent, repeated expense that is involved, financing has become a public interest. Donations are solicited from the age-mates of the vower's husband; Horn Society members and chiefs make contributions as part of their community obligations. Under these circumstances the Sun Dance continues as a reunion of those who embrace Indian ways and as a time for them to display their solidarity with the past.

Certain features of the Tobacco Dance have also changed. There has been a comparable simplification of ritual so that some of the winter "sings" for opening the Beaver Bundles have been
omitted. More important is the change in character of ownership 177
778
422

177 of bundles. Formerly these bundles were held for life by relatively
old men, but today younger men own them for short periods of a
778 few years. This reflects the general competition to own sacred ob-
422 jects, and the Beaver Bundles, though formerly outside this com-
petition, have entered it today. In keeping with this interest, the
177 number of bundles on the reserve has been increased from two to five,
778 since three were imported from other Blackfoot-speaking reserves.
Furthermore, rivalry between owners has led to the holding of two or
[796] more simultaneous Tobacco Dances at various parts of the reserve, in-
stead of the single ceremony with two or more bundles as in the past.

177 Vows of sacrifice in return for supernatural assistance during
time of crisis continues as in the past to be an important function
782 of ceremonial life. While the wealthier participate in the expensive
796 Sun Dance, Horn Society and Old Women's Society, there is a
galaxy of less expensive vows for the poor. Vows to assist the impor-
tant ceremonies in minor capacities are usually filled. Deer and
177 Ghost dances flourish. In addition to their traditional function,
796 sociability and recreation are also an important purpose, for all of
these vows imply participation in gatherings of people. These con-
517 tinue to be good, gay times for people, and the less expensive mem-
bership requirements of the Tobacco Dance society give opportunity
for many to join. Perhaps the loss of interest in a Medicine Pipe on
the Blackfoot reserve may be explained by the fact that its cere-
monies were never occasions for large celebrations with many people.
In addition the cost of a Medicine Pipe has risen to an almost pro-
177 hibitive price. Finally, all these ceremonials, but especially the Sun
Dance and Tobacco Dance, reaffirm solidarity with the past. They
796 offer the opportunities for dressing in Indian costume, for being in a
tipi, for hearing familiar sounds; only then is the old life renewed
with the camp announcers who shout orders around the camp circle,
the boys that sing through the night, the men and women who sing
praise songs at dawn. Though all other aspects of life may have
changed, the ceremonial details continue. Old people, previously
too sick to sit erect, insist on attending the Sun Dance and the
Tobacco Dance, happy if they can die there. For the very old an
element of sadness also enters, for it reminds them of deceased
comrades, and they feel lonely. One man expressed this in the fol-
lowing way: "I feel bad when I talk about war deeds. I do not like
to talk about them because I feel lonely for those people who are
now dead. Next year at the Sun Dance I am going to put up a tent
just for old people to tell their stories."

a labourer or even an onlooker on an agency-managed grain-, cattle-, 657
and coal-producing establishment. From a politically independent
people the tribe has been reduced to a form of peonage.

A second factor has been the failure of the original farming 241
venture, the success of which meant the difference between mere
existence and an ample income. When the Indians originally adopted
farming, it was regarded as a means for becoming wealthy. In the 241
Blackfoot mind there is a definite association of wealth with power, 556
for as we indicated, the chiefs in the past were necessarily wealthy
persons. Through farming the prediction of Many Stars at the time
of the treaty would be realized: "All will be chiefs." This was true [574]
in good years, when Indians could invite friends and relatives to
their well-furnished homes for ostentatious give-aways. They could [484]
make trips to neighbouring reserves, there to continue the display
of generosity. Best of all, they might invest in a sacred bundle as [778]
a further token of concrete achievement and as supernatural insurance
against the vagaries of weather and fortune. This had always
been the Blackfoot way of indicating change of status, as conditioned
by years of experience with a plentiful buffalo supply and
the risks of warfare that might reduce one's wealth to nothing overnight.
If any followed the agency's counsel to save, a succession of [454]
poor or indifferent crops quickly consumed the backlog, and there
was nothing to show for the effort.

These two factors, the assumption of economic and political 829
management and the failure of reserve enterprises to produce a [657]
return commensurate with Indian expectations, have produced frustration
of the needs for political and economic self-expression. Since [433]
the council of chiefs is an impotent body and since the last vestiges
of political control were removed with the scattering of the Blackfoot
onto familial farms, a political void has been created. In good
times this arrangement produces no consequences, for there is opportunity
for self-expression in a gratifying Blackfoot social life.
Participation, however, is reduced by lean years. There results a
system of devices which can only produce satisfaction in the rare
times of abundance.

The question arises why in their dissatisfaction the Indians 829
blame the agency. The system would run much more smoothly if
Blackfoot themselves assumed the blame for failure and, as the 657
white employees propose, work harder. It is necessary to realize
first that the agency is regarded as the seat of the chief, and chiefs

Part 1

CEREMONIAL AND RELIGIOUS USES OF PLANTS

Overview

824 237 The role of plants in the religious and ceremonial life of the Blackfoot was* no less important than that of animals: both were essential for a correct re-enactment of the sacred event. The function of animal artifacts appears to have been documentation in general; the function of certain plant species was preparatory in nature.

781 ● 778 824 By "preparatory" is meant the ritualistic use of plants to help place a person (or a group, such as a tribal society) in a condition to receive power from the sacred realm. The objects contained in the bundles and the charms of personal use attested to the original sacred event by which such power was conferred, and they were the symbolic means through which the [302] [554] revelation was demonstrated. The real power of the ceremony, commonly but mistakenly thought to reside in the songs, really lay in the face-painting, and the owner of the design reserved the right of initial benefit and source. He was the human proprietor of the sacred gift.

783 824 The preparatory role of the plants was essentially that of purification. Blackfoot mythology and ceremonial procedure show that the prerequisite of favors from the supernatural realm was the symbolic shedding of daily life. This cleansing—so suggestive of the initial stages of a rite of passage—usually was brought about in either or both of two ways: the subject could [782] pass through an ordeal in a small enclosure, the sweat lodge. It is important to note that incensing was prescribed primarily for the handling

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[128] *We use the past tense with few exceptions, throughout, because Blackfoot ceremonials belong, alas, mainly to earlier times. However, certain practices persist, albeit in more or less abbreviated or distorted form; and to that extent a "present tense" reading of this account is warranted.

[p.4]

824 778 773 The mediating nature of plants can be seen in the important function of the Holy Turnip of the Natoas bundle. The turnip (symbolized by a plumed headdress) was the plant that was pulled from the ground by the woman who married Morning Star and went to live in the sky. It was through the hole left by the plant that she saw her people once again; then she became homesick and at length returned, bringing with her the Natos bundle as a gift from the supernatural realm: The turnip had quite literally become a gate through which the connection between man and the supernatural was realised.

824 [783] It was no accident that all the plants used in the smudges and sweat lodges were aromatic herbs. Sweet grass, juniper, alpine fir, and sage yielded potent scents to those in need.

[821] Another practice illustrates this point. It is well known that the elements of the weather were personified by the Blackfoot. Such was the [782] case with the thunder. It was during heavy storms that needles of alpine fir (Abies lasiocarpa) were placed on a smudge with the expressed desire that Thunder would smell the symbolic offering, recognize his loyal subjects, and keep his lightning away from the camps.

[781] The figuring of plants in important parts of Blackfoot religion and mythology is evidence of strong belief in their effectiveness in helping anyone disposed to use them for attaining spirituality. Other plants had slightly different functions in the religious life of the Blackfoot---aspen and poplar (Populus spp.) for centerpoles, the "power root" (Angelica dawsonii) of the Horn Society, and tobacco---but the difference seems to have been one of degree rather than essence.

This overview is not meant to be more than suggestive of Blackfoot religious conceptions. The topic far exceeds the scope of this study. Our task is merely to document some of the uses of plants in Blackfoor religious activity. The remainder of this paper is devoted to those particulars.

ANNOTATED LIST OF PLANTS

824 The following list of plants and their functions reflects the Blackfoot emphasis (see Overview) rather than botanical taxonomy. We have found a ratio of social restriction corresponding to the amount of power attributed to the plants: the more powerful the plant, the more restricted was its use.

SWEET GRASS

Hierchloe odorata

Sweet grass (Fig. 1)* grows from creeping rhizomes throughout the low meadows of southern Alberta and Montana. The specific epithet odorata bespeaks its delicate scent, which graces any place the dried grass is kept. In Blackfoot the plant is siputs-sima ("fragrant smell").

The grass could be harvested by anyone. This was done in late summer. A handful of stems was bound at the lower end with other stems; then it was braided into double strands about 45 cm long (Fig. 2). We were not able to obtain an origin myth for this plant; indeed, there may not be one.

778
783 Virtually every holy artifact was incensed with sweet grass. The
824 incensing usually was done at a smudge altar (Fig. 3) and with the help
of a ceremonialist. Several small pieces were broken from the braid and
placed on hot coals, which had been removed from the fire with a forked
782 stick. Prayers accompanied every smudge. It was believed that a person
[577] would not lie if he used the incense. Medicine-pipe owners were required
to burn the incense twice a day: in the morning and in the evening.
[782] Almost every ceremony began with prayer and the burning of sweet grass.
Sweet grass was essential to the raising of a fallen dancer or fallen

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 13]

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*Figures follow the text.

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Fig. 2 — North Peigan "cutting the hide" bundle showing sweetgrass braid. The bundle was used in the preparatory rites of the Sun Dance. Photo by J. C. Hellson.

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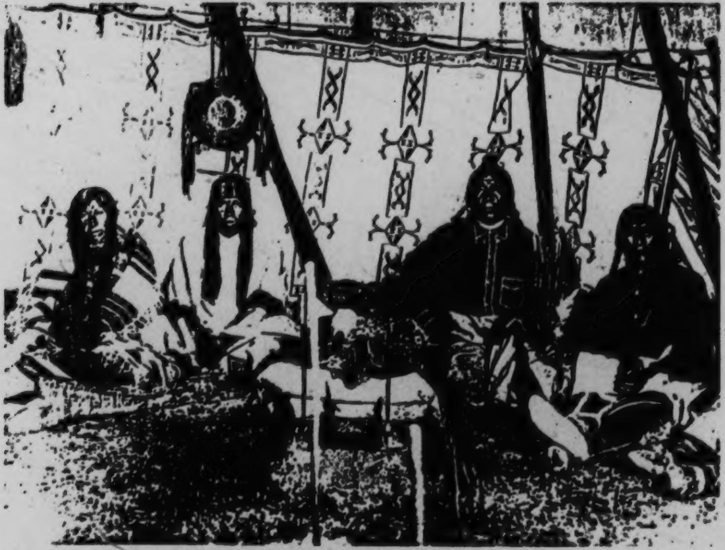

Fig. 3 — Interior of a Blackfoot lodge during a medicine pipe ritual, painted altar and incense smudge in center foreground. Photo courtesy of the Provincial Museum and Archives of Alberta.

778 783 824 paraphernalia. It was chewed in ceremonies involving prolonged fasting as a means of extended endurance. Sweet grass was used generally by everyone as incense with daily prayers.

846 824 783 An occasion for the use of sweet grass---one that was somewhat outside the bundle system but nevertheless of great importance---was the return of a woman with her newborn child. Traditionally, a woman would remain apart from her husband for about thirty-four days after giving birth. Just [887] before returning home she would be assisted by a woman so old she could have no more children. A complete set of new clothes was laid out for the mother. While this was being done the mother bathed in water scented with sweet grass. A smudge was prepared, and when the mother had finished bathing she covered herself with a robe and stood over the incense from the smudge. Then her new clothes were held to the smudge four times before she was [302] allowed to put them on. Her face, arms, and feet were ochred red. She was now considered to be completely cleansed (from the bad blood of the birth). The old woman who assisted her took her prepartum clothing and threw it in the river, where it floated away or sank out of sight. (Women who could not afford a new set of clothes kept their old ones and were purified in [842] them.) The mother then returned home as if she were newly married. (It was at this time that a woman would begin the practice of birth control; for this purpose a mixture of plants having abortifacient or contraceptive properties was contained in a religious bundle of special design.)

824 Braids of sweet grass were tied vertically around the base of the Horn Society staffs. Braids were also strung on the inside of headbands of the Motokiks headdresses.

[825] One informant told us that the Owl and the Loon in the medicine pipes owned the sweet grass and that the bear owned the juniper; but we have not

824 [825] been able to review this with him. He said that the cutting of small trees
was sanctified with fire originating from a sweet grass lighter.

TOBACCO

Nicotiana multivalvis

276 776 Smoking was an important part of Blackfoot ritual: like the communal
182 meal, it tended to emphasize the inclusiveness of those partaking.
575 Traditionally, the native tobacco (*Nicotiana multivalvis*) was ceremonially
249 796 planted and harvested by members of a North Blackfoot society known as the
Tobacco society (Fig. 4). (It is noteworthy that this society was not a
[184] [561] part of the age-graded system and that it was maintained only by the North
Blackfoot.) For about a week, each spring, members gathered at the sacred
planting-grounds. Elaborate ceremonies accompanied the sowing. The tobacco
[237] [415] seed, with fertilizer, had been stored through the winter in pericardium
containers of the society's Tobacco bundles. (The same bundle, less certain
paraphernalia, was alternately called the Beaver bundle.)

249 [782] Between the period of planting and havensting, taboos prevented anyone
[784] from visiting the plots, because the young plants were being tended by
[786] [776] supernatural Small People, who did their gardening in return for offerings
of miniature apparel, which had been left at the close of the planting
ceremony (Fig. 5).

824 At harvest, in the fall, the seed was used to replenish the bundle
778 276 supplies, and the leaves were distributed to the appropriate claimants, who
[249] in turn later distributed leaves to the other divisions of the tribe. The
tobacco usually was mixed with the leaves of kinnikinnik (*Arctos-taphylos
uva-ursi*) or the dried cambium or red-osier dogwood (*Cornus stolonifera*).
The mixtures were included with all religious bundles---either in the bundle
proper or in a preliminary bundle.

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]

137 to the lush riber-bottoms. Our information has to do only with those
growing along the prairie streams (Fig. 7).

343 Sweat lodges (Fig. 8, 9 & 10) were associated with all of the ceremonial
824 bundles, with most of the societies, with all of the medicine pipes, and
[778] [178] with the Holy Lodge, or Okan, of the Sun Dance. Traditionally, the water
birch (Betula occidentalis) was used in the construction of sweat lodges;
however, in recent times, because of a difference of opinion among ceremonialists as to the origin of birch, only willows (Salix spp.) came to be used.
A given number of wands were sharpened at both ends. One end was planted in
the ground, and the wand was woven through the rest of the wands until the
other end reached the ground, where it was forced in. The sweat lodge was
a dome-shaped shelter in which two to six men could sit. When it was ready
for use it was covered with skin robes or blankets. In some cases the
[778] sweat lodges were painted and the ceremonial bundles were placed on top of
the lodge. Sweat lodges also were built for bundles that had not been used
for a long time.

[823] The door always faced east. (Sometimes there was a west door, through
which the participants left after the ceremony.) A small pit, of variable
size and shape, was excavated in the center of the floor, and hot stones
[782] were placed in it. Due west from the east door was the sweet-grass smudge.
The floor was covered with sage (Artemisia ludoviciana), which was used for
[782] cleansing. (Sometimes a small offering of meat and sage was buried in the
[27] base of the pit before the hot stones were rolled in.) Sage was chewed by
[784] assistants to the participants during the sweat-lodge rituals to relieve
thirst resulting from taboos against the consumption of liquids.

575 The Horn Society sweat lodge was constructed of fourteen willows. The
343
824 Holy Woman's sweat lodge in the Sun Dance was made of one hundred willows,

(TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

824 796 remainder of the soup was given to one or another of the women, who would
262 take it home to her children.

Although the saskatoon was the berry most often used in making the soup, one informant told us that the choke cherry (Prunus virginiana) was brewed for the Beaver bundle ceremony and by those who had vowed to sponsor a Holy Lodge.

824 The saskatoon also figured in the Tobacco Planting ceremony of the North
[249] Blackfoot. The berries were mixed with elk manure and tobacco seed, and the
[237] mixture was planted in a small prairie plot.

The saskatoon was referred to as the "real berry bush".

POPLARS

Populus spp.

824 346 The poplars that grow in profusion along the river-bottoms and dominate the parkland bordering the prairie served in Blackfoot religion only for the making of the centerpoles of the ceremonial lodges (Fig. 14).

The centerpoles of the Okan (Holy Lodge of the Sun Dance) and the Motokiks
Society lodges were made originally from aspen (Populus tremuloides, Fig. 15);
292 824 later, any kind of river cottonwood was used. In addition, the Motokiks
575 wore headwreaths of aspen (Fig. 16). The rest of the Motokiks lodge was
575 346 constructed of travois frames, which were leaned against each other to form
[417] a framework for the walls and roof.

346 824 For the Okan, the pole was chosen by the members of the Horn Society who
796 had acted as scouts. They derived their authority from bundles owned for
[575] [701] this purpose. A scout had to be a man renowned for courage and honesty.
[778] When he found a suitable tree he counted coup four times before felling it.
[555] When it was down, the bystanders rushed to the tree and counted coup on it
as though it were an enemy; indeed, that was what it symbolized.

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 33]

824 like a religious bundle. One informant, who owned a Weasel-tailed suit,
796 [237] said that the black tip of the weasel's tail represented a creeping juniper
[292] berry that had become attached.

ALPINE FIR

824 Abies lasiocarpa (Hook) Nutt

783 Katoy-yis, the Blackfoot "sweet pine"----that is, alpine fir (Fig. 19)----
782 was used as incense, primarily in association with the Medicine Pipe bundles.
[276] This was because pipes had been given by Thunder. Similarly, a smudge of
[773] alpine-fir needles was made, for safety's sake during severe thunderstorms.
[789] [824] For the benefit of the reader and student we have included a list of medicine
● 778 785 pipe bundles with which the use of this plant is required as incense:
824

Long Time Pipe
Riding Pipe
Gros Ventre Pipe
Cree Pipe
Mandan Pipe
Opposite Direction Pipe
Arapahoe Pipe
Childrens Pipe
Short Pipe
Small Pipe
Red Covered Pipe
Shaggy Covered Pipe
White Mans Pipe
Sarsi Pipe
Numerous unnamed medicine pipe bundles

000 We have found fir needles in the initiation bundles of the Horn Society.

575 we have found
824 fir needles in the initiation bundles of the Horn Society.
778 We were told that the needles were mixed with the dry paint to make it smell
better. Fir needles also were chewed and then sprayed over the Horn
[783] ceremonial containers to purify them.

[783] Fir needles were used as incense during the transfer ceremonies of the Black Spring tipi design and the Bear Medicine Hat bundle.

PUFFBALLS

Lycoperdon spp.

824 The prairie puffball (a fungus) figured in Blackfoot religious life. The Blackfoot name for it is *ka-ka-toos* ("less powerful"), which implies that puffballs are stars fallen to earth during supernatural events.

[776] There is a story about the woman who married Morning Star and had a child by this supernatural being. When she returned to earth with the Natoas bundles and her child she was directed by the star-personage to keep her baby from touching the ground for fourteen days. She managed all right until the day she went for wood and left the child in the care of a grandmother. The grandmother was careless, and the baby touched the ground. It turned into a large puffball and returned to the heavens as the Fixed Star (North Star), plugging the hole left by the woman when she pulled out the Holy Turnip.

[782]
[775]
[372]
[342]
[532] *Lycoperdon* and other fungus, *Polyporus*, were used as incense to keep ghosts away. They were also included in the Firelighters bundle of the Horn Society for use as a kind of punk to light a fire easily. On certain painted lodges (for example the Otter lodge, shown in Fig. 20), the small circles at the base of the tipi represented the puffball (not lakes as is commonly thought), which insured fire to those within.

000 LUPINES

Lupinus spp.

824 We have been
575 told that the power root was once included in the rites of
[561] most of the age-graded societies and of the Natoas Beaver and Medicine Pipe bundles. Most of these rites are now extinct; only the rites of the Horns and the Motokiks persist, and they are incomplete.

776 In the Horn Society the root figured mainly in the initiation ceremonies:
824 it could be found in the nontransferable initiation bundles. Having been
575
778 distributed by the owner of the Spear Staff bundle to the others, down to the owner of the Spear Staff bundle to the others down to the owner of the Marten, the root was kept in the mouth and used to bless the initiates. After the ritual the root was tied to the paint-application sticks (Fig. 23 &24), to fortify and replenish the supernatural power inherent in the paint. The same was done with a wooden scratching-pin, which was either worn in the hair or attached to one's garments. This was done in preparation for the next opening ceremony.

[842] Sau-gas-sin was used during the secret ceremony of the Horns, in which the chief ceremonialist participated in a fertility rite with the initiates's wife. Pieces of the root were attached to the binding of the Spear Staff (with bundle), which was the head staff of the society.

[754]
[343] Apparently, curses were indulged in by the Horn Society as a whole. In this case a special sweat lodge was constructed. A human figure representing the condemned man was drawn in the bottom of a pit intended to contain hot stones. The stones were brought in at a designated time and placed on the drawing to represent the victim's suffering. The power root was kept in the mouth during this ceremony.

[302]
[292] The Pigeon Society used the same root during the ritual of body-painting and in the same manner as did the Horn Society. The root was tied to the headdresses of all members of this society.

000 Society members were very careful to avoid being provoked while the root

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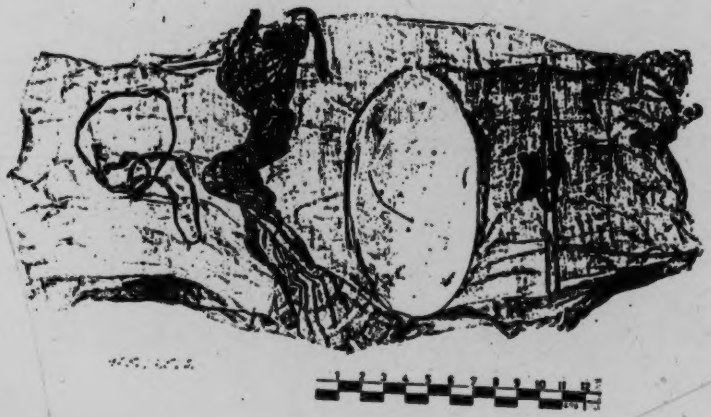

Fig. 23 — Unit from an initiation bundle of the Blackfoot Horn Society showing power root attached to paint application stick. Photo courtesy of the Provincial Museum and Archives of Alberta.

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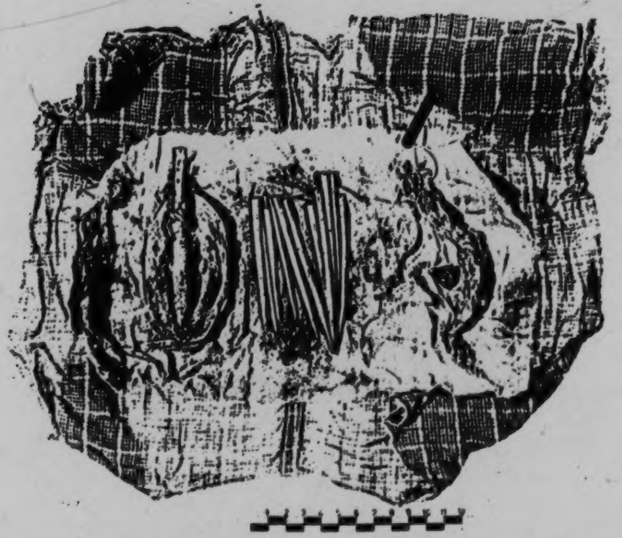

Fig. 24 — Unit from an initiation bundle of the Blackfoot Horn Society showing the power root exposed. Photo courtesy of the Provincial Museum and Archives of Alberta.

578 Society
824 members were very careful to avoid being provoked while the root
575 was being used. Angry words spoken in such circumstances were likely to become a sad reality to the person rebuked.

824 The influence of the root was only temporary: it lasted just as long as the root was kept by the person using it. A man was open to the same bad influences that could affect him before, once he stopped using sau-gas-sim. Men on the reserve who still use the root are feared by those who believe in its power.

[126] Although we have had little difficulty in obtaining information about the root, we have been unable to gather a specimen in the field; our only
[778] identification comes from herbarium material. (Possession depends on ceremonial transfer from a previous owner—an event which we were unable to arrange. Otherwise the power in the root might have bad effects, not only for the unanointed but also for all persons associated with him.)

Sau-gas-sim is certainly unique among the plants used by the Blackfoot for religious purposes. The power root placed the subject in a much more intimate relationship with the mysterious forces. Its proper application
[754] had devastating results, and its misuse had serious consequences. Whether this is evidence of withcraft among the Blackfoot is an open question; much more work needs to be done on this subject.

BALSAM ROOT

Balsamorhiza sagittata (pursh) Nutt.

Balsam root (Fig. 25) is a showy sunflower that brightens the foothills in late spring.

824
783
224 The root of ohm-ah-gahs ("big turnip") was used as incense during the preparatory rites for the ceremonial runner who, in pre-horse days, had the duty of hearding the buffalo toward the piskun (buffalo jump). The runner bathed himself in the smoke from a smudge of the dried root; according to

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 49]

824 tradition, that would enable him to run long distances——more than twenty
783
224 miles a day, we were told. The runner wore special moccasins, which were
[292] transferable annually.

824 Balsam root was used as incense during the Planting ceremonies of the
782 Tobacco Society (North Blackfoot). A horse was encouraged to stand near a
[776] smudge of ohm-ah-gahs. Then a rider leapt on the horse and galloped across
the planting-grounds, stopping only to deposit small offerings to the Small
People.

[778] The root of ohm-ah-gahs was used as incense for the Crow-feather headpiece
[292] during the transfer ceremony of the Beaver bundle. (Fig. 26).

128 This completes the Annotated List of Plants in Part I. The remainder of the paper consists of a List of Bundles and Religious Artifacts Associated with the use of Sweet Grass.

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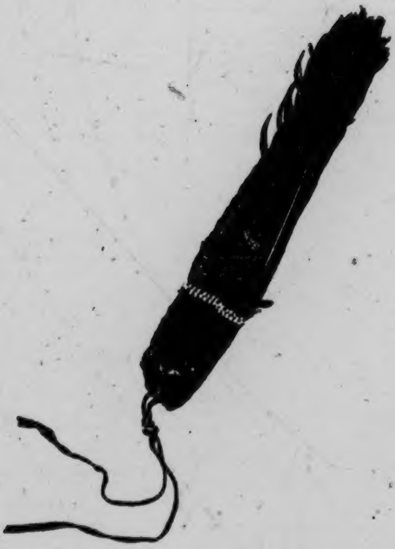

Fig. 26 — The Crow Head from a North Peigan Beaver bundle. Photo courtesy of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute. Ethnology Department. Catalogue No. AA 308.

LIST OF BUNDLES AND RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS ASSOCIATED WITH THE USE OF SWEET GRASS

● 778 824 **INDEPENDENT BUNDLES**

- Bear Knife bundles
- Beaver bundles
- Big Smoke ceremony bundles
- Birth Control bundles
- [524] → Thunder Bands
- [292] ← Ceremonial headdresses
  - [541] → Medicine hats (straight-ups)
  - Round Dance headdress
  - Half-white headdress
  - Half-red headdress
  - [411] → Split-horn headdress
  - Bear Medicine hat
  - Snake horn headdress
- [292] ← Ceremonial robes
  - Weasel-tail robe
  - [789] → Calf robe
  - Hairlock robe
- [292] ← Ceremonial shirts
  - Weasel-tailed shirts (suits)
  - Hairlock shirts
  - Lord's shirt
  - War shirt
  - Ghost shirt
  - Thunder shirt
- Deer Dance bundles
  - Black-tailed Deer Dance bundle
- Ghost Dance bundles
- Holy Hand Game bundles
- Horse bundles
  - War bridle bundles
  - Mask bundles
  - Quirt bundles
  - Medicine bundles
- Lances
  - Medicine lance
  - Bear spear
- Name-giving bundles
- Natoas bundles
- Personal charms
  - Umbilical cord amulets
- Otter bundles
  - Rattling Smoking Otter bundle
- Personal war-charm bundles
- Riding Big Dance bundles
- Scalp Dance bundles
- Buffalo Runner bundles

778 INDEPENDENT BUNDLES (CONTINUED)

824

[755] Shaman's bundles

[714] Shields

[342] Bear shield

[532] Thunder shield

Never-Sits-Down shield

Ghost shield

Weasel shield

342 Tipis (painted lodges). Those lodges having flags with them are starred. Certain designs had ceremonial doors which were transferred separately. This list is not complete. There are many variations and combinations of many of these designs. Certain designs would use more than one kind of incense.

532

778

824

Bald Eagle design*

Wolverine design*

Otter design*

Half-yellow Painted Otter design*

Black Otter design*

Bear design

Black Buffalo design

Buffalo Head design

Hoof design

Fisher design*

Marten design*

Big Rock design

Underwater Monster design

Kit Fox design*

War Lodge design

Thunder Lodge design

Rattlesnake design

Crow design

Elk design - Litho spermum ruderale (Elk food) is used as incense during the transfer ceremony.

Middle-painted design

Beaver Lodge design

Skunk design

Cougar design

Half-black and Half-red design

White-tailed Deer design

Raven design

Deer design

Horse design

Prairie Chicken design

Crane design

Own design

Bullrushes design

Human design

Hailstone design

All-painted design

Antelope design

Mule design

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*In this and other societies the plural indicates that the bundles are alike.

778 __INDEPENDENT BUNDLES__ (CONTINUED)

824
342 Moon design
532 Half-yellow design
Mountain Sheep design
Yellow Mink design
Winter-painted design
All-stars design
Big Circle design
Striped design
778
824 Head-down design
575 Fish design
Rib design
Onewed design
Sun design
Black design
Blue Star design
Downward Star design
Red Striped design
Eagle Trap design
Yellow Thunder design
Wave design
Loop design
Four Tail design
Arrow design
Pine Tree design
Spider design
Butterfly design
Swallow design
Badger design
Weasel design
Coyote design
Wolf design
Goat design
Mule Deer design

__SOCIETY BUNDLES__

Black Seizers Society
  Black Seizers medicine pipe
  Wolf-collar bundle
  Crow headpiece bundles[A]
  Red Seizers bundles
  Coyote bundle
Braves Society
  Bear-belt bundles
  All-white Braves bundles
  Willow Braves bundles
  Black Braves bundles
Bull Society
  Bull headdress bundles
  Buffalo-scalp headdress bundles
  Straight-up headdress bundles
Catchers Society

A./In this and other societies the plural indicates that the bundles are alike.--Analyst/

● 778
824
575

SOCIETY BUNDLES (CONTINUED)

- Black-covered pipe bundle
- Quiver bundle
- Bow bundles
- Crazy Dog Society
  - Rattle bundles
  - Leader's headdress bundle
- Crow-carrier Society
  - Crow-headpiece bundle
  - Staff bundles
  - White Crow-carrier bundles
  - Pink Crow-carrier bundles
  - Black Seizers Axe-owner bundle
- Crow Waters Society
  - Society bundles
- Dog Society
  - Black Rope bundles
  - Black Dog bundles
  - Yellow Dog bundles
  - Coyote bundle
  - Snake-carrier bundles
- Flies Society
  - Claw bundles
- Horn Society (Although there were Peigan members, the Horns operated as autonomous societies only among the Blood and the North Blackfoot.)
  - Straight-up headdress bundles
  - Horned-bonnet headdress bundles
  - Arrow headdress bundle
  - Initiation bundles
  - Scout bundle
  - Firelighter's bundle
  - White-wrapping staff bundle
  - Black or White Otter staff bundle
  - Yellow staff bundle
  - Wristlets staff bundle
  - Kit Fox staff bundles
  - Kit Fox headdress bundles
  - Hard Spear staff bundle
  - Rider's staff bundle (Also known as the Blackfoot staff to the Blood; introduced in 1912 from the North Blackfoot.)
  - Horn Society drum bundles (North Blackfoot)
  - Horn Society rattle bundles (North Blackfoot)
  - Big Smoke bundle (North Blackfoot)
  - Staff Second-highest in Power bundle (North Blackfoot)
  - Retreating staff bundle (North Blackfoot)
  - Otter bundle (North Blackfoot)
  - Swan Hip staff bundle
  - Marten staff bundle
  - Broad-wrapping staff bundle

778 **SOCIETY BUNDLES** (CONTINUED)

824
575 - Kaispa Society (Sioux Society)
  - Red Fox Whip bundle
  - Staff bundle
  - Eagle-belt bundles
  - Drum bundle
  - Clown bundle
  - Crow-belt bundle
  - Whistle bundles
  - Announcer bundle
  - Belt bundles
  - Long Knife bundle
  - Straight-up headdress bundle
  - Whip bundles
  - Skewer bundles
  - Initiation staff bundle
- Kit Fox Society
  - Kit Fox-skin headdress bundle
  - Kit Fox staff bundles
- Motokiks Society
  - Box-and-arrow bundles (North Blackfoot)
  - Snake headdress bundles
  - Scabby-bull headdress bundles
  - Lame-bull headdress bundles
  - Bird headdress bundles
- Pigeon Society
  - Coyote bundle
  - Rattle bundle
  - Bear Pigeon bundles
  - Yellow Pigeon bundles
  - Pink Pigeon bundles
  - Smear staff bundle
- Prairie Chicken Society
  - Rattle bundles
- Small Flies Society
  - Claw bundles
- Tails Society
  - Breech-cloth bundles
- Tobacco Society
  - Tobacco Society bundles
- Bad Horn Society
  - Bad Horn Society bundles
- Crow Society
  - Crow Society bundles
- Bee Society
  - Bee Society bundles

Part II

PLANTS USED IN BIRTH CONTROL

Overview

824 The Blackfoot owned ceremonial bundles which were used to produce and
778 prevent fertility. Our records indicate that botanical ingredients were
842
[847] used only to prevent conception and for the performance of abortion.

BIRTH CONTROL

824 In the matter of birth control, the Blackfoot practiced it in two ways.
842 Conception was thought to be avoided through the use of a special ceremonial
778 [847] bundle and abortions were performed with the aid of an herbal brew. The
[791] former required the services of a diviner who professed the power to prevent
conception while the latter was an event that could be accomplished by the
mother alone.

[126] Several of these anti-conception bundles, constructed between 1880-1930,
[791] have been collected and the authors reported of at least fourteen more on
the reservations of the Blackfoot, still being used by elderly diviners,
all women.

[301] There is a consistant pattern of bundle contents (see Figs. 27 &28);
[237] otter-skin wristlets each with an incised bone bead, the design representing
[386] [532] a snake; yellow ochre in a skinbag; and a quantity of pulverized plant
material in another skinbag. An exception to this pattern is the bundle
[291] collected by Ewers which contained a beaded, snake-shaped belt and lacked
[301] wristlets.

824 A woman seeking conception control would approach a diviner for
778 instruction in the use of the bundle. The diviner would, for a fee, use her
791 842 bundle on the patient or make one for her. Without going into the details
[302] of the ceremony, we should note that the major part of the ritual involves
the ochreing of the body from the head down to the navel and from the feet
[301] to the knees, therby isolating the reproductive area. The wristlets were
[784] worn for a prescribed period during which time the patient was enjoined to
[825] observe certain taboos. The ceremony was usually performed in the spring
when the snakes emerged from hibernation.

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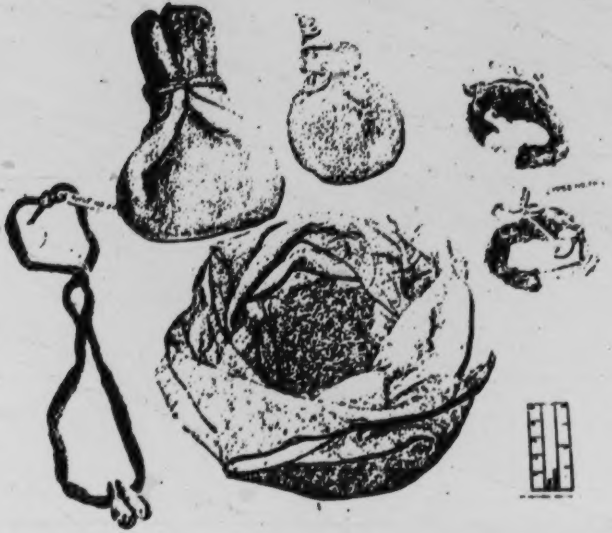

Fig. 27 -- Blackfoot birth control bundle. Photo courtesy of J.C. Hellson.

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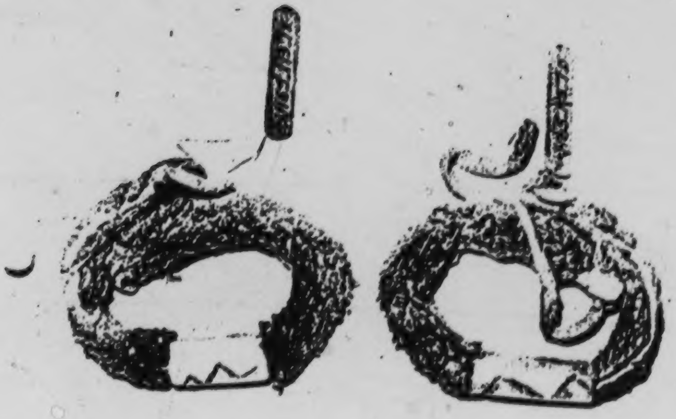

Fig. 28 — Wristlets from a Blackfoot birth control bundle.
Photo courtesy of J.C. Hellson.

824 842 278 [778] Samples of the pulverized plant material from two separate bundles have been identified as the flowers and leaves of new birch suckers (Betula occidentalis). Informants bear out this fact and explain that a decoction of this material is taken as a drink in the event that the power of the bundle to stop conception fails.

824 847 278 [778] Informants have identified at least three other plants which were used to cause abortion: Anemone multifida, "crooked stem", and Draba incerta. As far as we know, though, they are not associated with any bundles.

844 824 278 On the topic of childbirth, the plants listed below were used to induce and/or speed delivery.

ACHILLEA MILLEFOLIUM

An old woman would brew the leaves for a woman that was going to have a baby. When she drank it, she started having pains and as the pains got worse, she would drink more. Then she would deliver.

The brew is also drunk to expel the afterbirth. The pattern is to drink it and rub it on the affected part.

ANEMONE PATENS

The plant is boiled and drunk by women to speed delivery.

CAMASSIA QUAMASH

The women will drink the decoction of the root to induce labor.

HIEROCHLOE ODORATA

A tea of sweet grass is taken to stop vaginal bleeding after birth and to help expel the afterbirth.

ARTEMISIA CAMPESTRIS

[847] Women will drink the decoction of the leaves to abort difficult pregnancies.

Part III

PLANTS USED IN THE TREATMENT OF SICKNESS

Overview

755 The Blackfoot practised two kinds of medicine, one of which was
[757] distinguished by its reliance on divination. The other consisted of common
remedies which were available to all.

[462] There was a general procedure in the divination of disease and there is
[791]
[756] evidence to show that there were as many women diviners as men. (Although
it is common practice among anthropologists to denote this kind of ritual
curing as shamanism, we take exception to that in using the term divination,
as we believe that shamanism as practised in the Tibetan sense, does not
apply to the medical treatment of the Plains Indians).

787 In order to obtain power for the purpose of curing an individual would
[785] undertake a vision quest which involved prolonged isolation and fasting.
[776] If the quest was successful, the source of power, usually a spiritual
[778]
being in animal form would instruct him in the songs, ritual and construction
[554] of the curing bundle. There are many variations of the titles of men who
have received power, a common one among the Blood Indians is "natoosi -
inaipi" or "sun comes down" another given to us by G.B. Grinell was used
among the south Peigans, "i-so-kin-uh-kin" or "heavy singer for the sick".

756 These bundles remained the personal property of the diviner and could
422
778 not be transferred. Indeed, the source of power was not to be revealed
124 to anyone. We have only been able to obtain an account of this vision quest
from one diviner who has stopped practising. Other informants have given
important information of the patterns of divining disease but have with-held
their own source of power.

[p.62]

756 778 [533] [534] Usually, a curing bundle contained a sucking (or blowing) tube of eagle bone, several sharp flint blades for bleeding, bags of plant material and paint, one or two polished pebbles and some object representing the source of power. Also, a diviner often used a rattle and/or drum to accompany his singing.

126 778 171 Up to twenty-five of these bundles have been collected from the Blackfoot. Curing bundles among the Cree and Saulteaux show a similar pattern of construction.

756 753 An afflicted person, or his representative sought a diviner's aid which was always offered for a fee. A Blackfoot diviner distinguished various forms of disease ranging from physical maladies to mental disorders which resulted from infractions of taboos or the harassment of ghosts.

756 787 [124] The following translation, an interview with a Blood diviner, illustrates the typical procedure to obtain power and use it to divine disease,

> I had a dream while questing; a man appeared and asked me in to the white tipi. I saw a sick man inside (skin and bones). The holy person asked me to sit on the right side facing the door. He sat on the left side. He had a drum. He said, 'I am a doctor.' He took the sucking tube. The sick man is half covered with a blanket. The drum was painted and then he painted a stroke on his forehead and with little fingers on the top of the hand. Then he painted the sick man the same way. Then he started to sing. There are two songs. The first song (sings it) uses the rim of the drum only. (Sings another with stick rubbing on the drum.) Then there is fast drumming and the doctor looks at the patient and prepared to use a sucking tube made of eagle bone. There is a bowl of hot water with a single stone in it. The doctor sucks up the hot water and sprays the hot water on the patient three times. On the fourth time the patient will rise. The drummer stopped and disappeared. The sick man was cured. He used a muskrat skin to wipe his face. Then the doctor gave me his drum. It was painted red around the rim. With a red spot in the middle. The stick was made with buckskin and sinew. He gave me the bone and the

could be chosen for this service. Here the society meets. The formal 561
dance is out-of-doors where the men sit in a circle (Fig. 9). 575

When they dance, they rise in their places. The mounted men ride 796
around, forcing the dancers to the center. Then they pretend to ride them 535
down, upon which dancers who have dismounted enemies, seize them by the
feet and gently unhorse them. Then the two riders join in the dance.
This is done but once.

They seem to have some ceremonies in their tipi. They have a number 561
of songs. In one they say, "It is bad to live to be an old man." The latter 575
means that to die in battle is preferred. At the end of each song, they shake 796
their rattles above their heads and shout. Four drums are used. 533
[539]

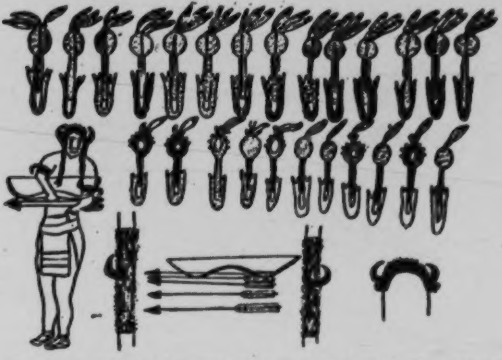

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Fig. 10. Sketch showing the Regalia of the All-brave-dogs: the Twenty-five Types of Rattles and the Equipment of a Bear. The original is in colors: blue (vertical lines), green (right oblique), red (left oblique), and black. Drawn by Hairy-coat.

They are not credited with pranks, but after a dance may go about the 561
camps and dance before tipis until the owners give them food or other 575
presents. To refuse or to delay such bequests would be unwise. Yet [431]
they do not maltreat those they meet, and offer no violence except when
on regular guard duty.

The members usually buy in from the braves. Since all the rattles are 561
supposed to be different, the transfer really consists of the purchase of a 575
particular rattle which is regarded as a ceremonial object or bundle as de- 432
scribed in Vol. 7. While it is usual for the entire society to sell out at the 424
same time, our informants state that nevertheless a rattle may be purchased [778]

561
575 At the age of eighteen, Big-brave, joined his first society, the front-tails. As a
796 rule each society takes as members four young men and four older men. Big-brave
432 was taken in as one of the younger members. To begin with, all the men who were
to buy in, went through the camps and invited their chums and when all were gathered
[424] together, they proceeded to the center where two tipi covers were combined to
make one large tipi. Upon entering the lodge all the men who were about to become
[114] members had filled pipes, which they offered to those of the old members from whom
[115] they had chosen to buy. All the members of the front-tails are supposed to have
women partners, usually their wives; but as Big-brave did not have a wife, he went
[346] with his mother.

Each purchaser sat down near the man from whom he expected to purchase.
[237] The buyers cleared the grass in front of the old members and placed some buffalo
dung and sage grass on the side nearest the old members. The smudge place was
[824] about a foot square. All the new men made a smudge place near the old members.
Sweetgrass was used for the smudge. The knives or axes which were used in clearing
the smudge places were a part of the fee paid the old members.

The old (ex-)members did not transfer their outfits to the new members themselves, but still older members did this. The pipes were offered first to the members, to make the bargain to purchase from them.

Big-brave sat near one of the members and offered him a pipe to smoke. At first
he refused to take the pipe, but finally he took and smoked it. Big-brave thought
that the man was afraid he would not get a horse from him as he had just received
one the day before, therefore his hesitation. Then Big-brave made the smudge
[302] place and the transferrer asked him to remove his clothes. When he had done so,
the transferrer painted his face and entire body black and scratched the paint down
with his fingers. The mother's face was also painted. A streak of red was painted
across his eyes and mouth and small dots of white on his cheeks, forehead, and chin
and on all his joints. His new clothes were first passed over the smudge four times,
[292] and then given to him to put on. The transferrer then took up the otterskin which
is used as a garter strap, spat on it four times, passed it four times to the smudge
[237] place, and before tying it around Big-brave's leg, recounted four war deeds. The
[531] strap was a narrow strip of skin decorated with small bells and quill work.

During the entire ceremony, the transferrer had a piece of prairie turnip in his
[824] mouth, and before fastening anything on Big-brave spat four times on it. This is
the same kind of turnip as that used by the horns in their ceremony. It is said to
● [778] be very sacred.

Then the transferrer took the feather which was used as a headdress, spat on it
[292] four times, made four passes over the smudge with it, recounted four more war deeds,
[237] and fastened it crosswise on Big-brave's head. The feather is an eagle tail-feather,
wrapped with colored quills and has a hole in the middle through which is passed a
[531] buckskin string with which the feather is fastened on the hair. Then he took the
belt of the front-tails, held it to the smudge place four times, spat on it four times,
told of four war deeds, made four passes with his knife and cut off a few inches of the
tail. After this he fastened the belt around Big-brave's waist and as he did so all
cheered him. The tail of the belt hung on the right side. A blanket was also given
him and a digging-stick was placed near Big-brave's feet. As he rose and stood by
it his foot was held by the transferrer and passed four times to the smudge; then he
stepped over the digging stick, going forward twice and backward twice. A dog was
brought in and placed before his feet and he stepped over it four times.

561 support of this they call attention to the fact that this pair dance around
575 through the camp at the same time and in the same manner as the other
124 societies.

Their regalia consist of a small bulb rattle to the handle of which is
561 attached a coyote tail and a bunch of feathers for the head. No eagle
575 feathers were used. Bone whistles and a coyote skin around the neck com-
796 plete the list. Big-brave, the present owner of one set also has a drum.
[534] This drum seems to be a special medicine object and to be used only by and
in connection with the ceremonies by a brave-dog. Our informants state,
[237] however, that this drum was originated by Big-brave and was not pre-
[292] viously a part of the regalia for the brave-dogs and is not recognized or used
[778] by the other member.

The brave-dogs usually paint the entire body in white. The face is
[302] given the "coyote painting." The entire lower part of the face is painted
red. This painting was sometimes spoken of as "eating raw meat." In
[825] explanation, it is said that when a coyote has been eating, his mouth and nose
are generally red with blood, and that also he is lucky and usually gets his
meat whenever he looks for it.

561 The obligations taken on by the brave-dogs are rather exacting. They
575 must never under any circumstances run away from the enemy or turn
726 back. If enemies appear in their paths, they must walk straight forward
regardless of the consequences. In battle they are supposed to stand in
front of the enemy and dance and sing. However, if their companions
desire to save them they may release them from the obligation by whipping.
Thus in fighting, a friend may ride up and strike the brave-dog with a whip
and at once he runs away. For example we were told that,

> Running-buffalo, the father of Elk-horn was a brave-dog. Once there was a fight between the Blackfoot and the Assiniboine in what is now the southern part of the Montana Reservation. The Assiniboine were in a hole and hard to get at. Running-buffalo rode up, got off his horse, and with his rattle in his hand, singing the brave-dog songs, went directly to the hole and jumped in among the Assiniboine. His war party followed close at his heels and succeeded in routing the enemy. All brave-dogs are believed to have great power. Once Running-buffalo was shot through the abdomen with three or four arrows. He asked that some buffalo intestines be cooked for him, saying that he would use them to replace the injured parts of his body. He ate them and recovered.

561 Like all other societies and medicines, the brave-dogs had their own songs
575 and their dance. The sentiments expressed in the songs are in keeping with
539 their obligations. For example one of them runs, "I want to throw my
body away." Another "I want dogs to eat my body." They have a song
in which they ask for arrows, and while singing it they go into any tipi and
take an arrow from each quiver they find therein.

The two leaders carry bows and arrows painted red. These arrows seem 561
to have been regarded as medicine since it was believed they never missed 575
their mark. They were therefore a very important war medicine. [411]
The two leaders paint the face all over with dark red paint and draw a
black mark from the forehead down across the nose and a black circle entirely [778]
around the face. They wear a plain buckskin suit, without weasel-tails or [302]
hair fringes, but painted all over with red paint. One informant claims that
the leaders painted their faces in a different manner, the forehead, sides, and [292]
chin being red with two pairs of oblique lines extending in toward the nose. [531]

The two pipe men were in reality the keepers of medicine-pipes. Though
the society has long ceased to exist, the pipes are still cared for and their [124]
rituals occasionally demonstrated. Wolf-tail and Split-ears are the present 796
owners of these pipes. The transfer ceremony for them is similar to that 432
of other medicine-pipes although they are known as catcher's pipes. The 276
pipes themselves are different and their rituals contain some of the regular
medicine-pipe songs. Among the other songs are those of the catchers 778
society and the iniskim (buffalo rock). [561]

The pipe ceremony was described as follows:— [575]

> First a smudge is made, the owner holding up some sweetgrass above his head and
> singing. The words of the song are, "That which is above, it is powerful." Then [539]
> he brings the sweetgrass down and lays it on the fire, at the same time the song runs,
> "This, the earth, it is powerful." After the smudge is made the owner of the pipe [539]
> and his wife both hold their hands in the smoke and then over the pipe bundle, then
> make four passes and untie the strings. The buffalo rocks are then taken out and
> placed in a row in front of the open pipe bundle. The owner takes up the pipe,
> holding it in his arms as if it were a baby. At this time they sing the iniskim songs, [539]
> the words of which are: "A hundred buffalo I have fallen (caused to go over the
> drive)." All this time the man is holding the pipe in his arms and praying to it.
> Then he lays the pipe down and has his face painted with a red and black circle [302]
> around it and a black streak across the forehead, nose, and chin. Then they sing
> the dance songs of the catchers. The owner gets up with the pipe and dances, [535]
> everybody in the tipi being required to dance with him. All stand in their places and
> dance, first to the southeast, then face the north, then the southeast, and then the
> north. Then the man hands the pipe to the one next him and this man dances twice
> towards the south and twice towards the north, while all the others dance in turn as
> he does. Then this man turns the pipe over to the next person and all dance as before, until the pipe has passed entirely around the circle, every man, woman, and child
> present being required to dance with it. Four drums are used and the dancers shout [534]
> and make all the noise they can. When all have danced with the pipe, it is handed
> back to the owner and he lays it down. This closes the ceremony and the bundle is
> tied up.

The purchaser of the catchers pipe makes the sweat house for the owner and on entering with him, presents him with a pipe of tobacco with a formal

796 request for the transfer of the catchers pipe. He must also give the owner
432 a horse at this time. The next day the transfer ceremony begins, requiring
276 four days. Each day the bundle is opened and the ceremony just described
performed. At present the purchaser is required to pay ten head of horses,
778 blankets, clothing, etc., but in olden times, five head of horses were all they
[435] paid. (Vol. 7, 159.) An informant states that the two catchers pipes were
formerly quite peculiar and did not resemble the other pipes. Now,
however, the rituals are much the same which he attributed to the fact
that they had been transferred many times and that each owner tended to
add or modify the ritual according to some vision or dream.

561 The tomahawk men dressed in plain painted buckskin suits, but wore
575 buffalo robes with beadwork at the two upper corners to which tie-strings
[292] were attached. In the middle of the robe was a large beaded cross. The
function of the tomahawk men is to stop fighting or other boisterous conduct
[531] in the camps. It is said that they are always certain to turn up whenever
[625] there is trouble around.

According to one informant, the tomahawk men carried symbolic axes
[532] or hatchets carved out of wood while the members carried clubs covered
[411] with buckskin fringes and white beads, with buffalo and deer hoofs at the
ends of the fringes to serve as rattles. In Maximilian's account of the
[237] leaders we find the following:—"They carry as their badge a wooden club
[531] the breadth of a hand with hoofs of the buffalo cow hanging to the handle."
(117.) All the members wore buckskin suits and robes.

[796] In the formal ceremony they sit in a circle with four drummers in the middle. After the dance they go about the camp and tear up the robes of anyone they chance to meet. In the dance the pipe men dance first. As in most other societies the dance is repeated four times.

[625] When the catchers are sent in pursuit of a delinquent or misbehaving tribesman, he may escape them provided he can get into a position in which none of the members overcame an enemy. Thus, if he wades into the water on foot, he cannot be touched except by such members as have overcome an enemy in the water on foot. If he rides into the water he must be taken by a member who has dismounted an enemy in the water, etc.

THE BULL SOCIETY.

The oldest one of the series and the highest in rank is the bull society. It has been many years since the last ceremony and scarcely anyone alive now even saw their dance. Fortunately, the peculiar belief about warbonnets discussed elsewhere (Vol. 7, 116) tended to preserve the ritual.

18: Wissler E-5 (1903-1912) 1913
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

wife are given some clothing. In all, four sweat houses must be made but there is no 794
rule as to the interval between the making of each sweat house, it being merely a 432
matter of convenience. After the fourth sweat house and dance, the new member
and his wife go to the dance taking with them blankets, calico, and probably eight
horses to be given as a fee to the father. The grandfather has first choice of the
horses and the rest of the things are divided among the members. Then all the
members spread open their bundles and the new member may choose one object
from each bundle. With each object he is given a song. If at any time the new
member should visit his grandfather, he must give him a present.

Women as well as men are taken into this society, some unmarried women being members. During the dance, if there is a large attendance, each member sings only three or four of his songs, as it would take too long for everyone to sing all his songs.

Members of the society recognize the following taboos: bones must not be 794
heated inside of a member's tipi; meat must not be cut in a kettle, nor must a knife
be used to stir food while it is cooking; the picket pins must never be burned, should [794]
one be burned horses will be lost. When a member dreams of some new thing to be [787]
made up, he goes to his grandfather to do so and pays him for it. After the new
medicine has been made up, he tells the others about it.

The different medicine objects in the bundles are: mink, muskrat, otter belt, [778]
weasel, blackbird, sparrows, night hawks, beaver, magpies, snow birds, a wooden
hand, a whistle, robins, and other birds.

The power of this society consists in causing its members to become wealthy. [789]
Also, when the members pray, it cures the sick.

Before Owl-top joined this society an old woman, who came from the Crow, [156]
gave him a yellow shirt, a yellow robe, and a riding whip for which he gave her two
horses and other things. The shirt, robe, and riding whip belong to the Crow-water
medicine society. The old woman told him that some time one of his mares
would have a pinto colt, and that whenever this happened, he would have many
differently colored horses. Long after she told him this, he dreamed four times of
many differently colored horses. Then he believed what she had told him. Now,
it has been some time since the old woman told him about this pinto colt, and none
of his mares have ever born such a colt, but his son-in-law's mares have had two pinto
colts. He believes these are the colts the old woman prophesied about and thinks
that now his horses will begin to increase. This society came from the Crow, but [177]
it is not known how the Crow got it.

We previously published two origin myths for the crow-water formula, 794
one of which was evidently devised from the beaver bundle cycle.[1] In 177
both, however, the Crow origin of the society is emphatically announced. 174
Since Dr. R. H. Lowie, who has made a thorough study of the Crow, finds
no similar society among them, some discussion seems necessary. The fact [171]
that two individuals contributed to the society seems to favor the existence
of some parent ceremony among the Crow. On the other hand, the bundles
and procedures of the society are typically Blackfoot, the only distinguishing
characteristic as such, being the grouping of bundle owners into an organiza-

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[1] Vol. 2, 77, 80.

794 ghosts to the place and said, "Let us all have a dance for four nights and restore this
769 man's life to him." They agreed, and after four nights, the man came to life again
773 and saw the ghosts, how they painted their faces, and how they dressed. One of
173 the ghosts said to him, "We will give you this dance. When anyone is sick or about
539 to die, have a dance, and he will recover." The man returned to his home. After
some time someone was very ill. This man gave the ghost dance, and taught it to
the people.

794 The dancers paint to represent skeletons, so it is said. The face and
769 exposed parts of the body are painted white, while around the mouth and
302 each eye is a bold circle of black or red. The effect is quite hideous.

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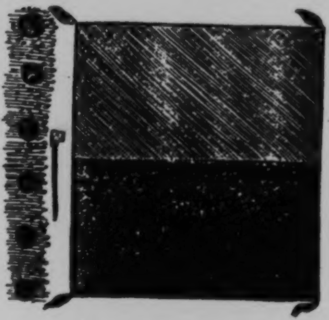

Fig. 28. Smudge Altar for the Ghost Dance. Drawn by Big-brave. The altar is about one foot square, the north half red, the south half black. Red and black plumes respectively are stuck up at the corners. At the west is a row of buffalo chips covered with sage grass. Between these and the altar lies the pipe used in the ceremony. Sweetgrass is used on the altar and the tongs should lie on the north side.

794 There are no particular regalia except a plume on the head, nor are there
769 any bundles. The ceremony has, however, its own peculiar ritual and
[292] songs. Women dance with the men.

[796] A dance rarely occurs unless some man makes a vow or formal pledge to
provide a feast and dance for the dead in return for some expected or realized
794 good fortune. At the ceremony his wife sits near the door and takes the
769 name of Yellow-woman. She paints her hair yellow and her face red with a
796 yellow band across the forehead. On her head, she wears a plume. A great
535 abundance of food is expected.

[789] The smudge altar is a large oval with the incense hearth at one end.
At the other is placed a small pipe and four plumes. According to Big-
[302] brave the altar was square, Fig. 28. One member is delegated to attend to
[778]

songs in groups of four. If tobacco is left over some is tied up in the sun offering 794
and some given to some old man, who prays over it. Should the supply of tobacco 796
give out before sixteen songs are sung the ceremony ends.

When a smudge is to be made, the assistant takes the smudge stick which lies to 788
the north of the smudge, goes back toward the door and around the fireplace before 782
he makes the smudge. Each time the pipes are filled, the assistant hands them to some old man, before lighting them. The old man holds the pipe in the direction of the smudge, pointing twice with the bowl and mouthpiece alternately. Then he prays.

The berry soup is served at the close of the ceremony. First the assistant takes four pieces of tongue and gives them to the leader. He holds up a piece, between his thumb and forefinger, prays to the sun and stars, and places it at the south side of the smudge. Thus he places a piece at each corner of the smudge. He places a piece on the west and east side, and the fourth piece in the assistant's mouth. Before eating the soup everyone holds up a bit of the tongue and prays.

After the ceremony is over the leader hangs the sun offering in a tree or other
place. The leader may give the man who made the vow the right to lead in such a [432]
ceremony by simply saying, "You have paid me so well. You may lead such a ceremony and do as I have done." The ceremony seems to be connected with the sun dance as tongues are used and offerings made to the sun.

THE STICK GAME DANCE.

Within a few years a new association was introduced from a neighboring 796
tribe passing under the name stick game dance. It was reported by Duvall [177]
during the winter of 1910–1911 as having just come to the notice of the tribe.
He made no investigation of it but later James Eagle-child attended several
ceremonies, participated in some and interviewed the founder. In a [178]
previous paper it was stated that rituals were still being created and devel-
oped. This is a splendid example and offers therefore an unusual oppor- [121]
tunity for a functional study. The stick game outfit to which this ritual
is attached has been used by the Piegan for some years and seems to have [177]
originated with the Gros Ventre from whom they usually obtain them.
As developed in our paper on ceremonial bundles, it is difficult for a Blackfoot [121]
to look upon any curious object used by persons without a feeling that it is
"medicine." Thus, we are told that when a Gros Ventre exchanges a [432]
game set for a horse and other property, whatever power the set possessed
is transferred to the new owner. The suggestion is sharpened by the fact [424]
that certain special songs are used in the game, for according to Blackfoot [422]
conceptions the transfer of the bundle containing the set gives also a presumptive right to the songs.

The facts of the case seem to be that a Piegan, named Fish, once owned 778
one of these stick game sets and later had a dream in which a ritual was 524

778 conferred. This makes the stick game set a bundle and it has already
524 changed hands several times. At the transfer a horse and some clothing
[422] are given. (As a rule, the regular stick game sets were given to the person
winning four straight games.) The new owner's face is painted red, but
[432] in the game the players paint red crosses on the face. The songs used in
[302] the game and the special songs of the ritual are also transferred. Though
[424] the set is kept in a bundle, it seems possible to open it at any time and
[784] without the ceremony. The owner is subject to no taboos but menstruating
women must not go near the game. There must be no flirting among those
present and the players must not cheat or members of their families will die.

The following is Eagle-child's account:—

778 In 1909 Big-spring bought the stick game dance bundle from a Gros Ventre. It
524 contains twenty sticks with magpie feathers and four small plumes on the end of
each. The sticks were about fourteen inches long and half an inch in diameter and
237 were painted red. Small bells are also attached to the end of one of the feathers.
531 There are two guessing sticks about fourteen inches long with eagle feathers and a
few plumes and bells on their ends. These sticks are also painted red. There are
four bones or hiding sticks two of which were blue and two white. There is a small
wheel-like object about two and one half inches in diameter resembling the wheel
[824] used in the arrow game. This is worn by the guesser. Sweetgrass is used for the
smudge. The only difference between the two guessing sticks and the others is that
the former have eagle feathers instead of magpie feathers.

796 The stick game dance or ceremony is regarded as a powerful medicine. In it
524 prayers are offered to God only and not to the stars, moon, sun, and other Blackfoot
deities. In case of sickness the head of the family may make a vow to provide a
[778] feast for the owner of the stick game bundle if the sick one recover. Then some time
after the recovery he invites everybody, old and young, to the feast. The ceremonies
[782] are held at night though the ordinary stick game can be played at anytime. When
all have assembled, the owner of the bundle takes his place at the back of the tipi or
[755] house and makes a smudge with sweetgrass. Then he opens the bundle and takes
out the contents. He then selects or calls for a woman to act as the guesser for one
[302] side to whom he gives ten of the sticks and one of the guessing sticks. He then
prays for the guesser, paints her face on the forehead, cheeks, chin, and palms with a
red cross. Then he selects or calls for a man who comes forward and is fitted out in
the same manner as the woman. These two become the leaders for the opposing
[533] sides. All this time the singers and drummers are rendering the songs used in the
game and those connected with the bundle.

All the persons present, men, women, and children, may take part in the game, sometimes as many as forty or fifty take part. The two players then choose their sides by passing their sticks, giving one to each person. The woman also hands out two of the hiding sticks to one of her side and the other to another. The man does the same on his side. The woman lines up her players on the right, the man his on the left. The woman ties the wheel ornament on her hair and play begins and continues until one side has all the sticks. Every time a game is completed, the winners rise and dance, making a great deal of noise while the losing side keep their seats. Every time a side loses a game, a new guesser is chosen in his place. The rule is that

eight games are to be played after which food is served. The two last guessers are 796
required to pass the food. 524

Before Fish dreamed the stick game, Big-spring gave him a set as a present.
After dreaming, Fish gave the first bundle to The-dog-takes-the-gun. The three [173]
men are related and for this reason pass the stick game bundle from one to the other.

Fish dreamed of a man who came to give him the stick game bundle. The 524
dream person carried the bundle on his left arm. His face was painted yellow and 778
dotted all over. In his hair was tied an owl feather. Now, one of the guessers ties
an owl feather in his hair when the game is played. Fish claims the stick game [787]
bundle to be very powerful. If a person be sick he may vow to play with the stick [237]
game owner in order that he may recover. When the game is played, the bundle
owner paints and prays for the person with whom he is to play. On the other hand, [755]
the game must not necessarily be played when anyone is ill but can be played at any time.

Each stick is decorated with a six-inch owl feather. Two guessing sticks are [237]
wrapped with otter fur and decorated with bells. At each end is a tail-feather used
in guessing. One of the guessing sticks is painted red, the other yellow. Fish only [531]
dreamed one song for the bundle but the rest of the stick game songs go with it.
The same songs are used for the three stick game bundles on the reservation. There [533]
are some twenty of these and ten tapping-the-stick songs. The songs are sung at the beginning of the game, or when either side wins. Four or more cheering songs are sung when dancing after one side has won the game.

When any member of a family is ill, the head of the family may vow to give a 796
feast to the stick game owners so that the sick person may recover. The game takes
place at his home. The owner of the stick game bundle sits at the head of the as- 524
sembly. There are four or five drummers and four of the tapping-the-stick songs are 755
sung. The owner unties the bundle placing ten of the waving sticks, two hiding
bones, and the guessing stick in one pile, and the rest in a second stack. His face is [302]
painted and a cross is marked on his forehead, on either cheek, and each palm. The
players must not cheat during the game. Then he calls on the person giving the feast
to feed him. The stick game owner makes a smudge and prays for the person giving
the feast. He paints him and marks a cross on his forehead, each cheek, and the [302]
palms of his hand. The ten waving sticks, two hiding bones, and the guessing stick are held over the smudge in one hand by the man giving the feast. The owner rubs the man's head and along his sides, meanwhile praying. He repeats the same evolutions with his wife.

The woman spreads a blanket on the ground on which the game is played. An object beaded in yellow on one side and blue on the other is rolled on the blanket until one color is shown three times. The man chooses the blue, the woman the yellow side. Should the yellow be shown three times the woman will accordingly be the one to guess first and vice versa. The man and woman guessing each represent half of the crowd. Each passes the ten sticks as far as they will go on the side for whom they are playing. To win the game one side must obtain all the twenty sticks. During all these preliminaries the tapping-the-stick songs are sung.

In the beginning, two persons are selected to hide the bones. The two (?) who are to play sit in the center facing each other, first passing around the stove or fire as the case may be, the man around the right, the woman the left. Then the stick game songs are sung. Four of the crowd of men, women, and children are selected to play. The man and woman who are to guess pass around the players to the right

535 Long before the Piegan had the grass dance, thirty-five or forty years ago, some
173 of the regalia, the war-bonnet, tomahawk, two dancing whips, feather tail belt, and
a drum were captured from the Sioux and Assiniboine. A Piegan war party went
177 among the Sioux and found the body of a Sioux tied up in a tree with a large drum
[721] near it. The Piegan took the drum and used the leather head for the soles of moccasins.

Some years later the Piegan met the Crow who told them that the regalia they had captured were used in the grass dance. They also taught them the dance. Later, Bob-tail-horse, who had stolen the drum from the Sioux grave made another like it. The Piegan then organized the grass dance which was later improved by Big-nose and Running-rabbit who visited the Assiniboine and brought back many of the dance outfits. As I obtained this information from three or four different people, I am quite sure the grass dance was first given by the Crow. Though the Piegan captured some of the dance regalia, they did not know its use until they met the Crow. Thus they held the dance, but later the Gros Ventre and Assiniboine gave them more of the regalia and added much more to the dance.

535 Formerly, the rules for the dance were very different from the present rules.
575 The first grass dance society used to throw away women, horses, blankets, and other
property. A stick is thrown away and whoever gets it receives the property for
[431] which it was thrown. When a member of the dance drops anything, he must not
[784] pick it up. Now, should a member drop something during the dance all the members
dance around it in a circle, until someone picks it up, relates four war deeds, and
returns it to the owner.

[778] Most of the dance regalia, such as the tomahawk, the sword and belt, were considered very sacred. For example, if a man has been with a woman the night before
[784] the dance, he must not dance with the belt. If this rule be broken, the penalty is a
[751] lame back. Women must not touch any of these things or their hands will swell.
The men must also avoid smoking with women.

When the dance paraphernalia are not in use they are wrapped up lengthwise in a small bundle of calico, and tied with a cord. Before using, a smudge is made and the bundle held in it.

One of the members furnished the tobacco and filled the pipes for the others to
smoke. Four single women members were taken in. These women assisted in the
singing and often rode double with the men when they rode around the camps at
[789] night, singing. The evening before the dance some of the members would sing
to bring good weather the next day. They had a pipe about seven inches long
[787] painted red. One of the members filled the pipe, held it up, remaining seated.
While the others sang, he held the bowl and stem with both hands on a level with his
eyes. Then he dropped the pipe to the ground. If none of the tobacco was spilled
the day would be fine, but if some was dropped the day would be stormy.

[262] In the dance, dogs are eaten. These are furnished by outsiders who are well paid in blankets, clothing, and possibly a gun and horse. Each member is supposed to bring with him a cup in which the berry soup or coffee is placed by two or more men. If a member has no cup the food will be poured into his hat or blanket to teach him to bring a cup the next time. While the food is being served all the members say, "How," meaning, "I have enough." Should any member omit this, he will be compelled to eat all the food alone as a punishment.[1]

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[192] [1] On inquiry Mr. Duvall found that the Indians were ignorant of the origin of this word, but used it because it was taught them by the Assiniboine in transferring the ceremony. This is an interesting example of a borrowed word. In Dakota, the word is used in greeting or in expressing satisfaction.

When a dance is announced, all the members leave blankets or other property 535
with the whip or sword owners as a pledge to attend the dance. Should a member 575
fail to attend, his property will be destroyed by the sword and whip men. Occa-
sionally, other property is returned in its stead. [784]

During the dance, the whip owners aided by the sword owners, force the members
to dance by striking them. Should they cause the blood to flow, the whip and sword [681]
men pay the injured man well. When the members wish to go out during the dance
they give the whip owners some trinket, as a ring or necklace, in order to get permission to leave.

Later the grass dance society sold their dance regalia to the Blood. Afterwards [184]
the Piegan frequently visited the Assiniboine and Gros Ventre and returned with
some grass dance regalia and revived the dance, and added more to it every year. [177]
Nowadays, the dance is very different from what it used to be, and is not considered
powerful medicine. Dog flesh is no longer eaten, although the feast itself has not [178]
been abolished. At the present time anyone may join the dance as it is only given [262]
for amusement.

Henry-no-bear, one of the best singers among the grass dance members, once [432]
paid seven horses, a gun, and blankets for the office of furnishing tobacco. When
he sold to another man he received in payment only two horses and a few blankets. [424]
Nowadays, they neither sell nor buy into the society, but anyone owning a good dance outfit joins the dance. Sometimes one man can borrow the dance outfit from another and dance with it. There is no leader in the dance as all the members wish to be chiefs.

A second informant gave the following:—

At the present time the grass dance may be danced by anyone as it is not a cere- 535
monial dance. Once the crow belt and some other things were held to be sacred. [778]
The Blood now have a sacred crow belt.

Formerly, the members feared to smoke a pipe with a woman. Should a member [784]
drop anything at any time he must leave it for another to pick up. Only the counting
of four war deeds will give him the right to do so. This taboo is nowadays kept
only during the dance and is entirely disregarded at other times. Often property, [231]
such as blankets, or horses, or even a woman is thrown away during the grass dance.[1]

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[1] An informant commented as follows: — Sometimes the grass dancers give up their [586]
wives. However, as this dance came from the Crow, the custom is more common among
them. Some twenty years ago Flat-tail, a Piegan, gave up his wife during the grass dance. [587]
He threw away a stick and said at the same time, "This is my wife, I am going to throw her away." One, John-shorty, picked up the stick and took the woman as his wife. Both are still living. This was the first time this was done among the Piegan.

When a man finds fault with his wife he simply sends her back to her own people. One time a man discovered that his wife had a lover. Instead of killing her, as is usually done, he told her he would force her to marry her lover. The woman's brother heard of this and killed her. So the Piegan never make their wives marry others.

In the dog society it is the custom to give away a woman. A Blood once had several wives and decided to give the youngest to a man he liked. They were married and he called the man son-in-law and treated the young woman as his daughter. Another Piegan was very fond of the sweat house. One of his wives ran off with another man. The people told the young man with whom the Piegan's wife had run off to make a sweat house and pay the husband a horse for his wife. The man was well pleased with the sweat house and did not even accept the horse, but gave up his wife to the other and both men remained good friends.

535 tributed by other members. On the other hand, the Blackfoot transfer
575 conception was recognized, because if a member individually called in an
outsider and turned over to him his entire regalia, he thereby himself became
an outsider and could not be a member until formally taken in again. It
seems safe to guess that we have here a conflict between the traditional
Blackfoot way of doing and the rules of the foreign grass dance organization.
The active members were men over fifteen years of age but it is usual to
regard the organization as a young men's affair.

The regalia employed are almost identical with a Gros Ventre set in the
[292] Museum but instead of a "dog fork," the Piegan use a lance or stick. As
has been noted the crow belt and the spreading hair headdress are used.
These have been described by Kroeber.[1] A matter of special interest is that
members formerly each had a miniature bundle, containing a feather or other
small ornament which they cared for in the characteristic Blackfoot way.
This was kept in a tiny cylindrical rawhide case of the type used for war
● [778] medicines. As noted in the preceding, there was one particular crow belt
that was regarded as a medicine object and which is now owned by a Blood
[292] Indian. The face and body painting of the society is optional as is also
[302] the costume aside from headdress and crow belts. At present, it is customary to give a public ceremony at the sun dance for which a circle of wagons
is made within the southern segment of the camp circle. Many meetings
are held during the winter months but these are now almost entirely social
affairs.

[778] The reference in Duvall's notes to the great care in handling the first
[177] regalia of this society, when such were treated as medicine bundles and the
later abandonment of this practice under the tutorship of the Gros Ventre
[121] is a fine example of the Blackfoot tendency to adjust everything ceremonial
to their scheme of individual ownership and transfer.

[173] So far no definite mythical origin for this ceremony has been encountered
except that a Piegan named Three-bears heard that a negro half-breed
Dakota was given the dance in a dream, when he saw some chickens dancing.
The roosters wore crow belts and large combs, the latter now symbolized
by the peculiar roached headdress. Perhaps this is an embryonic myth.

THE HORSE DANCE.

535 A spectacular performance with mounted men goes by the name of
[726] horseback dance, or big dance. Its chief function seems to have been the
arousal of courage and enthusiasm for war. Those who take part decorate

[531]

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[1] Kroeber, 371.

[231]

575 proposals for camping sites and routes of travel, and selected
622 two or three of the societies to undertake the various duties
for that season. While these were nominally under the control
of the chiefs their duties were so well known that they generally
acted on their own initiative. The leaders of the chosen
societies pitched their tipis in a group in the centre of the
575 camp circle. The members patrolled the camp in turn during
[625] the night. They punished recalcitrant offenders against public
welfare by beating and destruction of property. Some went
[484] ahead when a march began to select the precise site of the next
camp, while others superintended the column of march. The
[224] societies were also mainly responsible for knowing the position
and movements of the buffalo herds and for organizing the
tribal hunts. In any emergency the chiefs could call upon one
or more of them to deal with the situation. They could not,
[578] however, act until they were called upon to do so. The changing
membership, coupled with the rivalry of one with another and
the short season of their activity, averted any tendency to the
permanent seizure of power by one or all of these societies.

The summer camp was the occasion for great ceremonial
[224] activity. A host of feasts and ceremonies followed the short
period of intensive hunting, in which large stores of food were
575 accumulated. With appropriate ritual and after due payment
778 of hide robes and horses, 'medicine bundles' of magical objects
425 and the formulas necessary for their effective use were often
transferred from one man to another. The societies performed
their special dances and rituals, and if the time for purchase and
transfer of society membership was due, great triple tipis were
built in which the lengthy ceremonies of exchange were held.
776 Finally came the great annual ceremony of the Sun Dance at
which individuals and the tribe as a whole sought power and
well-being in a protracted ritual that lasted a week or more.
361 The camp circle broke up shortly after this and the bands
621 moved away in the direction of their winter quarters, which
mostly lay farther to the west in the rougher foothill country.
With the disintegration of the camp there ended also any real
authority of the tribal leaders and councils.

Hides and Skins

237 The buffalo which so dominated the activities of the Black-
foot supplied them with more than meat. Almost every part
[281] of the animal was used. The hide was dressed with the hair
left on to provide heavy winter robes; thinned and with the
hair removed, it was the material for shirts, leggings, moccasins,
tent covers, bags and receptacles of every kind. Cut into
strips it furnished ropes and lines. The hair was used to stuff
[530] pillows and later saddles, and to decorate garments, shields
and quivers.

721 neck of a buffalo hide. Heavy wooden lances were also used
[411] extensively by some tribes in horse days and may have been
[177] copied from Spanish models. Plains warfare but rarely involved
pitched battles, or, indeed, save where specific motives
for revenge existed, the serious reduction of the enemy's
strength. Horses, not killing, were the reasons for going 'on
the war-path'. A small party set out on foot to the enemy's
territory, taking only their weapons, sleeping robes and a small
store of dried meat. If possible they crept up to an enemy
camp, cut loose the horses and drove them off. Conflict
721 followed only if they were discovered or pursued. Among the
555 Blackfoot the capture of an enemy's weapons ranked highest
as a deed. Among some other tribes, where the counting of
[171] coups was more formally elaborated, the touching of an enemy
ranked first, with the capture of weapons and horses as subsidiary
deeds. Coups could, among some tribes like the Cheyenne,
be counted by several persons on a single enemy, and they
ranked in strict order of touching, irrespective of who actually
[532] wounded or killed him. These deeds, recorded in picture
writing on tipi walls and buffalo robes, constituted a sort of
heraldry. Whenever a man was called upon to play a part in
a social or ceremonial function he first recounted his deeds.

648 Alternating periods of friendship and strife were the relations
721 of the Blackfoot to other tribes, but, like other Plains tribes,
the Blackfoot had traditional enemies like the Cree, Assiniboine
and Crow, and also allies, such as the Sarcee and less permanently
the Gros Ventre, against whom the elders forbade the
[201] young warriors to raid. The frequent contact of tribe with
tribe, whether in war or peace, was facilitated by the development
of elaborate gesture symbols, or 'sign language', which
was uniform over wide areas, irrespective of the fundamental
differences in speech.

554 Rank among the Blackfoot depended not only on military 'Medicines'
778 prowess but also on the possession of 'medicines', that is, of
rituals, and the objects necessary for their performance, which
would ensure the success of some project or desire, be it health,
a journey, a raid, a hunt or another ceremony. The 'medicines'
[422] were owned by individuals and transferred from one to another
[432] for payments. These were, however, not primarily commercial
transactions, but their full consideration cannot be undertaken
here. The ritual apparatus was usually wrapped in bundles of
554 otter or some other valued skin. While most older men possessed
some medicine the owners of the 'medicine pipe bundles'
were the senior and most entitled to respect. On the rank of
their medicine depended the place at a feast, the order of speech

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793 Joe Crow Shoe, have also been the keepers of a medicine pipe bundle.

The holy woman that I grew up knowing best is Mrs. Rides- 551 at-the-Door, whose Indian name is Stealing-Different-Things 553 Woman. Her name is a good example of unusual Blackfoot customs, since I am quite sure this woman has never stolen anything in her whole life. No one among the Bloods doubts her pure record of living. She got the name from a relative when she was just a baby. The relative was an old warrior who was proud of having stolen many different things on war raids, and wanted to bless the little girl with his life of good luck.

793 A few years ago Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door camped with us [123] in our tipi during a medicine lodge ceremony among our Blackfoot relatives in Montana. She went to assist the blind Mrs. Many-Guns, who had been asked to initiate a young woman who was sponsoring the ceremony. She said that it was very hard for old women such as herself to go through the four days of ceremonial work and fasting that precede the building of the medicine lodge, yet she hardly complained while she was doing it. Most of the holy work performed during those four days is private, but toward the end of it the holy woman's tipi is opened up so that the people can look in and see, while the sacred Natoas bonnet is fastened upon [301] her head. Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door gave me a special blessing [779] at that time by calling me in before her so that she could go through a brief ceremony during which I was initiated to wear a sacred necklace like those that holy women and their husbands wear. On it are beads, a shell, and a lock of hair, all with symbolic meanings. I thought how long back my ancestors have been passing on these meanings and blessings through the same ceremonial initiation, while the old holy woman painted my face, sang a song, and tied the necklace around me.

I always prepared my food supplies well before we went 251 to the Sun Dance camps. I bought a lot of groceries, and I sliced a lot of meat and let it dry. I used to slice up the meat and some fat, then boil the two together before I hung them up to dry. Then I would sprinkle wild mint over the dried pieces and pack it in layers, inside my rawhide parfleches. That gave them a good flavor and kept the bugs out. In those 241 days my husband and I raised a garden, so we would plant a lot of early potatoes. By the time of the Sun Dance we could harvest a lot of them. We sold the big ones to a white man who lived nearby. He gave us five dollars for a sack of them. Then we would bring all the smaller ones to the Sun Dance.

My husband and I lived by our Indian religion through all 771 our many years together, and I am still living by it today. We went through many ceremonial transfers. We were given a 778 medicine pipe bundle which we took care of for many years. It originally belonged to the Blackfoot division, so we Bloods called it the Blackfoot medicine pipe. It was a heavy bundle because there were many sacred articles in it, including two holy pipes. We transferred it to Mike Eagle Speaker and his wife, and they gave it to Steve Oka. When his wife died he sold it to a museum in Calgary, and that is where it is now.

The owners of these bundles have to wear special necklaces, and there were no necklaces with this medicine pipe. 778 My father was still living then, so he called on an old holy man and medicine pipe leader named Firemaker. My father 301 told Firemaker and his wife: "I am hiring you to make the 306 bundle complete for my daughter and her husband. Give them new necklaces and bracelets like the bundle owners are supposed to wear." You cannot just go ahead and make such things, you have to be initiated. So they made us the new articles, with shells and beads, and my husband and I were initiated for them. Firemaker's wife told me: "Now, you have 778 received these separately from your bundle, so you will keep 301

778 301 them when you are going to transfer the medicine pipe." And that is what we did, and now I am still wearing my shell necklace every day. It helps me to grow old.

778 796 I will give you an example of how much you have to sacrifice to follow our Indian religion. The medicine pipe bundle was transferred to us in a house. It happened during the winter. When the ceremony of transfer was over, and the many horses and blankets had been paid to the former owners, my father told Firemaker: "Please initiate my daughter to carry the bundle on her back. She may have that need sometime in the future." We could not do anything with the bundle until we were initiated. Firemaker went through the proper ceremony, and they put the bundle on my back, with the heavy straps over my shoulders. My father brought a good team of horses to the door for Firemaker, just to pay him for this one particular initiation.

I have had a beaver bundle for many years. It is the biggest medicine bundle of all the ones among our people. There is a very long ceremony for its opening, and they used to sing several hundred songs during it. The men and the women all join together to sing these songs and to dance with the different parts of the bundle. We imitiate the bird and animal skins in them. We used to have a really happy time with this beaver ceremony, but now there is no one left who can lead it. I guess I have the last beaver bundle among the Bloods.

207 533 These things-that-sing [Blackfoot for radios and record players], I dislike them very much. When they are shut off I can still hear them going in my head. Sometimes when I'm in my room, praying, I feel like I'm trying to outdo those things. My daughter gets up and shuts it off and tells the kids around the house: "When your grandmother is praying you don't want to drown her words with your music." Then they listen, and I can hear myself.

562 575 My daughter that nearly died—the one I put up my first Sun Dance for—she was also a member of the Horns Society.

That is the Bloods' secret society for men, and she is one of 562
the few women that ever joined as a full member. Usually 575
women only join with their husbands, except those of us who
put up Sun Dances may not join at all. My husband was a
member without me, and he also made the pledge for our
daughter to join, when she was so sick. She took over the
membership bundle from Crop-Eared Wolf, our old head
chief. I made her a new beaded outfit of buckskin to wear
during the society's public dances. You couldn't even tell
that she was not a man. She was pretty slim, anyway.

Besides having a daughter join the Horns Society, my son 575
named Sacred Child joined it when he was only fourteen,
which is very young. We have also owned four different 778
painted lodges. They were all very old designs, handed down
from long ago. The Fish-Painted Lodge was given to one 342
of my grandchildren by my husband, before he died. He also
gave our Yellow-Painted Lodge to another grandchild. He
said: "I will give these to my grandchildren so they can be
put on small tipis and they can play in them," but he died
before this could be done.

THE STORY OF CATCHES-TWO-HORSES

Our Blackfoot relatives in Montana had a famous head 127
chief named White Calf, who died in Washington, D.C., while
on tribal business in 1903. He had eight wives and many children. One of these wives was Catches-Two-Horses, who was born around the mid-eighteen hundreds. In 1923 she gave the following story to Walter McClintock, from whose notes I quote her:

"I was seven years old when I became the wife of White 582
Calf. My older sister was already his wife. I remember my
age, because I had lived one year with my husband before

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582 I lost my first teeth. I have never cared for any other man, nor did I have a secret lover.

657 "My father was Black-Snake Man. He was head chief of the tribe many years ago. I remember when he first told our people they were going to get food from the government. At that time were were camped at the place where the Yellowstone River flows into the Missouri. Then many Indians were starving because the buffalo had disappeared.

796 "During my life I have given three Sun Dance ceremonies.
782 I gave my first Sun Dance because of a battle with the Assiniboines. I made a vow in order that Sun might keep some of my relatives from being injured in the fight. I gave my second to fulfill a vow by my son Cross Guns. He made it in battle when surrounded by enemies. Cross Guns escaped and came home. When I saw him I ran out to meet him. He kissed me and said: 'Mother, I have made a lot of trouble for you. In a fight with the Crows I was surrounded and thought I was going to be killed. I made a vow to Sun. I promised that if I came through alive you would make a Medicine Lodge. I know this means suffering for you—to starve yourself and become thin and weak.' But I was glad. Quickly I made my vow, and I kept praying day and night until I performed the ceremony.

778 "I was fourteen years old when I learned about the medi-
425 cine pipes. One day White Calf had visitors in our tipi. He ran short of tobacco and asked me to borrow some from his friend Four Bears, the famous medicine man. When I came to the lodge of Four Bears I found it very crowded inside. I wondered what was going on, but had no idea that it was a medicine pipe ceremony. I stood in the doorway and asked Four Bears for the tobacco. He said he had none. I started to go away, but Four Bears called me back. He left his seat at the back of the tipi and took some tobacco from a bundle hanging over the doorway. It was a medicine pipe bundle. He burned incense and held the tobacco over it, then he made

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a prayer. He said to me: 'Here is some tobacco. I give it to you along with the sacred bundle that hangs over the door. From it you can take tobacco whenever you want.' 778 425

"I felt proud of his having given such a fine present. I hurriedly took the tobacco to White Calf and gave him the message. He looked at me strangely (because taking the medicine pipe meant much expense and responsibility, but he was obligated to go ahead because of the way it had been presented to him) and said: 'Go back to Four Bears and tell him: White Calf made a vow in his youth, that if anyone ever offered him a medicine pipe he would take it.'

"I told Four Bears what White Calf had said, and he right away got a party of men and marched to our tipi with the bundle, singing, drumming, and rattling. Four of them put a robe around White Calf and carried him back to the tipi of Four Bears. There they had the transfer ceremony for the bundle.

"Shortly after this ceremony five Gros Ventres attacked our camp and took some horses. White Calf followed them with a band of our warriors and they killed all of them. He took their scalps and we had a Scalp Dance with them. That was a good sign for us." 721

LEGENDS OF THE SUN DANCE

I have never heard a detailed description of how the medicine lodge ceremony first got started among my ancestors. There is an ancient legend about a boy named Scarface, who is said to have brought back the directions for building the actual holy lodge from Sun. Scarface went on a mystical journey to Sun in order to find help in having an ugly scar removed from his face, so that the pretty girl he loved would marry him. Sun removed the scar, gave the boy some great power, and told him to build a copy of his own lodge, Sun's 773 796

773 lodge, among his people. Anthropologists say that my an-
796 cestors got the Sun Dance from tribes to the south, who origi-
nally got it from the Aztecs of Mexico.

[177] There are several legends that include accounts of the origins of various parts of the Sun Dance ceremony. After Scarface told the people about building the holy lodge, another young man was given instructions to have all the virtuous women assemble by this lodge and confess the times in their life when they were approached by men other than their husbands. They had to give the details of each encounter, but if they submitted to any of these approaches, then they were disqualified. Those who did qualify were instructed to help cut the one hundred buffalo tongues that became the tribal Sun Dance sacrament. Any of these women then became eligible to make the vow necessary for each year's medicine lodge ceremony.

HOW THE HOLY WOMAN'S HEADDRESS CAME TO BE

793 It is said that these early holy women wore only wreaths
292 of creeping juniper branches on their heads. At that time the
ceremony was still quite simple, but later on it became very
778 complex. A major addition to it came with the Natoas, or holy woman's headdress, for which many sacred songs are sung. This is how the origin story for that headdress has been handed down.

773 There was once a cow elk who left her husband and ran
539 away with another bull. Her husband wanted to have her
back, so he went around to different birds and animals and
292 asked them to help. The moose and the raven were the only
778 ones who were willing. Since they were in the thick forest by the mountains, the raven offered to go look first. He flew away and stayed gone for four days before he returned with the news. He said he had found the runaway couple and, with

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his own power, he had caused them to stay in the area where 773
they were.

The husband became afraid to challenge his rival, so he 539
asked the moose and raven how they could help. The moose 292
said: "With my heavy horns I have the power to strike very 778
hard." The husband was encouraged, so he said: "With my big horns I have the power to hook very hard." The raven just said: "Don't worry, the three of us can overpower him." So they started for the place where the couple had been found.

When they got close, the husband again became afraid of his rival. He said to the moose: "How is that raven going to help me if I get in trouble? He has only the wings that he flies with." At that the moose began to worry also. Soon the raven flew down and told them: "The ones we are after are just ahead, by a large cottonwood tree."

The elk walked toward his wife and rival, the moose followed close behind, and the raven flew overhead. All three were singing their power songs. With each step that the moose took, his feet went farther into the hard ground. This was proof of his strength. When the elk got up by his wife he hooked at the large cottonwood tree and knocked chips from it each time. Then the moose came up and rammed the tree with his horns and gouged it deeply. At that point the rival elk hooked the big tree and sent it crashing to the ground. Now the husband and his friend the moose were greatly frightened, and decided to make friends with the other elk. Only the raven wanted to continue with the challenge. But the moose told the husband: "This elk has too much power for us, so we had better go ahead and make friends with him. What can this raven do to help us, since he only has wings to fly with?" The husband replied: "Yes, you are right. I will present him with my robe and my headdress." To this the moose said: "I will give him my hooves." The raven shrugged with disappointment and added: "All right, then I will give him my tail feathers. If you had agreed with me to continue

773 the challenge, I was going to land on his head and use my
539 large beak to peck his eyes out. You two could have easily
292 won after I made him blind."

778 When the other two heard this they changed their minds and said: "Let us go ahead and challenge him, then," but the raven said it was too late, since they had already given in to their own cowardice. Meanwhile, the other elk was listening to their conversation, and he became scared of the raven. He decided to accept the gifts while he was ahead. So they gave him their gifts, the husband took back his wife, and the other elk went on his way.

It is a mystery how this first elk happened to have that headdress, but it was a Natoas like the holy women wear for the Sun Dance. It had a rawhide band which held large plumes and feathers to represent the elk's power of hooking with his horns. But since bulls already have horns, the headdress was made for a cow elk to wear, along with the robe that was also presented.

The elk that received the presents had no wife who could wear these things, so he decided to give them to the people who were camped nearby. He changed himself into a man and he brought the articles to the people. He taught them the ceremony for their use, and he told them that they must always put up a small cottonwood tree where they could imitate the challenge that he had gone through to get the presents. To this day that challenge is reenacted during each medicine lodge ceremony.

The man to whom this first Natoas was given was a great holy man who also had the first beaver bundle. He put the sacred headdress in with his bundle and let his wife wear it whenever the bundle's ceremony was held. He was also the leader of the medicine lodge ceremony, since he was such a wise man. His wife wore the Natoas for that ceremony as well. When the holy women who vowed the Sun Dance learned about the power of the beaver bundle man's wife's

headdress, they asked to borrow it for each Sun Dance ceremony 773
to wear on their own heads. So it came to be that this 539
ceremony was transferred to the Sun Dance women of long 292
ago, who replaced their simple juniper wreaths with this 778
powerful and sacred headdress.

In the old days there were sometimes four or more women 796
who vowed to build the Sun Dance for the same year, and all
of them went through the whole ceremony together. Since 778
each one had a Natoas bundle there were probably as many as ten or twelve of these at a time. Today I know of only one each, among three of our divisions, while the fourth division must borrow one whenever they wish to have a Sun Dance again. Unfortunately, I also know of a half dozen such sacred bundles that are in museums or in the hands of private collectors.

The sacred articles for each Natoas are protected inside of [415]
a sturdy rawhide cylinder, which has painted designs on the outside, and a row of fringe along one edge. Only two of the sacred articles are kept outside of this bag—a special "turnip-digging stick" and a bunch of moose hooves—and they are tied to the fringe. The rest of the articles are wrapped in cloth inside of the rawhide case. Typical contents include a badger-skin bag for the headdress; weasel, squirrel, and gopher skins for the ceremony; bags of sacred paint, and bags of fat for mixing the paint with; rawhide rattles, and a sheet of rawhide for beating the rattles on; a forked stick for bringing hot coals to the altar, and bags of incense for use on the altar; a special elkhide robe for the holy woman to wear during the Sun Dance; and a tripod to hold up the whole bundle when it hangs outside. Some of the small bags within the bundle also hold necklaces, feathers, and other articles that are used during the bundle's long ceremony.

There is a Natoas bundle opened up and on display in the 778
Museum of the Plains Indian, a government-owned institution located in Browning, Montana, on the reservation of our

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778 Blackfoot relatives. One year we traveled to that reservation with Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door, for a Sun Dance that she helped to transfer. She was shocked when we brought her to the museum and showed her the opened bundle. To her that bundle represented the sacred life to which she has been devoted, for the sake of her people. Her own Natoas is always kept hanging over her own bed, closed up and covered by a woolen shawl. She nearly cried when she said: "Do these museum people have no respect for anything?" She didn't know that the museum's curator was himself an Indian.

HOW THE MORNING STAR CONTRIBUTED TO THE NATOAS

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778 One of our people's ancient legends concerns a young woman who became married to the morning star. This woman stayed up in the heavens with Morning Star for a time, and when she came back down she brought along a sacred turnip and a special stick of the kind my grandmothers used for digging wild turnips out of the ground. She was instructed to put these articles with the holy woman's bundle, and they have been used in the Sun Dance ceremony ever since. Here is how it came about.

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778 One night two young sisters were lying down outside their lodge, looking up at the sky. One of them pointed to Morning Star (the North Star or Jupiter), and said: "I wish I could have that beautiful bright star for a husband."

A few days later these same two sisters were out gathering wood. One sister had trouble with her pack strap breaking, when she tried to carry her load of wood back home. The other sister finaly said: "I will go ahead with my load and you can follow me." The one who stayed behind was the one who had wanted to marry the star. As soon as her sister was gone, a handsome young man came out of the brush toward her. She got up to run away, but he stepped in her way and

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told her: "The other night you wished to marry a bright star 773 in the sky. I am that star, my name is Morning Star." He had an eagle plume tied in his hair, and he held another one which 539 he tied in the girl's hair. She fainted, and when she revived 778 she found herself in a strange place, far from home.

Morning Star introduced his new wife to his parents, who were Sun and Moon. They welcomed her, and the old woman, Moon, gave her a digging stick and said: "You can go out for walks and dig turnips at the same time. There will be no one to bother you, so you can do what you wish, except for one thing: Do not dig up that great big turnip growing far out from here. That is a special, sacred turnip that must not be pulled up."

The girl did as she was told, everyone treated her very kindly, and she was happy in her new home. She had forgotten all about her people and the place where she came from. She even had a child with her husband, Morning Star. Sometime later she was sitting outside, and she began to think about the large sacred turnip. Since no one ever went near it, she thought they would never know if she just dug it up to look at, then put it back in its place. She had never seen a turnip anywhere near that size. So, while her baby was crawling around and playing, she went over and worked on the turnip with her digging stick, until she was finally able to pry it loose. However, she didn't have enough strength to lift the turnip out of its hole, and her digging stick was wedged in so hard that she couldn't pull it out, either. She sat down, worried, and wondered what to do.

While she was sitting, two large white cranes flew down to her. They were sacred cranes, and they had come to help her. The one crane said: "I have spent all my life with my husband and have never been with another. For that reason I have the power to help you." This crane then made incense and taught the young woman some songs and a ceremony, during which she removed the root digger as well as the large

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773 turnip. The young woman looked down the hole where the
539 turnip had been, and she could see the camp of her people,
far below. Suddenly she became lonesome for her relatives
● 778 and she longed to go back down to them. The crane told her: "Your husband will allow you to go back home. Take along this digging stick and use it during the Sun Dance, which you will be allowed to sponsor when you get back among your people."

When she got back to her husband he knew right away what had taken place. He said: "I do not want to give you up, but I will let you return to your family because I know that from now on you will be lonesome. Take our son with you, and he may become a leader among your people. But you must not allow him to touch the ground for seven days after you have returned, or he will turn into a puffball and come back up here to live as a star." Then he tied the eagle plume back on his wife's head, and she was mysteriously brought back to earth with her baby.

The young woman's parents were happy to have her back alive, since they had assumed she was either dead or captured by some enemy. They were amazed when they heard her story, and they marveled at their new grandchild. The girl told them that the baby was not to touch the ground for seven days. She told her father to paint a sign on his tipi, as Morning Star had instructed, to remind them all of this taboo. The father painted a large cross at the top of his lodge, in back, and ever since then the painted lodges of our people have had a sign there for the Morning Star.

Six days went by without mishap, but on the seventh day the young mother left her baby behind, while she went out to get wood. The grandmother forgot about the taboo and let the baby crawl on the tipi floor. When the mother came back she didn't see him, so her mother said: "The last time I saw him he was playing under that buffalo robe." His mother quickly pulled back the robe, but all she found was an ordi-

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nary puffball, like those that grow all over the prairie. That 773
night she looked up and saw a new bright star in the sky.

After some time passed, this same woman made a vow to 539
put up a Sun Dance. Along with the other articles used by 778
the holy woman, she carried her sacred digging stick and a
fresh tall leaf of the wild turnip. She taught the others the
ceremony that went with them, and these things have been
carried on to this day. In addition, she painted round circles [532]
all the way around the bottom of her father's lodge, in mem-
ory of her little child. Most painted lodges now have these
circles, and that is why they are called puffballs, or fallen stars
from the sky.

A GRANDMOTHER WHO HAD THE POWER TO CALL GHOSTS

When my father was young he spent a lot of time with his 551
mother's brother, Willie Eagle Plume. This same man spent a lot of time with my husband and me in the last years before he passed away. His mother was named SikskiAki, which is the name that I am known by in the Blackfoot language. He gave my husband the name Natosina, or Sun Chief, which had once belonged to his father. Shortly before his passing he gave our youngest son his own name, Atsitsina, or Prairie Owl Man, to complete a trio of names that had been around him since childhood.

Willie Eagle Plume's father was also known as Eagle Plume. He was born around 1850 to a woman whose name, Otsani, can no longer be translated. She was one of several wives of a chief named Not-Scared-of-Gros-Ventre-Indians. Some early trader misunderstood her name, Otsani, and thought it was Old Charlie, which became her nickname for the rest of her life.

Otsani lived to a very old age, spending her final years in 791

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532 design on another cover, and right now I could transfer the design to somebody else if I was asked to.

852 I was also initiated to join with a medicine pipe bundle when I was very small. Each of those bundles has a man and a wife for an owner, and a child goes with them to wear the special topknot wrapping and fur headband that is kept with the bundle. That is what they transferred to me, and I sat right up in front with the main people, each time the bundle's opening ceremony was held. I have been around medicine pipe bundles all of my life, and I know all their songs and ceremonies.

551 Mokakin and I got married in 1921. His name means Pemmican, although today he is also known by his uncle's name,
● 778 Eagle Ribs. We were still very young when we made a pledge to take that bundle called Backside-to-the-Fire Medicine Pipe. We treated it very well. I was very scared to do something wrong to it, there are so many rules and regulations to follow.
[796] The ones who initiated us for it were the real old-time people, so we were initiated in the old-time way. The ceremony took a couple of days. They even initiated us for going to sleep at night and getting up in the morning.

778 We lived very good by that medicine pipe bundle. I used to take it outside every morning, before the sun came up, as was
782 the custom. I always had to start a fire in the stove so that I could make incense before I took the bundle out. I watched it during the day so that nothing would happen to it while it hung outside. That is what those tripods with each bundle are for, to hang it from. But when the people started living in houses they just put up a big nail at the back, where the bundle can hang in the daytime. Then I made incense again before the sun went away, and I would bring the bundle back inside. I made incense once more before we lay down to sleep. That is when we really learned to pray. That is one reason why you have to make incense often for your bundles, so you will learn

to pray. Since then I have been praying steadily, and up to 778
this day I am still praying.

Sometime after we got this medicine pipe bundle for the 782
first time we were transferred a large tipi with a painted design. 342
It came from the Blackfoot division. It was the Yellow- 532
Otter-Painted Lodge. Later we also got the Half-Red-Painted 778
Lodge and the Yellow-Painted Lodge. Along with the painted
lodge I got as a child, I have owned four sacred lodges in my
lifetime. Each of them has its own powers and its own story,
and I can call on them in my prayers and get help that way.
That is our religious belief.

Mokakin and I have also joined the Horns Society several 575
times. First, we had that membership bundle called Has-a-
Rattle, which is one of the leading ones. These membership 778
bundles come from long ago. We went around with this bundle
for several years, and I treated it good, too, just like our
pipe. Then we gave up our medicine pipe to another family
that made a pledge for it, just like we did. Each time it was [425]
transferred, the new owners gave up their best horses, wagons,
sometimes cattle, blankets, money, and other valued property.
That was to show how sincere they are in taking over such a
sacred responsibility. In the past only the leading chiefs and [554]
their families took care of the medicine pipe bundles. My
father's father was a leading chief in the old days, and he became
one of the main medicine pipe men in the tribe.

Backside-to-the-Fire Medicine Pipe changed families several 778
times, then we made a vow to take it back again. The
first time we got it from Black Forehead and his wife, and this 425
second time we got it from Day Rider and his wife. After
some time we passed it on to Fred Weasel Fat and his wife.
This second time when we got the pipe there were not so many
old-timers left for the ceremony, so it was shorter than the
first.

In our old age we took Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe once

778 more, though we didn't have it long before our son, Frank,
425 asked for it. We transferred it to him and his wife, but I stayed
with them as the one to take care of the tripod, which is a
801 sacred duty. Counting this last duty, I actually belonged with
that medicine pipe four times, which is a sacred number in
our customs. It is based on the four worldly directions and
the number of seasons in a year.

778 Not long after our son had this pipe it was transferred to
our grandson, Frederick Weasel Head, and just lately it was
transferred to another of our sons, Moses. While some other
medicine pipes of the Bloods have been sold to museums, this
778 one is still around. When people are sick or they are in need
of help they can call on it for strength and they can pledge to
755 dance with it, the next time it is opened. They have to make
[425] payments of property to do that, and if they are able to make a
lot of payments then they can just have the bundle transferred
to them, so they can look after it for a time.

575 In the past there were several men's societies with different
178 names, but together they were called the All-Friends Society.
The only ones still going, of these, are the Horns and the
Brave Dogs. These societies used to be the policemen of the
tribe. They enforced the tribal laws and the chiefs' orders. The
Brave Dogs have just recently been revived, and the Horns
almost died out a few years ago. A younger group came along
to take the memberships over, just in time. Now that younger
group depends on my husband, Mokakin, to teach them what
to do. He is now their grandfather.

575 The Horns are the secret society for the men, and the Motokiks
are the secret society for women. I belonged to this
[778] society for many years. I had one of the leading memberships,
[292] to which belonged a bundle with what we call a snake headdress,
which I only took out and wore for certain sacred
ceremonies. In recent years a younger group of women has
taken over this society. Like Mokakin with the Horns, I serve

575 as the adviser to these newer members. I am their grand-
mother. This is how Mokakin and I have been rewarded for
our faith in the holy ways of our people. I have taken part in
all these ancient ceremonies so often that I would be able to
lead them all, if our customs didn't require men to be the
ceremonial leaders.

PAULA WEASEL HEAD'S COMMENTS ON LIFE

829 We old people of the Bloods are very disturbed about the
behavior of the young people. There is very little respect left
853 today. A lot of us think the reason for this is that a lot of
829 young people were bottle-fed. The milk they were raised on
came from cows, so the young people of today have taken on
the nature of cows. You know that cows only think of them-
selves, even though they like to run in bunches. Many of the
young people are just the same.

829 Yes, I think there is still hope for them to change, in the
future. . . . If they will listen to good leaders, and learn to
have respect for all things, not just those that are theirs, and
781 if they will pray. Praying is what has brought us old people
through life. We've all gone through hard times. We've all
done our share of bad things. But through our prayers and
faith in the Creator we get together again and we try hard to
live right.

A few years ago Mokakin and I celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. Even the government leaders sent us cards. We have had a long life together—good times and bad times. We have grown wise from the experiences we've gone through.

796 Our sacred transfers are the things that kept us the strong-
est in life. We believed in our religion, just like our old people
425 handed it down to us. For every important thing they did in
778 life there was a transfer—an initiation. Somebody that has

796 already gone through that transfer and knows all about it, he
will initiate a newcomer. It might be for a medicine pipe bundle,
425 or it might be for a society bundle. These are things that
778 we live by—the ceremonies and the meanings of these initiations teach us about life, so we try to learn them. It is just the
829 same for a white man to study in school and learn a life. You make a living from it. Only they didn't work for money in the old days. They just worked for buffalo and enemy horses and nice belongings.

796 In our Indian life, Mokakin and I didn't just go ahead and
do whatever we wanted. We took over these different medicine
778 bundles, and each one has its own initiations. For instance,
[294] to make the holy moccasins worn for some ceremonies there is an initiation. There is another one for those moccasins
281 to be mended. Then there is one for making the buckskin
bags we keep sacred paint in. They make incense and they
796 guide your hand to make all the first motions, for cutting, for
778 sewing, and for finishing up. And all the while everyone is
796 praying. Each time we get initiated like this, we get our face
painted. That means you're given another thing to live by, and
302 these things add up.

But today most of the people don't care much about these
829 ways as they were given down to us. They want to do them just to suit themselves. Just to go with their own ideas about being Indians. They will make up holy things or say that they know about a ceremony, when they never had their faces painted for these things. They are making up their own ways and using the things handed down from the Creator. I am waching this going on around me and I think it is bad. And I am not shy to speak up and say what I think. I am an old woman, and I have been initiated and given the rights to many, many things in life. All the older Bloods know this. When I speak my mind some people may think that I am being bossy. But everyone knows that it is our tradition to

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TWO LITTLE SISTERS

by Paula Weasel Head's Sister,
Annie Red Crow

593 My father took my sister as his Minipoka, or favorite. I
858 don't know why he picked her, but in those days it was a
custom to do that. She got special treatment in whatever she
did, and my father took her along to ceremonies and dances
while I stayed home and played.

593 Not that our father treated me badly because of it. Sometimes
he tried to get me initiated for some sacred thing at the
same time as my sister, but I always ran away. I always preferred
to play with my friends. I wasn't mistreated at all, but
I sure was jealous because my sister was treated special. I used
to do things to aggravate her. I would make certain faces at
her, when no one was looking, and call her. "Ponah! Ponah!"
I would say, quietly, and when she looked and saw my faces
551 she would get real mad. Her real name is Different-People
Woman, but they named her Paula, like they named me
Annie. Paula Iron and Annie Iron, we were called in school.
The old people couldn't pronounce Paula, so they called her
Ponah, and that name has stuck with her.

857 Right from the time we were young my sister knew a lot
524 about Indian ways. We would make dolls out of cloth and
buckskin, and we would put real hair on them. She knew how
to make them real good. She had a little painted tipi, and it
was even transferred to her with a ceremony. After that she
started pouting around our parents because she didn't have a
medicine pipe bundle for her tipi. Our parents had several of
them, at different times. So they made her a little medicine
pipe bundle to hang up in her tipi. She took care of it just like
our mother took care of our real ones—that's how she learned
to care for medicine bundles so good. This small one she had
852 wasn't transferred to her, it was just for imitation. But there
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852 778 were a couple of small ones that were transferred to the children of well-off people. One of them is among the Bloods yet. It is known as the children's medicine pipe. When my husband, Frank, was still living we had this bundle transferred to one of our favorite granddaughters.

593 Whatever my sister wanted, she would only have to go to our father and act good and he would get it for her. If acting good didn't work, she would pout until he gave in. If I did that he got mad and chased me away. Our family was well 524 off in horses and property. He used to make her small play horses and put real horsehair on them. She had small travois to fit some of them. One of them had four little doll children with their heads sticking out of the travois pack, just like in real. She even had small bundles imitating the Horns Society and the Motokiks. That's why she joined in all these things while she was still young. I just joined the Motokiks lately, in my old age.

593 302 I remember one day, when we were young, that I sure made things miserable for my father and sister. Every morning he would paint our faces, so we would have good luck for the day. He would pray while painting us in front of the family altar. The old people used to do that all the time. My sister always insisted on being the first one to get painted, and my father always let her have her way. He would call her to get painted, and I would run away and hide. I didn't care about having my face painted.

Now, on this particular morning Ponah was sleeping late. I told my father: "Hurry up and paint me, because I am going out to ride my horse." He answered: "Wait, your sister is still sleeping." But I kept hurrying him, and finally I said: "I'm not going to have my face painted today if you don't do it right now." He must have been thinking how Ponah would act if he painted me first. But finally he agreed to paint my face, so that I could go out and leave him alone.

As soon as I got my face painted I ran outside, but I forgot

796 The nuns had a hard time in school to keep us from talking
Blackfoot to each other. So they told us that if we spoke only
872 English for one week they would bring us to the Sun Dance.
876 Oh, my, you should have heard us for the next week—nothing
but English wherever we went. We made it for the whole time.

796 The day came for us to go to the Sun Dance and we started walking. Some ways out from the camps there was a coulee, and just before we crossed the coulee the nuns told us to sit down. That is where they brought us to the Sun Dance. We hardly even recognize anybody, let alone visit with them. Here we had thought they would take us right into the camp.

796 In those days the Sun Dance lasted a long time—a month
or more—because they had a lot of societies still active, and
575 a lot of ceremonies to go through. The societies would take
535 turns dancing on different days. There were the Pigeons,
Crazy Dogs, Braves, Crow Carriers, and the Horns. The Horns took four days for their dances, and so did the Motokiks, which was made up of women. Then at the end of that they would have a day or two of the Parted Hairs Society—powwow dancing that everybody took part in.

796 In those days there was a lot of activity with medicine
pipes, too. As many as four might be transferred during the
778 time of the Sun Dance. Some of the owners opened their medicine pipe bundles to have a dance and give tobacco out. Sometimes an owner will want to give up his medicine pipe bundle, and no one makes a vow to take it. The owner will gather some old medicine pipe men and they will open the bundle during the night. Early the next morning they will go to the tipi of one who has a lot of property. He can afford the expensive transfer ceremony. Maybe he has a special horse that the owner of the bundle wants. He will be sleeping when the group arrives. They will be carrying the medicine pipe and other parts of the bundle. The first thing he will know is when the leader of the group gives the war cry, and the rest join in.

796 Sometimes he will be sleeping without his clothes on, and he
● 778 will be surprised. We say, "He was awakened with a medicine
pipe."

They had other ceremonies at the Sun Dance in those days,
too. There were two or three beaver bundles, and sometimes
778 they were opened or transferred. My father had one of these,
793 once. His father was named Khi-soum—Sun—and he was the
main beaver man among the Bloods. He and his wives knew
all about the birds and animals that were in the bundle. There
must have been hundreds of them, all skinned and tanned.
Some had glass beads sewn in for eyes. Some had hair stuffed
in their bodies to look real. Us kids were painted and blessed
for some of these things. My grandfather Khi-soum was a real
beaver man, just like a bishop. He knew all the many songs
for the bundle, and he knew the legends and ceremonies.
793 Beaver men knew the weather and how the seasons change.
821 They kept count of the days and passing moons with sticks
805 from their bundles. They were in charge of the Sun Dance, and
796 of the Holy Smoke Ceremonies that we still have during nights
in winters. They even had medicine pipes in their bundles.
778 They were called beaver pipes, or water pipes, because that's
where they were first given to the people.

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The Beaver Bundle Dance was last done by the Bloods when this picture was taken in 1967. The women are bouncing on their knees and imitating beavers, while four men sing and pound rawhide rattles in the background. The woman second from left is my aunt's mother, Mrs. White-Man-Left, who once had a beaver bundle with her husband. Right across from her is the holy woman, Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door, who had the last beaver bundle among the Bloods. This ceremony was a drama of my ancestors' life in harmony with nature, during which they sang about, prayed to, and imitated all the main birds and animals that they knew. Each of these was represented by a stuffed skin kept in the large medicine bundle, which a man and his wife spent a lifetime learning to take care of. Today most of the ceremony and knowledge is lost. (PHOTO: PROVINCIAL MUSEUM OF ALBERTA)

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123 get to visit with all my different grandmothers—my actual relatives as well as those elders with whom I have become close friends. The Sun Dance encampment makes them feel really close to their old manner of living, so this is the best time for me to learn my grandmothers' ways. I try to prepare everything for my own household as well as I can before the Sun Dance, so that I will have lots of time to spend in helping and learning with my grandmothers. They are always glad to have someone come by and do little chores for them, and this is the best way to learn how to do traditional chores right.

186 I admire the dedication that my grandmothers show for their traditional ways. It makes me realize how really hard it is to overcome the way we younger people have been raised. Nowadays we have the freedom to keep on with the modern ways, or to live by our traditional ways, if we want to. Until recently, our younger generations were not given this choice to make. But still it is hard to decide which values to use in making decisions about the ways of life we want to follow. And all the time our elders are passing away and taking their traditional knowledge with them.

Many of our young people have a very confused idea of what it is to really be an Indian. Even though they are free to learn about their traditions—in school they are even encouraged and taught to do so—many of them just don't seem to want anything to do with our old ways. All the many generations of government and missionary propaganda against our old ways cannot be overcome in a few short years.

778 869 For instance, many young people have no knowledge about our tribal medicine bundles except to fear them. They don't understand that these bundles are sacred symbols through which our people are meant to be helped and educated. Even the children of people who are keepers of such bundles often know nothing about them, except that they are supposed to keep away. I cannot say that the parents are of any help, either, in cases like this. Perhaps because many parents are

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778 just starting to learn our old ways, too, they don't know
869 enough to teach their children yet. Our young people need a
lot of encouragement and guidance to learn about these things
and to try some of them.

123 I recall that when I first started asking my grandmothers
about their old ways they sometimes discouraged me and
177 made me feel silly for having such interests. When I first
started wearing long skirts and dresses even my own grand-
186 mother told me that I should stop. "You look like an old
123 lady," she told me. Even though their belief in these traditions
was very strong, they had been made to feel that there was no
future in this world for their children and grandchildren if
they didn't put these old ways aside.

But once my grandmothers saw that I was sincere in wanting to learn their old ways they were very encouraging. They didn't think any of us younger girls cared about cutting up meat properly to dry, or about putting soles on moccasins so that they wear well. I think it pleased them to know that they had something very special to offer us young people, even if it took a while for them to believe that times had changed enough to make us young people want to learn.

114 I think history about Indians has often neglected the women. We get the impression that women just did their daily work and drudgery and had nothing to look forward to or talk about. When I was young I used to think that the old-time Indian women were sold and treated like slaves, because that's what the books said. I have found out that among some tribes the women were not too well treated, but among others they were equal to the men and among some they even served as chiefs and leaders.

462 Actually, when you judge the traditional lives of my grandmothers by modern values you could, indeed, say that they had hard lives and were much mistreated. The modern woman would rebel against carrying loads of firewood home in the middle of a cold winter while her husband sat inside the house

252 lot of women by that time did. Now and then she served
canned fruit or tomatoes, but it was always a special treat.
Sometimes she also had rice, beans, or macaroni. But mostly
she cooked in the old Indian way, at which she was a real
expert.

The tipi would get very warm from her cooking fire, especially
during those hot summer days when there was no wind.
But it wasn't so hot down near the ground, where she sat.
353 That was the work area, and behind her was the visiting and
sleeping area. She didn't have wall-to-wall carpets, like many
352 tipis do nowadays. You can't do that when you have an open
fire. She just had some calf skins and cowhides around the
beds, especially at the head of their own bed. These were
778 tanned with the hair on. They had their holy bags hanging
from the tripods at the head of their bed. No one asked them
352 what was inside these, and no one was allowed to touch them
[575 or get in front of them. My grandfather was the leader of the
Horns Society and my grandmother was a Motoki in the
women's society. They had a holy bundle for each society,
along with their other bags of doctoring herbs and other medicines.
Then their trunk was at the head of the bed, also, and
that was where they kept their other holy articles. Since my
grandfather was an Indian doctor he kept his medicines close
by.

The old man also kept his smoking stuff by the medicine
276 bags at the head of his bed. He usually had a couple of pipes,
with black stone bowls, and some other things that rested on
his tobacco board—a big, square board which was used for
cutting and mixing the herbs and tobacco that he used for a
smoking mix when his guests came. The board was decorated
with brass tacks.

353 Between their bed and the fire, in the center, was their
778 altar, where they had cleared off the grass and scraped the
earth in a certain shape. That's where they made incense
every time they were going to pray or take out their medicine

353 bundles, in the morning, or when they brought the bundles
778 back inside, before dark. On nice days the bundles were hung
from wooden tripods, out behind the tipi. They kept a special
forked stick beside this altar, and they used it to pick the glow-
788 ing coals out of the fire for making their incense on. They used
824 sweetgrass for incense, and they always had several green
braids of it on hand. Medicine pipe people use sweet pine for
incense instead. Sometimes my grandfather made incense with
sweet pine, because he was a leader of medicine pipe cere-
monies. Generally it was my grandmother who made the in-
cense in their tipi.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S COOKING

252 My grandmother did all her cooking over open fires. On
very hot days she liked to make her fires right outside the tipi
and cook over them. Usually she cooked inside her tipi. She
had a piece of chain hanging down from the big wooden tri-
pod that stood over the fire. There was a hook on the end of
[415] the chain and that's where she hung her cast-iron kettles. She
had several kettles, including those from the Hudson's Bay
Company, that held about a gallon and a half of water, or
maybe two gallons. They were the first kind of kettles that
Blood women got, way back a hundred years or more. She
hung the kettle of water right over the open fire.

The first thing she made was tea. While the water was getting ready to boil she would get her flour ready to make bannock bread, which was a main item on her menus. She would knead up a nice batch of dough, enough for about three pieces of bread. By then the water was boiling. She took it off the fire and she made her tea. Then she put potatoes and dried meat into the rest of the water and hung it back up over the fire. Every once in a while she would put on more wood to keep the fire going good.

When she was ready to start making the bannock she would

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Learning to Camp Like My Grandmothers

178 THE WAY MY PEOPLE camp at the annual Sun Dance gather-
ing sure has changed since the time my mother was a young
[252] girl staying with her grandparents. For instance, I don't know
of anyone who still uses an open fire to cook all the meals on.
[493] And no one moves to the campgrounds with horses and wagons
anymore: everyone brings their gear by truck, and a few even
[342] bring along travel trailers to stay in. There are lots of bright,
[354] orange-and-yellow camping tents, and many people use pro-
pane stoves.

When my husband and I first started camping at the Sun
342 Dance we wanted to do it in a very traditional way. My
532 mother helped me to sew a new tipi, and my grandmother
● 778 told us to paint it in one of the two designs that she and my
grandfather owned, many years ago. These tipi designs among
the Blackfoot are very ancient; they get handed down from
one family to the next. The tipi itself may wear out and be
changed many times, but the design always looks the same.
[533] It goes together with special songs, stories, and face paint-
[538] ings, and a family has to be initiated before they have the
[302] right to use these things. There is even supposed to be a medi-
cine bundle to go along with each tipi design, but most of

these have been lost over the ages. There are still several dozen 532
tipi designs in use among the Blackfoot Nation. They are all 778
considered sacred.

Modern tipi users are very concerned about the measurements of their tipis. Whenever such people see our tipi, at 342
home or in camp, they always ask: "Is this an eighteen-foot lodge, or a twenty-footer?" It surprises them that Indian people don't rate their tipis this way. They might say: "This is a four-strip tipi, or a five-strip," referring to the number of canvas strips that went into making the cover. Most often Indian people just describe their lodges as being small, large, or real large.

Our first tipi was not real large. It had only four and a half strips of four-foot-wide canvas, one above the other, counting up the back of the tipi as it stood. There were only three of us to live in it at that time. My mother and I made it in about two days' time, and we used about one hundred dollars' worth of material. The work went quickly because my mother has made quite a number of tipis, and she uses her treadle sewing machine to do most of the sewing. People even come from other tribes asking her to sew tipis for them. She feels so honored and eager to please that she hardly charges anything for her work. This probably adds to her orders.

My mother uses another tipi for a pattern, when she starts to cut out the pieces for a new one. She prefers to use one that has been put up several times and has proven itself to be well shaped. Slight variations in measuring and sewing can make a big difference when you try to set the tipi up properly. Some tipis end up setting real well, and some do not.

We did all the measuring outdoors, on the open prairie by my mother's house. I still recall the day quite well, because it was typically windy and we had a hard time to keep the big pieces of canvas from flying around. We numbered the strips of canvas, then took them inside the house to sew.

faced by us of the younger generations in trying to follow 829
our traditional ways. We are used to having many comforts
and know little about living with basics. In addition, the young
people of the past grew up with these ways and didn't have
to go about experimenting and making mistakes. These mistakes
may be at the expense of safety and comfort for the
whole family nowadays, which is why I think many Indians
prefer modern ways over the traditional ones.

You can still see elaborate traditional tipi furnishings at 352
such encampments as the Calgary Stampede, where prize
money is awarded to the finest examples. But you seldom see
such tipis being used by Indian families at Sun Dance or pow-wow
encampments. For one thing, collectors of such old-style [435]
Indian articles have forced their value up so that many Indians
cannot afford to buy them, or to keep them if they can
make them at home. Such important traditional furnishings as
buffalo robes and brass kettles are very hard to find, at any
cost. Often the only tipis with open fires are those in which [354]
medicine bundles are kept. Even in these the cooking is usually
done on a stove or in a nearby tent, with the fire saved mainly
for making the required incense. Bedsteads and cots usually
take the place of the old-time couches, so that there is no
need or room for the tripods and backrests of the past. The 353
old-time, central fireplace always guided traffic inside the tipi
around in a circle—a part of the sacred circle that many
people associate with this kind of life. Modern tipis don't
have a special center, or a traffic direction, which can be very
disorienting and uncomfortable for those used to the old ways,
even while this is more efficient for many people today.

Old people who are no longer able to put up their own 574
tipis like to be invited to visit in the tipis of others, especially
those that are set up in the traditional way. Because we have [778]
a medicine pipe bundle in our household, our tipi is always
required to have the basic traditional items such as central [353]
fireplace, altar, and backrests. My grandmothers like to come [123]

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The Dances of My Grandmothers

535 IN THE LONG-AGO DAYS there were basically just two kinds of
public dances. One was the War Dance, done by warriors
535 ready to leave on the war trail. They danced to get up their
726 courage and enthusiasm. The women stood around them and
gave support by singing and giving war yells, but they did not
535 actually dance. The other dance was held when the warriors
727 returned, if they brought along scalps and suffered no losses
to their party. This Scalp Dance was done mostly by women
—the wives, mothers, and sisters of those who had gotten the
scalps, as well as those who had been mourning for a relative
lost to the enemy. These women held the fresh scalps aloft on
the ends of sticks while they let themselves go in a dance of
victory, which included much shouting and pantomime. After
the dances the scalps were usually thrown away.

535 Besides the two public dances the people of the past also
796 had many ceremonial dances. Participation was generally limited to initiated members. One of these was the Medicine Pipe
535 Dance, which was performed at least once each year for every
796 medicine pipe bundle. The men took turns dancing with vari-
778 ous articles from within the bundles. The women generally
stood in the background and danced in one place, bouncing

at the knees and occasionally shouting, to help and inspire the 535
dancing men. One medicine pipe bundle has had the unusual 796
custom that women are allowed to dance with its contents as
well as the men—one taking turns with the other. This is the 778
Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe which has belonged to Paula Weasel [562]
Head and is discussed elsewhere.

Another tradition common to all medicine pipe bundles 562
also allows women to dance. This happens if a woman is near 778
death and she or a relative calls on the powers of a certain 755
sacred pipe to rescue her. If she survives, then she is allowed 535
to dance with the sacred pipe, or another part of its bundle. However, her dance is very subdued and serious, compared to the general medicine pipe dancing done by the men. It is considered a very special blessing, for which the woman and her relatives are expected to make generous gifts of blankets and other goods to the bundle's keepers. This custom is still followed today. For many women it has been their only opportunity to be so close to one of the sacred tribal articles.

The beaver bundles of my ancestors had ceremonies even 778
more involved than those of the medicine pipes. These bun- 796
dles contained the preserved skins of nearly every kind of bird 535
and animal that lived in the country of our tribe. Each of these [237]
skins had one or more songs that was sung during parts of the ceremony. At the same time participants danced with the skins and imitated the bird or animal with symbolic movements. Some of these dances were done by the men, some by the women, and several involved both. One of the concluding dances symbolized the mating of buffalo. Two at a time, the men and women dancers paired off and did their best to imitate the actions of wild buffalo, much to the delight of the rest of the crowd watching.

Another ceremonial dance in which women imitate the 575
actions of buffalo is done by the ancient society for women, 796
the Motokiks. I have heard that this society was once active 535
among all the divisions of the Blackfoot Nation, but today it 562
functions only among the Blood. [184]

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575 functions only among the Bloods. Every year, during the Sun
796 Dance encampment, the members of the group put up a spe-
535 cial lodge inside the camp circle. For four days they have their
562 meetings and religious ceremonies, most of which are private.
[533] Men take part during only certain of these ceremonies, especially the public dances, when four men with rattles sing the
778 dance songs. The members[A] wear ancient headdresses that they
[575] keep inside their medicine bundles throughout most of the
year. These, and the Natoas used in the Sun Dance, are the
[292] only medicine bundles belonging specifically to women, and
they are very highly regarded by all the tribe.

535 When the days of war parties and scalp-taking ended, in the later eighteen hundreds, the old Scalp Dance evolved into a social dance known as the Circle Dance, or the Long-Tail Dance. It was a slow dance in which the people joined hands and arms and moved sideways in large circles. Men, women, and children all took part, but from looking at old photos it seems that the dancers were most often rows of women. This dance is still performed, though at a slightly quicker pace, under the current name of Round Dance. It is the native version of a "slow dance," and is often requested when the fast dancers are about worn out.

Another popular dance for both men and women is called the Owl Dance. It has a lively hard-soft drumbeat to which the people generally dance in couples, following each other in a circling or waving line around the dance floor. Some fancy-dressed men follow this dance alone, while others fol-
[834] low with a woman in each arm. Even the elders seem to enjoy this dance a lot, although when they were young tribal customs frowned on the public display of intimacy necessary to
[177] do it properly. Like most of the new Indian-style dances done by the Bloods, this one was introduced from other tribes.

535 Dances have always been important in the courting life of
584 my grandmothers. They were among the few occasions in the past when young men and young women were allowed to be

A [i.e., of the women's society, Motokiks--Analyst] in each other's company—even if the young women were generally well chaperoned. Everyone put on his or her finest clothing in an effort to look pleasing. Those who already had eyes for each other worked hard to send signals and messages, although direct communication was usually forbidden until after marriage. My grandfather, Willie Eagle Plume, told us this story about public dancing in his younger days, around 1920: 535 584

"The ladies would sit to one side, at a dance, and the men would sit on the other side. Before a lady went to a dance she would think about her boy friend. She would think: 'I will wear my best so that he will notice me.' A single man would think the same way. The women would sit and watch, and the drummers would start off with a good song. The men, they would dance the best way they could, to impress their girl friends. They were just like them new dancers—they moved their hips just like them white dancers that look like they are dancing by themselves. The men would dance as best as they could, all the while looking at their girl friends. They did it very good: some knew how to take good sneaking glances at the girls.

"Men who liked to show off would paint their faces, and the women would just watch. Those who showed off would dance very slowly so everyone would get a good look at them. They would put on their best faces. By the end of the dance their eyes would be in the side of their head, because that is the way they were looking at their girl friends all night. The women would do the same way when they got up and did their Circle Dances." [302]

An interesting aspect of the Circle Dances was that the women were allowed to wear their husband's special headdresses—those with eagle tailfeathers, that stand straight up, and those with weasel skins and horns. These were sacred headdresses for which the husbands had been initiated. At the time of transfer they would have their wives painted and 535 292 535 292 778

535 blessed as well so they would have the rights to wear them.
292 This custom was carried over from the old Scalp Dances, when
778 the women wore their men's war clothes and carried their
weapons while dancing with the scalps.

There were even special headdresses, of the men's style, that were transferred only among women, to be used during the Circle Dances. I have heard that there were four of these among the Bloods, but they were probably all buried with their last owners.

535 This discussion of dancing would not be complete without
some comments on the dances today, since these are among
the main cultural events still attended by a large number of
my people. When you watch today's Indian dancers and
dances you can readily see how their roots came from the
[178] ancient dances I have just described. Like everything else in
life, however, many changes have taken place over the recent
[562] generations and times. Women take part in practically all the
dances. A few girls have been seen dressed in men's fancy
535 clothing, including breechcloths and headdresses, and per-
292 forming modern versions of the old-time War Dance. Others
have come out on the dance floor with buckskin miniskirts
and similar modern fashions. Even those wearing street-
clothes of pants and blouses are permitted, as long as they
have the mandatory shawl over their shoulders.

One of the pleasures of watching women at these current dances is that some come out wearing fine traditional clothing that is seldom seen otherwise. A number of women at Blood dances wear beautiful buckskin and trade-cloth dresses inherited from grandmothers who made them back in the old days. Others wear new dresses copied after these old-time ones. In recent years there has been a revival of traditional clothing styles, among both women and men dancers. Before that, the men often experimented with new styles inspired by other tribes and even other nations, while the women remained pretty much with their own tribal styles.

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539 wife, and some of the holy men stayed up and continued to sing the Iniskim songs. A breeze started to blow, rustling the covers of the tipis. Before long the breeze turned into a wind, and the tipi covers flapped loudly against their poles. The wind continued to get stronger, and suddenly the people were all awakened by the cracking sounds of a big cottonwood tree as it was blown down. The unfastened tipis of those who disbelieved the woman were also blown down and their contents hurled away. While the people prayed for safety, they heard loud hoofbeats and heavy breathing in the darkened camp. It was the lone bull wandering through the camp. No one dared to harm him.

In the morning the storm stopped and there was a large herd of buffalo grazing beside the camp. The people were able to bring down as many as they needed, for the animals just wandered around without alarm. The people cried with happiness for having real food again. They were anxious to replace their worn-out bedding and robes, and to fix the holes in their tipis and moccasins. Everyone paid their respects to the young wife, who now occupied the place next to her husband at the head of the tipi. Everyone brought a tiny offering of buffalo meat or fat and placed it before the sacred Iniskim, which was sitting on a little pile of fur inside of the cleared-earth altar at the back of the tipi.

778 Ever since then my people have had the power of the Iniskims. Every family had at least one of them, and they were contained inside many medicine bundles as well. Boys and girls were sometimes given an Iniskim fastened to the end of a necklace, which they could wear as a good-luck charm.

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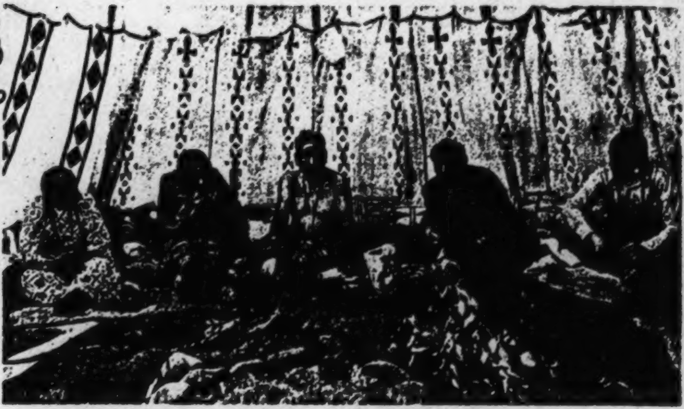

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[778]
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Recent leaders of the sacred Sun Dance ceremony, inside their sacred tipi, among the North Piegan division of the Blackfoot Nation. At the left is the Blood holy woman, Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door, who was initiating a new holy woman, Josephine Crow Shoe (Nez-Perce-Woman), seated next to her. In the center is Josephine's husband, Joe, and next to him is Mike Swims Under, who was helping the widowed Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door to initiate the new couple. Next to him is my husband, Adolf, who had the honor to serve as the ceremonial assistant. In front of him lie rawhide rattles used to accompany the many sacred songs which must be sung for this ceremony. Between the two men lies the sacred Natoas bundle, which has already been taken down from its hanging place on a tipi pole, at the rear. After more singing and ceremony the bundle was unwrapped and the sacred headdress brought out, put together, and placed on the new holy woman. (PHOTO: BEVERLY HUNGRY WOLF) *Below*, the old and the new: In a camp of tipis, canvas-wall tents, and modern camping tents, an old woman fixes her meals in the ancient manner, over an outdoor fire. (PHOTO: ADOLF HUNGRY WOLF)

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281 more until it's completely dry. When it is dry I take some raw flour and rub it into the hide real well to make it pure white.
[412] I take a tin can and make holes in it and I use that to scrape all over the hide after I rub the flour in. I use it like sandpaper.

In recent years I have been living in town, so I don't have a safe place to stretch my hides anymore. Now I tan in a little different fashion. Right after the hide has been fleshed I soak it in a tub of water. It takes quite a while to break down, but I know it is ready when I can pull lumps of hair out of it. I check it regularly until I can do this. I pull all the hair out, then I take a wide-bladed knife and I scrape off the black stuff that is left on the hide after the hair. Then I find a corner of my house where I can stretch it until it dries. After that I oil it and treat it the same as other hides that I've tanned.

301 Nowadays the main thing I need hides for is to make those
778 Sun Dance necklaces that we wear during the medicine lodge ceremonies. Because I have put up Sun Dances I can make those necklaces and transfer them to people whenever they want. Someone is always asking me for one, because they are sacred charms to live by. They are made with beads, locks of hair, and those long thin shells (dentaliums). I have to use hand-tanned hide for the necklace thongs, because the commercially tanned leather breaks too easily.

SMOKING THE TANNED HIDE

281 I can tell you from some sad experiences that a beautiful white tanned hide will never look the same if it ever gets really wet. It will shrink and get hard, and even if you work it a lot you can't make it real soft and nice again. But if you smoke the hide properly after it is tanned, it will not get stiff when it gets wet. A little rubbing will make it quite soft again.
[291] For that reason smoked hide is most popular for moccasins, gloves, and jackets.

Introduction to the Sun Dance Encampment

Setting Up Camp

It was the middle of summer, the time when Sun 101
is closest to us and to our Mother Earth. It was a
good time to gather with friends and relatives.
The long, hot days were perfect for relaxing by a
tipi and visiting with others. On printed calendars
the year was 1972.

Within that summer camp one of our Peo- 122
ple's ancient Medicine Pipe Bundles could be seen 778
hanging over the doorway of a yellow-painted tipi
that had figures of otters drawn all around it. This [531]
was the tipi of my own family—and within it, our [532]
household.

To most of my friends I am Hungry Wolf, 123
though our Old People call me Natosina, or Sun 551
Chief. The first name was given to me long ago as 553
a reflection of some of my personal characteristics.
The second name was given me by my "uncle" [114]
when I became a Medicine Pipe Man. Natosina
had been the name he had inherited from his
father. All who carried this name were Medicine
Pipe Men and lived to old age.

My wife is SikskiAki, or "Black-Faced 551
Woman." The name was inherited from an old
relative and has nothing to do with her appearance.

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and seen that our fireplaces in the centers of our 354
tipis were surrounded by circles of stones, and
that around the fireplaces our People were seated
in circles. As each of these circles had no beginning 771
and no end, so we were reminded that the
Great Spirit of the Universe has no beginning and
no end.

We were gathered together in the circle encampment 771
to sing and pray and dance in many 776
ceremonies. The ceremonies were to remind us of
all the Spirits that gave us the Powers to live during
the seasons since our last sacred gathering.
Our songs were of the birds and animals, of the
People and mountains, of the trees and flowers, of
the sky and Sun. Especially of Sun! Sun is our constant reminder of the endless Power of the Universe. Sun is our father. The warm love that he sends to our Mother, Earth, brings life and makes everything grow. It is the same warm love that Sun provided for Earth in the times of our grandfathers and their grandfathers. Our prayers to Sun give us the same Holy Power he gave them in long-ago times. It is that endless Holy Power of the Universe that we refer to as *Natojewa*. It is our godhead and our Great Spirit.

To the Blood People the Belly Buttes are 778●
Natojewa; they are our Holy Land. Every year 823
thousands of tourists speed through this land on

(TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 5A)

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their way to Waterton and Banff National Parks 778
or to the famous Calgary Stampede in Canada. 823
Yet there are areas far enough away from the
speeding traffic for the Belly Buttes to remain the
isolated center of the Holy Spirit among the
Blood People. 823

The Power of the Buttes is felt by all who go 778
near them, even when there is no encampment in 776
progress. One winter a desperate family searched
an old Sun Dance campsite for firewood, which is [372]
scarce out on the prairie. This family discovered
they were using the fallen log of the sacred Center
Pole for fuel when they were awakened during
a cold night by an unseen Power singing the holy
Center Pole songs in a loud voice. Another time,
an enterprising rancher from our reserve began to
fence in the Buttes so that his cattle could graze
there. But he was discouraged from building his [784]
fence when strange sensations overtook him; older [782]
relatives reminded him that Holy Spirits must not
be disturbed without some sacrifice.

□

823

In 1972 the Sun Dance Encampment was 796
located near the edge of the flat that overlooks 779
the tree- and brush-lined Belly River bottoms. As
the flat rises up from the river, the Belly Buttes [133]
rise up from the flat, farther to the east. It is in [787]
those Buttes that many men have gone to find
their visions and Spirit helpers. Bears lived there [136]
not long ago. Today, eagles sometimes build their
nests there, and mountain lions cross tracks with
porcupines and coyotes. In some of the many [764]
caves and crevices are now the final resting places
of those Old People who passed away after laws
were made forbidding the traditional practice of
placing bodies near to the Spirit World on top of
scaffolds or in branches of trees.

It was still morning when we arrived at the 123
campground with our outfit. Our spiritual grandparents, 115
Mokakin and Ponah, pointed out a
vacant spot next to their tipi where they thought
we should camp. Mokakin, who was attending his 553
[554]

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seventy-second Sun Dance Encampment, reminded 553
us that he had taken on a new name to [554]
celebrate reaching the status of Old Man. From
now on he would be known by his late uncle's
name, PitachPikis, or Eagle Ribs. For most of his
life he had been Mokakin, or Pemmican, although
his many friends in towns and on other
reservations usually called him by his recorded
name, Pat Weaselhead.

We hung our sacred Bundle from its wooden 778 ●
tripod at the rear of the space selected for our
tipi, in keeping with the traditions taught to us.
SikskiAki's dad was along to help us set up properly. 342
It was not long before we had the four main
poles for our tipi tied correctly and raised into
place. Other poles were leaned against the crotch
formed by the tops of these four. With a strong
pole we lifted up the tipi's canvas cover and
fastened it down. Then we adjusted the poles,
tied up our inner lining, spread out our floor mats
and bedding, and moved in the rest of our supplies
of food, water, and clothing. In other parts
of the camp circle, tipis and tents were being set
up at the same time.

Ours was the second Yellow-Otter Tipi set 342
up in the camp. Mokakin's and Ponah's, next 532
door, was of the same painted design. Their design
had been transferred to them many years before
by a man from the North Blackfoot division
of our People. Their canvas cover was so old that
the otters painted on the south side (male otters,
by tradition) had lost all their black paint and
were now only white outlines against the faded
yellow background. Sun shines on the land of the
Bloods from the south, as He travels from east to
west; the north side of the old tipi was not nearly
so faded. Mokakin remarked, "Those otters on
the south side look like a bunch of white-haired
old men! That's the last Sun Dance for this tipi.
Next year we use a new one, one with a different
design. Ponah is gonna make it up this winter and
I am going to paint it myself."

I asked which design it would have and he

through the Teachings he gave to me and my 123
family. Some of these Teachings are too sacred 115
for me to pass on in writing, but many others can
be shared. Wolf Old Man, or the Old Man, was
one of four holy men whose Teachings most influenced my interpretation of our Old Ways.

◆

Our first chance to relax in the new camp 000
came just before dark. Everything inside the lodge
was in order, and our young son Wolf Child was
securely tucked into his bed. The long, hot day
and the fresh air gave his mind a cushion that
immediately carried him into the world of sleep. 276
A few small sticks of burning cottonwood [372]
crackled inside the stone circle of our fireplace
and gave a cheery warmth to the cooling evening
air. SikskiAki took one of the burning sticks and
held the glowing end to the bowl of my long-stemmed pipe while I puffed until its contents
were lit. The sacred herb glowed brightly within
the shiny stone bowl that I had recently made
with old Uncle Atsitsina's guidance. I offered the [782]
mouthpiece of the pipe to the Spirits of our sacred Bundle, then to Sun and Earth.

For some time we sat in silence and puffed
on the polished mouthpiece, watching little
clouds of smoke whirl upward around us, and to- 276
ward the smokehole of our tipi. The sacred 778 ●
tobacco comes from our Mother Earth in the
form of leaves and it goes to our Father, Sun, in
the form of smoke. We watched it diffuse into
the air. It seemed to disappear. Yet we knew that
it was only changing into a shape invisible to our
eyes, just like the Spirits that dwell all around
us.

At the rear of our tipi, facing east through 778
the doorway, is our altar. An altar is a small area 353
of earth cleared of pebbles and grasses, a place
where we burn incense. The shape of an altar is
determined by the traditions of each household's
sacred Bundles. Ours requires an altar in the
shape of a rectangle.

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After we finished our smoke, SikskiAki took 778 ●
the incense tongs—a forked serviceberry branch— 782
from their place next to the altar. Between the
burnt, pointed ends, she picked up a small glow- [824]
ing coal from the fire. Carefully, she carried the
coal and placed it in the middle of the altar. [412]
From a little buckskin pouch she took a pinch of the sweet pine needles that are the sacred incense for our Bundle. Lifting them up high to symbolize the Holy Power of the Universe, she then slowly lowered the needles and let them fall onto the glowing coal. As the pine needles made contact with the coal, a spiral of smoke rose upward, its sweet fragrance filling our lodge with goodness and holiness.

Earlier, before Sun went down over the 778
mountains, SikskiAki had brought in our ancient
Medicine Pipe Bundle. The Bundle, which hung 783
from a tripod, was covered with a fringed shawl. As the smoke rose up under the shawl and caressed the Bundle, we breathed deeply of the sweet smell and bathed ourselves, rubbing the smoke between the palms of our hands and then brushing our hands downward from the tops of our heads to the ends of our toes. Our Old People taught us this way of symbolically removing the evil from our minds and bodies with the Power of the Good represented by the sacred incense smoke. I prayed:

HiYo sacred smoke! HiYo Good Spirits of the Universe! Hear me! Let us take your Holy Power into our minds and into our bodies, so that your Holy Power will help us to be good. HiYo holy Pipe and all of you Good Spirits who are with our holy Pipe! Give us your strength and Power, as you have given it to the many good People in the past who had you with them while they followed their holy Ways. Inspire us to think of your Holy Power all of the time, you Good Spirits, so that we may learn to be holy, ourselves, so that we may be able to inspire others with your Holy Power and with these holy Ways. Be the center of our 782

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Outside it was dusk. We could hear a few 857 kids still playing. Their voices seemed distant, even though only a thin layer of canvas separated us from their vast outdoor playground. Here and there a dog barked, and from the nearby brush we could hear the whinny of a horse. A mother called for her children to come home and get ready for bed. Then we heard the voice of old Mokakin. 861 He called out for all to hear:

"All of you children who are still playing around the camp, all of you young people, hear me! This is a holy camp, and the older people [782] wish to pray now. They will be praying that all of you will live good lives and reach old age. You must help them by going to your homes and keeping quiet for the rest of the night. Tomorrow will be another day for playing and visiting with your friends. Mothers and fathers, see that your children are at home now, so that they will disturb no one in the camp."

Mokakin slowly walked around the camp circle while he talked. He was headed for the west side of the camp, toward Sun. He stayed close to the tipis, so that everyone could clearly hear his words. He was the main camp crier, often called [203] upon to make announcements for others.

Slowly Mokakin made his way back to our 291 side of the circle. He was wearing his very old Hudson's Bay point blanket, the kind with one black stripe instead of several colored ones. The blanket was wrapped around his body, over his left shoulder and under his right arm, allowing it to hang free. This arm he waved in the air, mak- 201 ing gestures to support his words. He came to the door of our lodge and coughed lightly, letting us 778 ● know that he was about to enter. From the reflec- 784 tion of the fire on our tipi's walls he knew that we were still up. He did not know that we had been watching him through the small opening. Quickly, we rushed back to our seats and waited for his entrance. One of the many rules of respect shown to Medicine Pipe Bundles is that the Keepers must never call out to anyone from

[p. 8-A]

within the tipi where the Bundle is kept. Peace 778
and quiet should be maintained around such a 784
tipi at all times. If someone calls from outside and does not come in, we must step outside to speak with him. Mokakin, himself a former Medicine Pipe Owner, was well aware of this rule.

"Oki, OmachKinna," I said to him, as he 576
came through the doorway. I used a standard 574
greeting of respect to an older man.

"Oki, Natosina ki SikskiAki," said Mokakin in return. He glanced around our tipi and said, "It's all fixed up now," giving an approving nod, then shaking his head to the side with pleasure. We felt happy and proud that our traditional Ways gladdened the old man's thoughts.

"Do you have time to sit and have a smoke and some tea?" I asked hesitantly. I knew that Mokakin was already serving as advisor, as grandfather, to the soon-to-be Horns. I wasn't sure how long he had for a visit with us.

No sooner had I asked the question than we heard Ponah's strong voice call out, "PitachPikis!" And for insurance she followed with, "Mokakin!" Knowing that there would be no excuse for not hearing his wife call at least one of his names, he apologetically mumbled something and hurried out. One of the future members of the Horns was probably waiting to be advised on some ceremonial matter. We knew that Mokakin would spend as much time at our place as he could, and we looked forward to his later visits.

Behind Mokakin's and Ponah's tipi was the 575
tipi of their son, Charlie Weaselhead. His parents 561
had given him the new white tipi to honor his [431]
joining the Horns Society. His joining meant a lot to them. They had been members in the past.

While sitting quietly in our tipi, we suddenly 533
became aware of a gathering of voices, soon fol- [534]
lowed by a few beats on a large bass drum. The [431]
camp was about to be entertained by "tobacco singers," a group of friends who sit before the door of a lodge and sing until the lodge owner

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during these midsummer nights this far north on 512
the plains.

While I combed and braided my hair, Sikski- 788
Aki lit a small fire of cottonwood twigs so that we 512
could have a coal for our morning smudge of in- [372]
cense. With the forked stick, she picked up a
piece of one of the twigs and placed it in the
center of our altar. She sprinkled a few sweet pine [824]
needles on the coal, but sparingly, for the trees [779]
that give us this holy incense are usually found
only in remote and scattered mountain places. A
little spiral of smoke again marked the place where
the hot coal and the dry pine needles met. The 782
pungent odor brought the Good Spirits to us 512
through our sense of smell. With our hands held
in the smoke we again took the Spirit, brought it
to us, and accepted it into our minds and bodies
by rubbing ourselves from head to toe. We prayed:

HiYo Good Spirits who are here with us! You who make up everything that is Good and holy! Let us take your Holy Power and use it well. Let us be thankful for being aware of the goodness of your presence. . . . Let us think of your goodness as we go through this day, so that this day will be good for us. HiYo Natosi, our sacred Sun above! Help us to see the goodness along our paths. Let us be thankful for being able to see you again this day. Let us feel your warmth in our bodies, Natosi, and let us reflect your warmth in our food and in our homes, so that our families may be healthy. HiYo Earth, our holy Mother! Let us feel your strength beneath our feet as we walk upon you this day. Let us be strong and safe as long as we remain close to your body . . . all of you Good Spirits! Let us go through this day with respect and holy thoughts, and let us learn from our mistakes and trials, so that we may end this day with happiness. HiYo! Hear me!

□

After we finished praying, SikskiAki took our 778
sacred Bundle outside and fastened it over our 512

[p. 10-A]

doorway. In the Old Days, the Bundle would 778
have been hung from its tripod and placed at the 512
rear of our tipi, even though horses would sometimes knock over such tripods. Nowadays, few people hang their sacred Bundles on tripods, not for fear of horses, but for fear of mischievous children who are not taught an understanding and respect for our holy Ways.

Dipping water out of our tin cream cans to 415
wash the sleep from our faces, we thought of the 512
Old Days, when our People were forced to use cleaned-out buffalo paunches to store water. Such containers were usually tied to tipi poles or hung from smaller tripods. They were hard to handle and keep clean. Water from them had an odd taste. It is no wonder that our Old People treasured metal buckets and kettles brought to this country by the early traders.

I stepped outside and walked over to the rim 512
of the coulee that ran past our side of the camp. Most everyone in camp made at least one trip to this coulee each day. Across the coulee, I could see horses tied to bushes, where their owners had left them to graze. Some of these horses were later to be given as payment in transfer ceremonies during the encampment. Most of the [222]
bushes were covered with ripe berries, and all day long women and children would go back and forth to fill their berry containers.

Although it was still early in the morning, Sun was already over the top of the Belly Buttes, on his way across the sky. It seemed as though only the Old People were awake so early in the morning. Some were just sitting, waiting to wake
up fully in the fresh morning air. Others were [782]
quietly standing, facing Sun, praying in quiet voices. One old lady was walking along with the help of a cane, her eyes almost shut. I could hear her prayer plainly as she called out the names of her children and grandchildren and asked Sun to pity them and keep them safe on this day.

Soon the smoke from many morning fires rose 372
above the tipis and tents, sharply contrasted 512

against the cool air. The fires made with cottonwood 372
burned quietly and calmly; but loud crackling 512
and popping could be heard from those fires made with pine, which was gathered from lumberyard scrap piles. Pine is not a popular firewood in tipis, especially if it is not thoroughly dry. It usually produces more smoke than the smokeholes can let out, and this makes for very tearful scenes! The smoke also carries little cinders throughout the tipi, burning holes in blankets and clothes. Pine is just no good in a tipi, although tent-dwellers have no trouble with it in their iron cooking stoves. Cottonwood is the favorite firewood, usually found in river bottoms. It is also the proper wood on which to burn incense. Unlike pine, cottonwood coals will continue to glow for a long time after being taken from a fire. This is helpful during ceremonies. Cottonwood coals are often placed on altars before prayers are begun. Later, incense is placed on a coal when the one who is praying wishes to make the sacred smoke.

As I returned to our tipi I heard the deep 512
voice of an old man beginning a song inside his 533
lodge. Perhaps this man's Medicine, which came [787]
to him during some dream or vision, called for
daily singing, although most Medicine Bundles [778]
don't require this. He was probably singing a song his Spirit helpers taught him many years ago. No one in the camp would ask him about it or dare to sing it.

Our breakfast consisted of rose hips tea, fried 512
bread, and oatmeal. The tea was made from the 264
red buds of roses, which we had gathered after [272]
the first frost the previous fall. The fried bread
was made from white-flour dough, shaped into [222]
large patties and quick-fried in a skillet of hot [252]
grease. The oatmeal was made from the same kind of rolled oats that our Old People of the long-ago obtained from traders. Ours was a typical camp breakfast, but many of the Old People still prefer the traditional breakfast food--a piece of boiled or fried meat, washed down with water.

how to lead Medicine ceremonies. He also received 115
many Teachings from his stepfather's 793
friends and from his own neighbors, respected
leaders like Sun Chief, Big Wolf, and Packs His
Tail. The Old Man was one of the last of our
People to know the Spirit of these ancient Teachings.
For that reason he was happy to have me as 829
"grandson" and student. It pleased him to know [123]
that many of those Teachings are now written
down for people who are yet unborn. "I sometimes
wonder," he told me, "why our Old People
never learned to read and write their own languages,
so that they could have passed on all their
wonderful knowledge of the old-time world."

Wolf Old Man was noted among our People 793
for his knowledge of herbs and his methods of
doctoring. He was the last of our old-time doctors. [756]
However, it was his spiritual leadership of which [759]
he was most proud. He enjoyed telling about a
recent incident that occurred while he was returning 486
home from a holy ceremony held on the reservation
of our Piegan division, in nearby Browning,
Montana. It was Sunday evening, a time when [273]
some members of our reserve return home with
U.S. spirits tucked under their car seats or stored
in their stomachs. In Canada, liquor is not sold
on Sundays. The car in which the Old Man was
riding was filled with others who had gone to the
ceremony. When they reached the Canadian customs
office, the men in charge prepared to make
their usual inspection. But when the chief inspector
looked inside and saw the Old Man, he called
out to his assistant, "It's alright, we don't have to
check this one—he's the Indian Bishop!"

Some time before us, the Old Man had been 793
Keeper of our Medicine Pipe Bundle for ten 778 ●
years. Most of the Teachings he passed on to us
concern this Bundle. Although he was the oldest [533]
leader of Medicine Pipe ceremonies among our [867]
People, he never learned all the fifty-six songs that
were sung during these ceremonies in the Old
Days; his own Teacher, old Heavy Head, very
slow and thorough, had passed away before finish-

[p.13-B]

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ing his instructing. By that time the Old Man felt 793
he was too old to begin studying under another 778
Teacher, and decided to make the best of what he [533]
had already learned.

Other Teachings the Old Man gave to us [867]
include the Ways of our Sun Dance and our
Nighttime ceremonies, as well as our traditional 793
legends and some of the many true stories about
the adventures of various people of the past.

For many years, the Old Man's chief function
during our Sun Dances was that of Weather
Dancer. He was given the rights and Teachings
for this sacred duty by the former Weather
Dancer, Crow Spreads His Wings, who was his
brother. He gave the position up to the present [797]
Weather Dancer, Mark Old Shoes, who was informed through a dream that he would grow old
if he accepted this duty. When I sought to fulfill 123
a personal vow to take over the duties of a
Weather Dancer, it was necessary for me to consider Old Shoe's conditional assurance of his old
age. I did not wish to break the spiritual strength
of this dream nor cause him any sudden anxiety
about the span of his life. So I recently became

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 15A]

Weather Dancer among the South Piegan division 123
of our People. Weather Dancers from various [793]
divisions often join together for Sun Dances.

Another of the Old Man's spiritual duties 793
was to serve as advisor to the Horns Society.
Among our People he was considered to have the 575
greatest knowledge of the society's songs and 561
ceremonies, having held seven different memberships
in the society, including that of leader. The
recent transfer was the tenth for which he had
served as advisor. In his younger days, the Old
Man also belonged to the now-extinct Brave Dogs
and Pigeons societies.

As always, it was an honor to have the Old 574
Man visit our home. His presence inspired us 123
with the knowledge that it was still possible to
find spiritual satisfaction with many of our Old
Ways in this modern age. The strength of his old
age let us find Power in his Teachings. With each
visit he gave us more of his Good Spirits.

We sat in silence for a few moments after 576
the Old Man settled next to me. It is not proper 574
to ply a guest with many questions as soon as he
arrives; nor does a guest usually begin a lengthy
conversation until he has learned what mood is
current in the lodge he has just entered. During
that period of silence, SikskiAki came in, followed
by Mokakin. As an old *Ninamskan*, or Pipe Man,
he was given the second place of honor in the
tipi, to the left of the Old Man.

Mokakin is learning to carry out two of the 575
Old Man's duties. During his past memberships 561
with the Horns he became acquainted with many [867]
of that society's functions, and is now looked
upon as an advisor by the new members. In addition, 759
Mokakin is a successful doctor of several
minor physical ailments. He was given, in dreams [787]
this Power and shown the plants to use while he
was sleeping near some old open-air burials in a
secluded part of the reserve. His dreams came unexpectedly,
while sleeping alone during a wintertime
trapping expedition.

While SikskiAki served lunch to our three 778
574

guests, the two Horns advisors discussed business. 778
Albert Wolf Child took part in the conversation, 574
since he is a former member of the Horns and is sometimes called on for advice. During this time I filled my smoking pipe and in my mind rehearsed
the songs for our sacred Bundle. It is a tradition [867]
for a Medicine Pipe Owner to invite one or more
former Owners for a meal and to offer them a [533]
smoke. They, in turn, will pray for the present Owner and his family, and will sing some of the Bundle's songs. Before the coming of tape recorders, this was the only way such songs could be learned. Many songs were lost between the years when the People stopped camping by each other and when songs could finally be recorded. Even now, few people will take the time to listen to these songs as often as it takes to learn them.

I asked the Old Man to sing one song, meaning 533
one set of seven songs. Many of our holy songs are sung in sets of seven, although no one seems to remember why. I could have asked the Old Man to sing more than one set, but I realized he had plenty of singing to do in his affairs with the Horns.

SikskiAki placed a hot coal in the center of 782
our altar, while I took a pinch of sweet pine 778
needles and held them with the thumb and first
finger of my right hand. The Old Man took 533
that hand in his and held it high above the smoldering coal. He said a prayer of thanks to the Holy Powers that brought us together. Then he prayed for good thoughts and long life for all of us and asked our holy Pipe to inspire my family to live a straight life. He thanked the Pipe's Powers for being with him for so many years and with us now. Then he began to sing: "The Above . . . it is holy . . . the earth . . . it is holy!"

He lowered my hand during the singing, letting 533
the sweet pine fall on the hot coal, making 778
the incense. While chanting, we all reached out our hands toward the sacred smoke and rubbed it on our arms and over our bodies from our heads down. Each song consisted mostly of chanting

and a few sacred words, all repeated four times. I 533
handed my filled pipe to the Old Man during the 778
final song. The sacred words were, "My smoking [276]
. . . it is holy!"

Before the pipe was lit the Old Man prayed 276
again.[A] He pointed the mouthpiece of the stem 778
upward and asked all that is holy to come with
the smoke into our minds and bodies. He asked 782
that my family and I have long life and good health for taking proper care of our holy Bundle. Then he told SikskiAki to take a brand from the fire and hold it inside the shiny black bowl to light the sacred tobacco. The pipe lit well, which was a good sign, and burnt for a long time. Everyone took a turn, smoking contentedly. When the smoking was finished, the ashes were carefully knocked out at the edge of the fireplace.

Wolf Child and Mokakin had things to do at 000
their own lodges, so they got up and left. Suddenly it seemed very still in our lodge. We just sat quietly. SikskiAki and I let the Old Man's Spirit overpower us in silence. His eyes were closed. He was no doubt thinking of the many Powerful things that dwelled in his mind. We sat without moving, waiting for him to speak. Even though he requires two canes to walk and needs help getting up and down from the floor, I felt very weak next to him.

The Old Man did not care for gaudy "In- 302
dian" garb, unlike some of the "Medicine Men" of today. Yet his appearance was very striking. His face was freshly painted with sacred red earth. It was streaked up on his forehead into the pompadourlike forelock of his white hair. His hair had thinned so that he could only form two small braids, which he fixed himself. When he was younger he wore his long hair with a third braid hanging down his back in our traditional warrior style. The ends of his braids were always wrapped with red cloth, another tradition of our People.
He used to wear shell earrings until a few years 301
ago, when one of them got hooked on something
and tore the ear's small hole into a slit. Enough of 000

A,[i.e., the Medicine Pipe--Analyst]

[P.16-A]

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● 778
796
123

[868] The highlight of each visit from the Old Man was when we sat down by the altar, made incense, and sang the ancient songs for the Medicine Pipe ceremony. Thus has the knowledge passed from Teacher to Teacher, through countless generations.

[P. 19-B]

the outside of the main bundle or slung over the 493
horse's back. Sacred Bundles were carried only on 492
a special horse and travois. Usually no one but the
Bundle's Owner could ride such a horse. Nor was [778]
that horse used to carry meat. This was to keep
the Spirit of the animal pure and clean for its [784]
holy duties.

The seven vowing Okan women and their 796
families were among the first to arrive at the 346
camp circle. They pitched their tipis closer to the
center of the circle than the others. Cottonwood [361]
boughs were piled up outside against the base of [824]
their tipis. In this way, people would know that
these tipis were sitting holy and should not be
disturbed. The green leaves hiding the bottoms of
the tipis of these holy women served as spiritual
guards for those who were within. Children were
taught not to play nearby, lest they disturb the
holy thoughts inside.

Dried tongue is the meal of communion during 796
the Medicine Lodge ceremony. One hundred 262
tongues must be dried and prepared beforehand 251
in the spring so that everyone in the camp can
share in this communion. The tongues, symbols [776]
of the natural foods of the buffalo as well as the
main foods of our People, represent the Spirits of
buffalo.

Traditionally, buffalo tongues were brought
to the vowing holy woman by generous hunters.
With the help of her family, she dried and stored [793]
them in preparation for the holy ceremony. But by [178]
1892, beef had replaced buffalo in the diets of our
People, so beef tongues were used instead. (The 136
last buffalo killed by our People—around the year

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 24A]

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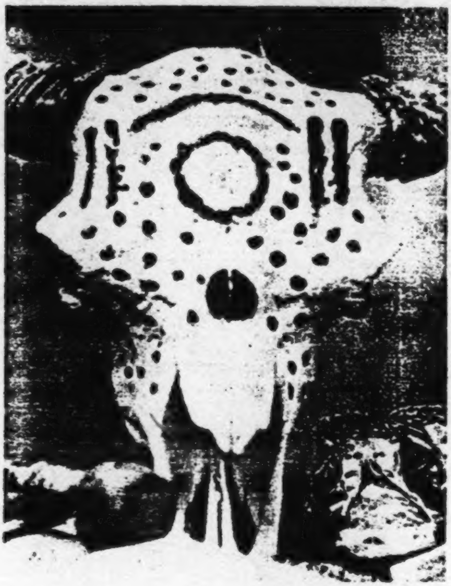
237
778●
796
531



Buffalo skull painted for the Medicine Lodge ceremony, on display at the Glenbow Museum. Symbols represented include: Sun in the center; pairs of Sun Dogs on each side; crescent Moon above; Morning Star below; and hail stones, or Thunder, all around.

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blankets, and quilts were draped in such a way that the inside became absolutely dark and fairly airtight. A buffalo skull, representing the Power and Spirit of the traditional food source, was painted with ceremonial colors and laid on top of each lodge facing the east. 343 346 [778] [237]

As the sweat lodges neared completion, fires were started to heat the rocks—one hundred rocks for the fires in each lodge. One hundred is a sacred number during the Medicine Lodge ceremony because it is many, like the People of the tribe. [801]

[p. 24B]

Each holy woman had a spiritual mother, a 796
former holy woman, who gave her a sacred 793
Bundle and the knowledge and rights to use it for
the ceremony.[A] Their husbands were instructed by [778] ●
spiritual fathers, who were in turn the husbands
of former holy women. While the husbands en- [782]
gaged in the sweat baths, the holy women sat
outside the lodge and prayed. The purifying sweat [783]
baths marked the beginning of the holy fast. Dur- [785]
ing this fast, the holy women and their husbands
concentrated completely on their efforts to inspire their People. The only thing they consumed was a shell full of water each morning and evening. Only the participants of the Medicine Lodge ceremony were allowed near their tipis, and they spoke not at all or in whispers.

The fourth and final move was made early in 796
the morning. While the camp's lodges were being
set up, the holy leaders marked out the site for 346
the Medicine Lodge in the center of the camp [361]
circle, and dug the holes for the posts. While the [857]
women arranged their households, the children
gathered firewood. The men went down to the river bottom, where they ceremoniously cut one upright post and one rafter log for the frame of the Medicine Lodge, then returned to the camp with the Spirit of a successful victory and again sang the ancient song. Some men fired their guns into the air. The excitement spread around the camp and strengthened the Spirits of everyone.

The construction of the Medicine Lodge began with the placement of twelve upright cottonwood logs. These posts stood in a circle about thirty-five feet in diameter; in the center was the large hole into which would go the Center Pole. The posts, long enough to extend about nine feet above the ground, forked at the top end. Eleven smaller logs, each about twelve feet long, were laid so that their ends rested in the forks of adjacent uprights, thus forming a circle. The remainder of the Holy Lodge was constructed the following day, the most important day of the ceremony.

A, [i.e., the Sun Dance--Analyst]

Wilson observed in his notes: 796
346

That morning as I neared the camp I saw 782
that most of the lodges had sacrifices or offerings of some garment or blanket elevated upon an extra lodge-pole leaning against the lodge; these were tied to cross sticks. . . . At each of the four lodges occupied by the O-Kon people an extension rite was, in the forenoon, begun.

Wilson did not often explain the spiritual meanings of the details of ceremonies he recorded. For instance, the customary purpose of an offering is to give every family an opportunity to participate in building the sacred lodge. A gift of fabric, fastened to a small frame, is presented to the holy people, who are acting in behalf of the Spirits, just before the main construction of the
lodge takes place. The frame is made by tying two [824]
scraped willow sticks in the shape of a cross, representing the Four Holy Directions of the Universe. Bunches of sage tied to the cross represent the gifts obtained from our Mother Earth. The cloth is added to share our material wealth with the Holy Powers. Each family hangs its offering above its tipi early in the morning so that the Spirits of Sun and the Universe can see where it came from. The family members, observing their offering in this way, derive spiritual pride for their part in the proceedings.

On the day the Center Pole is raised, the 793
holy women end their fasting and praying, and 796
the former holy women (or woman) transfer 778
their sacred Bundles to the new holy women. In 1892, the seven transfers were conducted simultaneously in the four main tipis.

The holy woman's sacred Bundle is called the
Natoas. It is kept in a cylindrical rawhide case [415]
decorated with painted designs and long fringes.
On the outside of the rawhide case the sacred [412]
digging stick is fastened, the same kind of stick our women used to dig edible roots like camas.
During the transfer ceremony, a set of dried [237]

[p.25-B]

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moose hooves is tied to the stick. The hooves and 796
stick symbolize our Old People's main foods— 795
meat and roots. They also represent two of the 778
spiritual helpers who are said to have contributed [237]
their Powers to the original Natoas. The meanings
of these items were revealed in a dream to a [262]
Beaver Bundle man who kept the original Natoas. [787]

The holy woman's sacred headdress is the
most important item in the rawhide case. Like [292]
our other tribal Medicines of ancient origin, this
one is made up of things symbolic of the natural
world. The base of the headdress is a rawhide [237]
band of buffalo skin, shaped like a lizard. Plumes
and feathers of eagles and other birds are fastened [531]
to it so that they stand up. Skins of weasels are
attached so that they hang down, and an ancient
arrowhead hangs from one side. A tiny image-doll [532]
stuffed with sacred tobacco seeds is attached to
the rawhide band to represent mystical Spirits [776]
known as the Little People. Back when our Old
People still grew sacred tobacco, the Little People
would mysteriously come and give it their Power
to be sacred.

Wilson made these observations during the
transfer ceremonies of these sacred headdresses:

Simultaneously, the initiation rite was per- 796
formed in '92 in all four of the lodges. I witnessed 793
that in which three women were initiated at once
in Running Wolf's lodge. The front had been [346]
enclosed and poles of the lodge had been spread
far apart and a second lodge pitched in front, so

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 27m]

[p. 26-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
793
● 778
292

Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door is the last Blood Holy Woman. She is seen wearing her Natoas headdress as she entered the last Blood Medicine Lodge ten years ago.

[p.26-B]

> *that when their canvas was joined a double lodge* 796
> *was formed. At back end of the lodge proper,* 793
> *sitting in a row, were the old and new O-Kon*
> *women and the master of ceremonies [Wilson* [346]
> *means the holy women and the priest]; also the*
> *husbands of the women about to be initiated. In* 796
> *middle of lodge a hole had been dug 2½ by 3 feet* 778
> *square and 4 inches deep; the sod taken from it*
> *was piled around three sides and covered with* [824]
> *pine boughs [actually, boughs of creeping juniper*
> *—a species commonly found in our country; it*
> *grows close to the earth and is the sacred incense*
> *for Medicine Lodge ceremonies]. Bottom of hole* [531]
> *was covered with white clay in which had been*
> *drawn, an inch deep, this design [showing the*
> *main symbols of the Universe]; the bottom of all*
> *the marks was painted black by sprinkling in*
> *them black paint, the edges yellow. A cottonwood* [824]
> *tree was planted in ground to the left of hole.*
> *Tree 7 or 8 feet high. Upon the tree were hanging*
> *the head dresses to be disposed of.*

The hole Wilson describes was the incense 796
alter, representing our Mother Earth. The designs 778
indicated Moon, in the shape of a crescent; Sun;
Morning Star; and Sun Dogs. The black paint was 531
for Night Sky, the yellow paint for the Powers [822]
represented. The small cottonwood tree stood as a [824]
symbol of the Old People's main source of firewood, [372]
without which they would have perished.
In the midst of these spiritual symbols, the sacred
headdresses were hung. In addition, the leader of
the sacred ceremonies regularly made incense on
the altar, for its sweet smell symbolized the presence
of the Holy Spirits.

Wilson continues:

> *Seven men rattled and sang, and the three* 796
> *old O-Kon women took each a root digger, and* 793
> *leaning upon them, dance upon their knees, rattling*
> *against the stick each a bundle of buffalo* [533]
> *toes [moose hooves], and at end of the song tied*
> *the toes to the stick securely and in next songs* [535]
> [237]

Very slowly they walked to the south side of 793
the half-built medicine lodge, stopping at intervals 796
to pray, but not loudly. They circled the [782]
medicine-lodge once, taking the course of the
Sun, and then sat down in a shelter which had
been constructed for them to the West of the
medicine lodge.

This shelter was made up of travoix poles [346]
and canvas. Those using it sat facing the sacred
edifice. The shelter was about 60 feet long, and [114]
sitting in a row, extending from one end to the
other [were] *seven parties of people, each composed*
of the woman who had sold her O-Kon
[Wilson should have said Natoas; he uses the
word O-Kon in various ways, although it actually
describes only the Medicine Lodge ceremony
itself], *her husband, the new O-Kon, and her*
husband. . . . In front of these people and about [415]
20 feet from them was a row of 7 parfleche bags, 4 [779]
placed on each side of a central space through
which those going and coming passed. [The bags
belonged to the holy women and contained the
dried sacred tongues.] *In front again of this entrance* [237]
space was deposited a green beef hide
wrapped in a black blanket; the use of the hide
will appear later on.

While the holy people prepared to receive 796
those who wished their blessings, the Horns Society
mounted horses and rode to the cottonwood
grove to obtain the sacred Center Pole. The party
rode off as if headed for war and approached the
chosen tree as they would a powerful enemy.
After brave deeds were recounted and prayers for
success were made, the tree was cut down amidst
shooting and shouting. While the Horns were
preparing to haul the sacred tree back to camp,
Wilson made these observations:

People in camp now began taking down the 796
offerings before mentioned from the tops of their 793
lodges, and soon a woman came to the O-Kon, 782
leading a child and bearing her offering. She went 276

[p. 28-B]

to one of the old O-Kon [priests] and reluctantly 796
[she was probably shy before the holy man] knelt 793
in front of the man and handed him a filled pipe 782
which she had brought, and deposited the offering
at his feet. The vendor took the pipe and 276
pointed the stem to the Sun and prayed in favor
of the suppliant, who knelt through the prayer
with bowed head. At the end of the prayer the
latter passed her hands to head of the prayer-maker
and down his shoulders and arms to the
hands, taking the pipe from him and laying it
aside. The old man's wife then painted a black [302]
ring around the face of both mother and child
and her husband. The old man took up the offering
and made a pass with it down each side of the
woman's body; the latter turned about without
rising and the offering was leaned against her back
at which she arose and departed. Four members
of the Society, "Crazy Dogs," were sitting near at
hand, their duty being to light the pipe. One of
these now came and took the late suppliant's pipe
from [the] old man who handed it to him, went
out to the front of the enclosure, past the before-mentioned
hide, to a little fire built there for the
purpose, and lit the pipe. Puffing it on the way to
keep it from going out, he returned it to the old
man who first took a few whiffs himself, then
handed it to the black man of his set who smoked
and handed it around.

When the pipe was emptied, it was passed
out to someone of the owner's family waiting for
it. That is a close description of the mode of giving
the offerings, which were brought by all sorts
of people, young and middle aged. Some were
boys, some were girls, bringing children with
them, and others alone. All were dressed in their [292]
best clothing. Some boys wore their fathers' war
bonnets. Many sacred pipes were brought, the 796
young men "attendants" were called upon, but 276
the pipe bearer himself took the pipe to the fire, 778 ●
after he was painted, the old man going with him
to pray as he lit it for the other. The bearer of the
pipe now presented the mouthpiece to each man

and woman in the row of O-Kons and then to 796
everyone sitting outside. Great rows of people 276
were sitting in a half circle on either side of the 778
shelter. Each person to whom the pipe was presented took 4 draws only. These sacred pipes were always passed a long time after they had ceased to emit smoke. They seemed to go out before many people had smoked.

As is the case with our People now, anyone 796
in camp could make an offering, a symbolic gift to 793
the Holy Spirits—to Sun, Moon, sky, stars, birds, 782
animals. The offering would be brought to the [776]
holy people by a family member. At this stage of the Medicine Lodge ceremony, these holy people were thought to be in strong communication with the Spirits. Each person bringing an offering selected one of the holy people waiting in the Sun shelter for this purpose. The chosen holy person would then pray to the Spirits on behalf of the offerer. Later, all the offerings would be brought to the Medicine Lodge and tied, permanently, to the lodge's Center Pole.

Families keeping the tribe's sacred Medicine 796
Pipes and Beaver Bundles had the opportunity for 778
an unusual and powerful spiritual experience during 276
the Medicine Lodge ceremony. Only at this time were these sacred Pipes fitted with bowls for smoking; at no other time were they smoked. The Owners of the sacred Pipes gathered their families
inside their lodges. Usually, past Owners were [533]
present, especially if the current Owner did not know the Bundle's songs very well. There are songs to sing while opening the Bundle and many more songs to sing afterwards, when the People pray and dance with its contents.

After incense was made, the leader of the [302]
opening painted the Owner's family with Medicine Pipe symbols on their faces and wrists. The sacred Pipestem was taken from its cloth wrapping and carefully laid on top of the Bundle. At this point the sacred Bowl was removed from the
Bundle and filled with ceremonial tobacco. With [782]

a prayer for success and good thoughts, the Bowl 796
was fitted to the Stem. The Owner took hold of 778
the Pipe—one hand on the Stem and one on the
Bowl. It would have been a bad sign if the Stem 276
became separated from the Bowl during the rest [782]
of the ceremony.

With the guidance of some old man, the
Owner took his sacred Pipe outside. He was fol- [292]
lowed by his family, all wearing blankets or
shawls, as a sign of modesty during holy occasions. The old man would call out, "Make way, People, here comes the bearer of a sacred Pipestem. Give him your respect." Quickly, the People would move aside, leaving a clear path for the bearer to walk, straight to the holy people's shelter.

As Wilson stated, the sacred Pipe would first [793]
be offered to one of the priests. A helper from the
Crazy Dogs Society would hold a glowing stick into the Bowl while the priest puffed on the mouthpiece. The Owner, holding Stem and Bowl in his hands, would offer the Pipe among the people, who placed their lips against the mouthpiece to smoke it. They would not hold the Pipe, [783]
not being purified with the sacred incense, and
not trained in handling it. Some people would brush their hands reverently over the sacred Stem and then down their bodies, taking its ancient Holy Spirit within themselves. For many, this was the only chance to be in the presence of one of the tribe's sacred Pipes and to give their prayers directly to the Holy Spirits within it.

Wilson noted on his watch that not quite 796
two hours had passed since the Horns Society left
camp to go after the Center Pole:

> *Offerings were still being brought when, at 4:30, appeared in sight those with the centre pole. They came in a great procession, scores of*

(TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 310)

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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778
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Medicine Pipe Owner offering smokes from his sacred Pipe to those gathered outside the Medicine Lodge of 1907. (Van Wangen)

[p.30-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

At last "Gambler" came forward and began to 796
take off his clothes. Calf Shirt [who had the [292]
Power of Rattlesnakes] *painted him red all over* [302]
and dressed him in new . . . garments. Gambler's [431]
*relatives now brought in piles of goods and
put them on the ground as presents to Roached
Mane,* [who] *produced a knife, which was painted
red, and placed it in Gambler's hand.*

During the year previous to the Okan, a 796
number of women had vowed to "feed Sun" 778 ●
some of the sacred tongue. These women wanted 782
the inspirational power obtained by taking part in 237
the Medicine Lodge ceremony, but were not able
to take on the responsibility of holy women. At
this stage these women came forward, accompanied by the person for whose benefit they first made the vow—usually a child or some other relative.

A number of virtuous women in the tribe had during the year vowed to distribute the sacred tongues, which duty can only be done by such women. These now came forward and opened up the sacks and each took out a number of pieces. Each walked out to where she could see the Sun, and pinching off a little piece of the dried meat, held it up and prayed aloud. At the conclusion of her prayer each put the little pieces of meat into the ground at her feet, giving it to her mother the Earth Person [as] *a duty.*

While the virtuous women held up pieces of sacred tongue, they usually called out something like this: "As I have lived a pure and honest life, I feed you this piece of sacred tongue, our Sun, and ask you to keep my family safe and healthy." After finishing their prayers,

These women, assisted by some men, then [262]
*distributed to the assembled populaces all of the
sacred tongue meat. Nearly all of the recipients
prayed where they sat and put a little into the
earth as before.*

[p. 32-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Power that Sun passes on to all the creatures on 796
Earth. 791

On their way to the Medicine Lodge, the [535]
Weather Dancers made four stops. At each stop they intensified their holy thoughts and danced more vigorously, while the drumming and singing continued behind them. The People stood quietly before their tipis, watching the brightly colored dancers make their way around the north side of the Medicine Lodge and then enter through the large opening on the east side of the cottonwood boughs.

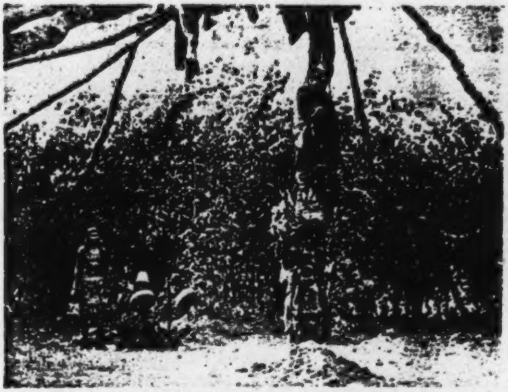
The Weather Dancers entered this sacred booth and sat down, facing the Center Pole and the entrance of the Holy Lodge at the east. The holy people followed and sat down on their robes at the northwest side. The drummers sat on logs at the southwest side and were soon joined by several old men who knew the ceremonial songs. People approached the Holy Lodge to see inside, so that the entrance was blocked. Others found places around the outside where they could look through.

According to our Old Man, who was a young boy at the 1892 Okan, the head Weather Dancer was Ki-soum, or Sun, still remembered as one of our finest holy men. Wilson often refers to this man by the name Moon. The other was a former Weather Dancer who had vowed to help Ki-
soum. Among the small bundle of things Ki-soum [276]
had brought into the Weather Dancers' booth
was a black-bowled pipe. He filled the pipe with [778] ●
sacred tobacco and handed it to the drummer
nearest the booth. The drummer raised the stem, [782]
prayed for the spiritual success of the People, lit the pipe, and passed it among the other drummers to smoke. It was then passed into the booth, where the Weather Dancers smoked quietly.

When the pipe was smoked out, Ki-soum
signaled the drummers, who began to drum and [533]
sing a Weather Dancers song. The Weather [534]
Dancers placed their bone whistles between their
lips and stood up. Raising their heads so they [535]

[p. 34-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



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Inside the 1892 Medicine Lodge. In the foreground is the pit where the sticks representing war adventures were burned. Behind the pit is the sacred Center Pole, with offerings tied to it. The man standing is believed to be the Weather Dancer, Ki-soum. The others are his drummers. (R. N. Wilson)

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Outside the 1892 Medicine Lodge, while ceremonies take place inside. (R. N. Wilson)

[p. 35-B]

out invitations: "All you Horns Society members 796
are all invited." The Horns said [to themselves], 575
"Oki, it's us that took the tongue around the camps and we are the ones that will make the payments—Many Kill will just sponsor the Holy Lodge—us, we will make the payments."

The virtuous women, past holy women, were 793
individually invited. They assembled immedi- 796
ately. Many Kill said, "You Horns Society mem-
bers will get me a father." Getting a father meant 778
that they would look for someone to transfer a 432
Natoas Bundle to her. She would need dry goods
and horses as payments for the transferral. In the
future, when Many Kill transferred her Natoas [575]
Bundle, she would pay back anyone who had [426]
helped with these payments.

The women who were to work on the tongues all went to the holy woman's tipi. The Horns Society members gathered the tongues, wrapped them in a blanket, and the leader took them to Heavy Shield's tipi. In the tipi, sitting at the back in the place of honor was Wolf Shirt, a respected holy man. The leader told Wolf Shirt, "Come to the Horns Society tipi." When Wolf Shirt went to the Horns, they said, "You will get a father for Many Kill. Who shall we ask?"

Wolf Shirt went out from the Horns Society tipi to tell the one who was going to give up her Natoas. She did not refuse. She said, "I am glad to transfer my Natoas to Many Kill." Wolf Shirt first returned to the Horns and told them, "It is agreed. She will transfer her Natoas to Many Kill." Then he went back to Heavy Shield's tipi
and told Many Kill, "I got you a father." With [361]
that settled, Heavy Shield moved his camp to
the other side of the camp circle.

I have heard a lot of Old People say the holy 793
woman's tipi is never pitched on the north side 796
of the camp circle, always on the south side. But if the woman who is going to sponsor the Holy Lodge is from the north side, she will have to move her tipi to the south side.

Heavy Shield's friends took down his tipi. Just [352]

pointed to follow behind. The singers beat their 796
drums as the procession moved along. 346

Many Kill was sitting out in the shade by her 575
tipi. The People brought to her their offerings
and pipes. After they unloaded the Center Pole,
the Horns Society members brought forward to 796
Many Kill their payments for the Natoas trans- 778
ferral. They carried dry goods in their arms and 793
each led a horse to the transferral. 432

The People tied tipi poles together, approxi-
mately a foot down from the top. Every separate 346
band came forward, singing a song with no words. 796
The People all jumped into the Holy Lodge. [533]
Heavy Shield sat on the Center Pole. He had on
a black robe and his face was painted black. He [292]
was blowing on his whistle. As the Center Pole [302]
started to raise, he jumped down, leaving his robe
on the Center Pole. That is the custom. [534]

The Center Pole was raised. Some blew their
whistles while others shot their guns into the air.
Everybody helped set the Pole upright and the
seven rafter poles in place. Two orderlies wear- [292]
ing crow-feather headpieces brought in the hide [237]
to tie the rafter poles and cross beams. The Peo-
ple got their horses again and rode down to the
river to cut young trees to cover the sides of the
circular structure of the Holy Lodge. Some riders
attached stirrup-cover decorations. Some wore
fur chaps, even though it was a hot day. Some [302]
men had on facial war paintings. The People [533]
sang a song with no words.

The riders were shooting and shouting. They came back through the east entrance, paraded once around the inside of the camp circle, and then they gallopped to the Holy Lodge. Some were bucked off on the way—the horses shy at the trees dragged by the riders. They raced to the Holy Lodge as a reenactment of the time when the Plains Indians rode into enemy camps at full speed.

The trees were set up against the cross beams of the Holy Lodge. Then the riders went home and turned loose their horses.

[p.47-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

overcame my original intentions. I began to wonder how I would explain my presence in the silence waiting for us. We left our overshoes in the entryway and stepped inside. 123

The room was lit by a bare light bulb. There 123
was a strong contrast to everything I saw. While I 353
tried not to look at anything in particular, my eyes were attracted at once to many pleasant scenes. Sacred Bags and Bundles hung up on the rear wall. Photographs were mounted inside old frames. In the middle of the room stood a vintage [354]
upright heater. Its stovepipe went up to the ceiling and then, along the ceiling far back through a hole in the wall, to the chimney. A box of coal sat next to the heater. The heater and stovepipe radiated considerable warmth in the little house. On the floor, between the heater and the Bundles on the rear wall, was a wooden box filled with earth. It was the Old Man's altar, on which he made [778]
incense. Sacred stones were inside the box and [824]
braids of sweetgrass lay on the floor next to it. Heavy winter coats and an assortment of cowboy hats and slouch caps hung from nails and hooks by the doorway. A worn dresser was pressed [352]
against the far wall. The clutter of things on the

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 50-A]

fascinated by Napi's escapades. With a shy smile 538
she added, "Now I know some of those stories 517
that my dad never told me." She was referring to the ribald Napi adventures that were left out of the series when children were around. Wilson recorded his own versions of these naughty Napi stories that I later discovered had been "censored" when I heard the original, adult versions from our Old People.

Ponah told us that her dad's name was Iron, 551
but that he was also called Center Speaker. He died not many years ago at the age of ninety-six. His father was the famous Ki-soum, or "Sun"—the same man Wilson called Moon. Ki-soum was a holy man, a doctor, and a minor chief as head of the Fish Eaters band. The confusion over his name can be explained this way: Although the common word for Sun in Blackfoot is *Natosi*, an older, seldom-used word is *Ki-soum*; and the word for Moon is *Gho-Ghomae-Ki-Soum*, or "Night Sun."

Iron is famous among our People for having 778 ●
been Keeper of more sacred Medicines than any- 422
one else. Bundles of all kinds were transferred to 554
him, and he, in turn, transferred them to others. I asked Ponah which of the sacred Bundles he was best at leading ceremonies for. She said, "Oh no, my dad didn't lead any ceremonies. He was too stingy. He always said, 'My prayers help me. I want to keep them for myself. I don't want to give them away.' That's why he never led ceremonies for other people." Iron's attitude about his prayers was somewhat unusual. He was long known for this philosophy. When his father, Ki-soum, died in 1898, Iron was the likely successor as chief of the Fish Eaters. However, the People of that band chose Eagle Bear instead. Eagle Bear was the husband of Otter Woman, Iron's sister.

One of Iron's brothers took his father's 796
name, Ki-soum. He was a Weather Dancer during 276
Medicine Lodge ceremonies. Another brother of
Iron, Wolf Shirt, was famous for having great [554]
Power with our Medicine Pipes. Many Old

[p.55-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Another Day in Camp

The following day we had a number of visitors—friends and relatives from the reserve. They thought it great that we should still be carrying on the tradition of coming together for the annual Sun Dance Camp in a holy place like the Belly Buttes. Many acted like tourists, having no conception of the spiritual meaning of the gathering. Several had to be asked to leave their children outside our tipi, for their running and noisy playing might have disturbed the Spirits of our Bundle, and insulted the tradition surrounding it. Some, however, including a few who don't follow the Old Ways, had a great deal of respect for the holiness in our lodge. /123 [784] [778]

GRANDMA ANADAAKI

One of the visitors who knew how to respect our traditions had spent most of her eighty-four years as a very progressive ranch wife on the reserve. She was SikskiAki's grandmother, AnadaAki, or "Pretty Woman." Between her name on the tribe rolls—Hilda Beebe—and her light complexion and gray-blue eyes, she would have been readily accepted by those who hesitate to make friends with our People. 115 [144] [551]

Grandma's father was a German named Joseph Trollinger. He came here in the early days of the reserve and married Lucy, whose common

[p.57-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

The Medicine Tipis in Our Encampment

The camp was still coming together, and although 000
the big event, the transfer of Horns Society
memberships, was still a few days off, there were
now already more lodges in the camp than there
had been on the final day of last year's encamp-
ment.

Sitting out in front of our Yellow-Otter Tipi, 532
we were visiting with Grandma under the large 342
umbrella, looking around the camp circle and
talking about our People's tradition of painting [124]
some tipis with symbolic designs.

In the long-ago, tipis with painted designs
could be found in the camps of most tipi-dwelling
people. Such tipis were very personal, expressing [787]
the dreams of their owners, and were usually de-
stroyed when the owner died. Among some tribes, [769]
painted tipis housed their chief or sacred Bun-
dles, but as these declined, so did designed tipis.
Although some tribes have painted their tipis in
recent years, these designs usually have no mean-
ing and often bear little resemblance to their tra-
ditional counterparts.

Our painted tipis, however, follow a basic
style of ancient design, and are easy to recognize
and distinguish from the tipis of other tribes.
Originally each tipi's painting told a story and [778]
accompanied a small sacred Bundle, and while in
most cases the stories have been forgotten and the [178]

[p. 67-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

Bundles lost or sold, the painted designs on our 532
tipis are the same ones our oldest living People 342
saw when they lived in the circle camps as [778]
children.

In the days when the first white men came to [178]
visit our People, tipis were made of buffalo hides
and designs were painted with natural colors, usually
various shades of our Mother Earth. From [822]
her comes the sacred red paint we apply to our
faces, bodies, and holy objects, as well as our tipis. [776]
The red paint represents our Earth Mother, the [778]
blood within our bodies, and also the color of our
Father, Sun, in the morning and evening.

There are many types and shades of red 386
earth, but only two kinds are used for sacred purposes. 778
One is *Nitsisahni*, or "real paint," which is
fairly bright red and the most commonly used
shade. The other red paint is called the "seventh [801]
paint," because it is most often used in Medicine
Pipe ceremonies where the number seven is
sacred. Darker than real paint, it contains a substance
that gives it a greasy feel and a shiny appearance.
The Old People say that if sacred paint
is not gathered properly with many prayers and
good thoughts, it will turn into plain dirt before it
can be used.

Other sacred paint colors include black, usually [237]
made from powdered charcoal; yellow, made [824]

[p.67-B]

from a clay, though it used to be made from buffalo 386
gallstones; and green, made from a certain 778
type of algae. [237]

In the Old Days, these natural colors were
mixed with water and animal fat to form the [824]
paint that was applied to tipi covers. Brushes were 532
made from buffalo bones. The bone was cut at one
end, so that its pores were exposed to form the tip [237]
of the brush. These pores held the thick paint [413]
quite well. The natural paints had to be rubbed
into the lodge covers very thoroughly, or else they
would run with each rainfall. Even so, the natural
colors tended to fade very quickly from constant
exposure to the elements. Nowadays, we use the [178]
somewhat organic combination of oil paint and
linseed oil, which has proved to be effective and
durable.

Painted tipis are usually given up as an offering 782
whenever a new cover is made, as there should 532
never be two copies of the same cover. The old 342
cover is either offered to the Underwater Spirits
by sinking it with rocks into a lake, or offered to
Sun by leaving it weighed down by rocks out on
the prairie.

Nevertheless, occasionally two or more covers 432
having the same design can be found. In some 532
cases, they represent similar dreams by different
people. In other cases, they indicate a design not 342
ceremonially transferred but inherited, and probably [787]
looked upon as a family heirloom or coat-of-
arms to be reproduced in new tipi covers—usually [424]
by younger people unaware that they should not [428]
copy the design. And then there are those who
know better, yet copy original designs on new
covers and sell them to museums and collectors of
"Indian relics." Finally, so-called Indian enthusiasts
also contribute to the existence of multiple
copies of the same design, when they make painstakingly
precise but nonspiritual representations
of some old design for their own tipis.

The Spirit of the Otter has inspired more 532
designs than any other spiritual power. Our own 342
Otter Tipi was one of four similar ones at last [776]

summer's encampment. Four is a sacred number, 532
so it was good to see that many of one tipi design. 342
As all four owners happened to belong to the
same part of the camp circle, all the Otter Tipis [801]
ended up next to each other.

There are different types of Otter Tipis. All
have otters symbolically drawn on their covers. The [778]
Yellow Otter Lodge, or Tipi, may have only a
small Bundle and a few songs. The Yellow-Otter- [533]
Flag has a great many songs and a Bundle that
includes the decorated skin of an otter. This skin
is known as the flag; it is tied to the end of a pole
and suspended over the tipi to wave in the air.

According to our ancient traditions, this is 773
how the very first Otter Tipi came about. 539
532

THE OTTER TIPI

Long ago a young man went way up north into a country where our People used to live. He stopped by a lake, perhaps the Great Slave Lake, where he lay down to sleep and seek a vision. No dreams came to him while he slept, so the next day he built himself a raft out of the driftwood littering the lake shore. With a long pole, he pushed the raft away from shore, and then lay down upon it and again fell asleep.

While the young man slept, Wind pushed the raft far out into the lake, where Mink swam up to it. When the young man awoke, Mink said, "I have been sent to bring you to my relative's lodge. Follow me." The young man followed Mink into the water and they swam down to the bottom of the lake. When they reached bottom, the young man saw there a fine lodge, painted yellow with many designs. He heard drumming from within. Mink took him inside and introduced him to his relative, Otter. Otter was lying on a bed of tule reeds (a kind of bulrush or cattail) at the back of his lodge. He offered the young man the seat next to him, saying, "I have heard about you looking for holy Power around this lake. I sent my relative up to get you because

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 70-1

[p. 68-69]

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I take pity on you and want to give you some of 539
my Power." Then Otter took some sweetgrass and 773
made incense on his altar. He told the young man
to listen carefully as he sang a number of songs. 532
The young man listened and learned these words: [533]

Man, he says, my tipi is Powerful.
Woman, she says, my tipi is Powerful.
Rain is my Medicine.
My children, they hear me.
The Earth, below, it is Powerful.

Under water are our tipis.
My tipi, it is Powerful.
My smoking, it is Powerful.

Otter also taught the young man the sacred movements that go along with each song. He gave the young man an otter skin with many fine decorations and taught him how to make otter movements with the skin, and the songs to sing while doing so. He gave the young man a smoking pipe and a drum to use for the otter ceremony. He told him, "When you get back to the camps of your People, you must make all these sacred objects I have shown you, so as to carry on this ceremony properly. You must paint your tipi with the same designs you see on mine. You must make incense often to remind yourself of my holy Power. If you do all these things faithfully, then you may call on my Power whenever you wish." When the young man awoke, he returned to the Blackfoot camps and did as Otter had directed. From that first dream originated all the tipis that now have otter designs.

The sacred Bundle that goes along with an 532
ordinary Otter Tipi (as well as most other painted
tipis) contains one or more *Iniskims*—sacred 778
buffalo stones. Iniskims are sacred helpers; they
bring good luck. Iniskim songs are sung during [777]
the incense and prayer ceremonies. Most families [533]
had at least one in their household in the Old
Days.

[p.70-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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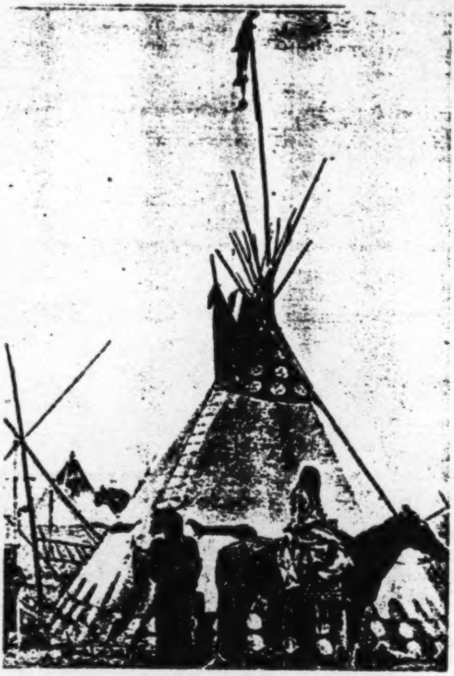

Tough Bread with his wife and their Yellow-Otter-Flag Tipi, in the Blood camp of 1891. The Otter Flag can be seen over the top of the lodge poles. (R. N. Wilson)

The sacred Bundle for an Otter-Flag Tipi 778
contains an otter skin and one or more other ani-
mal skins. Bells are suspended from the nose, feet, [531]
and tail of the flag itself, although in the past [237]
dried deer hooves were used instead of bells.
Bands of quillwork or beadwork decorate the [534]
neck, paws, and tail, and brass shoe-buttons are
sewn on for eyes. The Otter Flag itself is kept in a [415]
rawhide case for most of the year. The case is
hung out behind the tipi in the daytime, and

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 72-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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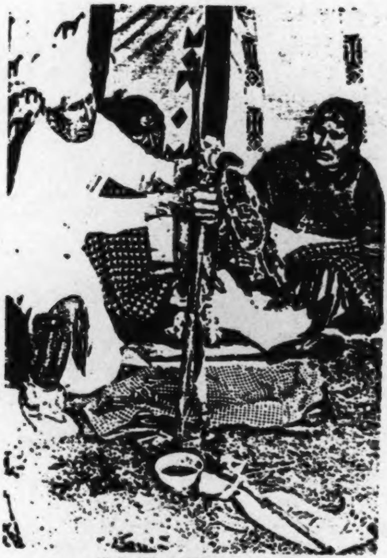

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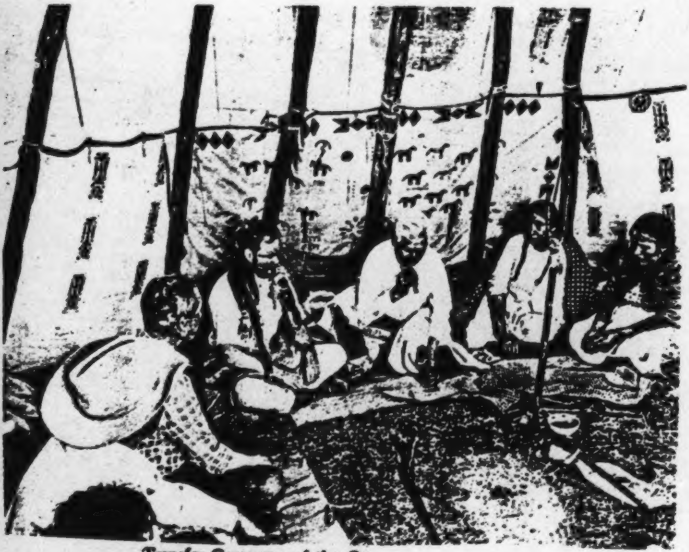
778 ●

Bob Black Plume, or Skunk, places the Otter Tipi Flag on its support during its transfer to the Provincial Museum. Mrs. Henry Standing Alone and Mrs. Bob Black Plume look on.

[p.71-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



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796

Transfer Ceremony of the Otter Tipi Flag. Eric Waterton represented the Provincial Museum at this ceremony. His face has been painted and the sacred skin has been placed over his shoulders to signify that he is the new Owner. On his right is Henry Standing Alone and Willie White Feathers. (Alberta Provincial Archives)

[p.71-B]

taken inside at night. During ceremonies such as 779
the Sun Dance, the Bundle is opened and the flag [415]
tied to an extra-long tipi pole so that it hangs high
above the doorway. As it waves in the air, the [237]
bells jingle, reminding everyone of its presence. [534]
Two of the Otter Tipis last summer had Otter
Flags flying above their doorways. One belonged
to the family of Many Grey Horses, who also
owns a Medicine Pipe Bundle. The other one be-
longed to an old lady named Mrs. White Man
Left. The transfer ceremony for an Otter-Flag [432]
Tipi used to be very involved and took four days [796]
to complete.

OTHER PAINTED TIPI DESIGNS

Let me explain some of the spiritual meanings of 532
tipi designs. Basically, the painting on a tipi is 822
divided into three sections: the band of symbols
around the bottom represents Earth; the large
area in the center represents Universe; and the
section at the top represents Sky.

The bottom band is generally painted black,
brown, or red, to represent the color of the Earth,
or else it is painted green to represent the grasses
and trees. Within this band are usually two rows [824]
of discs representing the puffballs that cover the
prairies, considered to be the remains of fallen
stars. This bottom band can be straight and flat,
for the flatness of the plains; topped by semi-
circles, for the rolling hills; or pointed, for the
mountains. In the back, directly opposite the en- [787]
trance, the bottom band often rises in large
square or oval projection, representing the en-
trance to the animal's den the original owner
went to for his dream. In a few cases this large
design represents the boulders on which buffalo
like to rub themselves when out on the prairie.

The large, central area on the tipi cover usually symbolizes the universe in general, and can also represent the particular element in which the dream animal or bird lives. It is here that the major tipi motifs are depicted. The male symbols

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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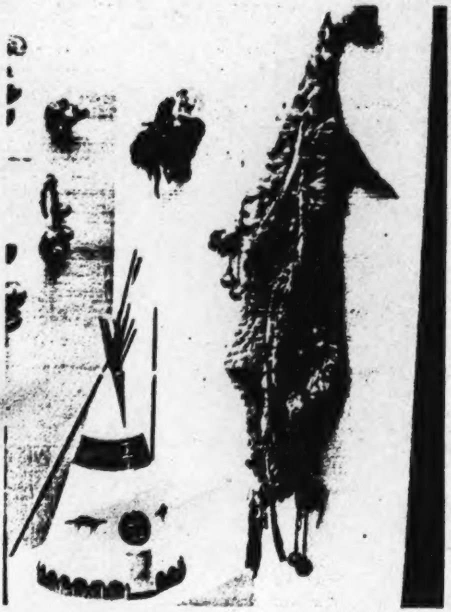
Blood

532
778 ●



Wolverine Tipi Flag on display at the Provincial Museum. The model shows the ancient tipi design and the manner of hanging the flag over it. The tipi and flag were bought from the Bloods. The other objects are also painted tipi decorations, mostly bells.

[432]

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falo hunting or horse raiding, a buffalo or horse tail used to be fastened to the center of the cross and left to flutter in the air. Sometimes a crescent moon appears instead of a Maltese cross.

532
822
[237]

Large discs are painted on the ear flaps of the tipi, representing the two constellations, Great Bear and Pleiades. On some tipis, lines are painted below Night Sky: different colors represent a rainbow, the symbol of a clearing storm; lines painted in the same color usually represent the paths of the dream animals.

[p.73-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Shortly after 1900, Clark Wissler, an anthro- 532
pologist, interviewed the holy leaders of our dif- 424
ferent divisions to compile a list of all the painted
tipi designs among the Bloods. This was not 432
simple to do, because tipis, like most other sacred [114]
objects, have always been freely transferred from
one division to another. For example, our own all- [778]
red Painted-All-Over Tipi, which originated long [787]
ago in the dreams of a Blood man, is included in Wissler's list of Blood tipis. Yet, not long after this list was compiled the tipi was transferred to a North Blackfoot man, and remained among them for about thirty-five years. The last Blackfoot owner, a man named Rainy Chief, or Herbert Lawrence, transferred the cover to old Bottle, from our reserve. Bottle didn't use the cover much and later transferred it to his son, Camoose
Bottle, who gave it to his brother, Jim. We got it [123]
from Jim through a South Piegan man, who was going to have it transferred to himself, but could not gather enough goods for payment. The cover is now very old, so we use it only for special occasions and then only when rain does not threaten—there are many small holes in it.

Although many painted tipis have traveled 532
among our divisions like our All-Over Tipi, Wiss- 184
ler's list includes tipis that were considered distinctly Blood.

1. Big-Striped
2. Mountain Goat
3. Wolverine
4. Bear
5. Fisher
6. Elk
7. Half-Black
8. Bald Eagle
9. All-Over
10. War
11. Crane
12. All-Stars
13. Prairie Chicken
14. Horse

[p.73-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

What Has Become of Our Medicines?

Whenever our Old People gather together and 778
discuss things, the question that always arises is, 178
"What has become of our sacred Medicines, our holy things?" We have only four Medicine Pipe Bundles left. The Horns Society is missing some of its original Bundles, as are the Motokiks. Few of our painted tipis still have their sacred Bundles. Where have they all gone?

We revere these things as other devout people may treasure a family Bible, a family rosary or crucifix, or a family Star of David. These things have great meaning when they have been used by generations of parents or relatives; they inspire and reaffirm.

We don't need Medicine Bundles to sing 778
sacred songs and say holy prayers. We don't need 796
them to follow a simple, holy life. But we do need them for the sacred ceremonies that bring our people together and keep alive the Spirit of our Old Ways. Our People used to gather in spring for Medicine Pipe ceremonies; they gathered in summer for Medicine Lodge ceremonies as well as for the ceremonies of the Horns and Motokiks; they gathered during the fall sacred tobacco harvests for the Beaver Bundle ceremonies; and they gathered throughout the year for ceremonies with Insikims, sacred Tipi Bundles, and other Medicines.

Today, there are more sacred Bundles in 778
178

[p. 79-A]

museum showcases or storage rooms—some as far 778
away as Berlin, Germany—than in the homes of 178
our People. Some of our most sacred Bundles
hang on walls as collectors' "Indian artifacts."

I will soon relate how some of our People 778
sold these sacred things to museums and collec- 432
tors. But to help you understand why they did, I 178
must first explain how ownership and disposition
of sacred things is looked upon in our Old Way. [422]

As you may have already gathered, our sacred Bundles are, by tradition, transferred from one person to another by means of songs, ceremonies, paintings, and prayers. In our Old Way, a person who wishes to have the spiritual power of a sacred object need only express his sincerity to the Owner. He does this by offering the Owner a filled pipe and explaining why he wishes to have the Power of the sacred object. If the Owner agrees to the transfer, the person will give him some prized material item, such as a fine horse or favorite rifle, as a further sign of his sincerity. When the sacred object is actually transferred, the new Owner will show additional gratitude with more material sacrifices to the former Owner, the amount depending upon the sacred object. For something so Powerful as a Medicine Pipe Bundle or a Beaver Bundle, it was not unusual for a family to sacrifice all their horses, weapons, and clothing except for those needed to

continue their basic daily life. One hundred 778
horses were once given in exchange for a Medi- 432
cine Pipe. In our Old Ways, these goods were 178
considered sacrifices, material wealth exchanged
for spiritual wealth. [771]

Outside influences came to displace this idea
of exchange, trading one item for another, and
replaced it with the concept of "payment." It
wasn't long before most of our People began to
apply this payment philosophy to our Old Ways.
Some began to regard the sacrifice of exchanging [771]
material things for holy things as a form of pay-
ment. As the Old Ways eroded, and the spiritual
meaning of things like these exchanges became
lost, it gradually became fact that our People
bought their sacred Bundles by "paying" for them.
Some of our People even began to believe that
such Power could be bought and sold for pay-
ments in goods.

Today, the transfer of our Bundles is often [796]
purely a material affair: only the barest ritual is
performed to satisfy traditional requirements.
Neither the old nor the new owners make any
spiritual adjustments in their lives in order to let
the Holy Powers help them. The Bundles hang on [556]
walls, more as status symbols than as inherited
Holy Spirits.

Robert Wilson, the trader, was probably the 439
first to gather a collection of old things from our
People, including Medicines. During the years 177
Wilson operated his trading post at Stand Off, it 443
was not unusual for him to accept an old shield, a 778
pair of beaded moccasins, or a pipe and beaded
pipe bag in exchange for new blankets or a gun.
One man whose family was hungry and had no
more food took the sacred Pipestem from his
ancient Beaver Bundle and gave it to Wilson in
exchange for flour. He replaced the sacred Stem
in his Bundle with a broomstick.

Wilson's interest in obtaining the old things was to preserve them as well as to help out his friends on the reserve. He never pressured people to give up their old things. Instead, there were times when he gave the things back. An example

[p. 80-A]

is the sacred Weasel Robe, a red blanket with 439
many decorations that were added by some long-ago 177
person as a result of a dream. Wilson once
took the robe in trade. His friend, Black Plume, 443
so admired the robe that Wilson gave it to him. 778 ●
Black Plume later gave it to his son, Dick Soup,
who later sold it to the Provincial Museum in
Edmonton, where it is now on display.

Most of Wilson's collection is now in the [113]
Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. He
owned one of our Black-Covered War Medicine
Pipes, given to him by his adopted brother, Mean
Bandolier. Wilson kept the sacred Pipe in its
wrappings and hung it in a safe place on his wall.
He never opened it ceremonially.

Shortly after 1900, Clark Wissler visited the 439
Blood Reserve while making a study of the Old 177
Ways among our South Piegan relatives in Montana.
He wrote down several old stories and, using 114
an early graphophone, recorded a number of our
ancient holy songs. He bought some "cultural [778]
materials," including a few Medicine objects of
minor importance.

It was not until the 1930s that we really began 439
to lose our ancient holy things to outside persons. 177
In 1932 Madge Hardin Walters, a wealthy
woman from San Diego, California, visited our
Sun Dance Encampment. Mrs. Walters was quite
impressed by the many fine old "collector's
pieces" she saw around the camp. From her home
she had brought along some silver and turquoise
jewelry and Navajo woven rugs. She found these
things to be good conversation pieces and was
quickly able to trade them off for some of the
more common beadwork. Her new friends invited
her to their camps to visit and eat.

"The Indians had become more friendly, and
nearly all now smiled and spoke; which attitude I
encouraged all I could with tobacco and other
gifts to the head men," wrote Mrs. Walters in her
later book, *Early Days and Indian Ways*. In the 439
book she also describes her methods of encouraging 177
and conniving people of the Navajo, Sioux,
and Blood tribes to sell their ancient things to 432

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

her. She tells how she traded her Navajo jewelry 439
for old things with "Mrs. Red Crow, Sorrel 177
Horse's sister. . . . This was my introduction to 432
Red Crow and his wife, who became my dear
friends and generous, able assistant collectors."
This was Frank Red Crow and his earlier wife.

During her visit to the 1932 encampment,
Mrs. Walters became well enough acquainted
with some of our People to let them know she
was willing to spend much money for "Indian
articles," even Medicine Bundles. Her daughter [778]●
later wrote: "From Red Crow and Percy Creighton
and Violet Sorrel Horse in Alberta, came
clumsily-wrapped brown paper bundles that
smelled of smoke and sweetgrass. These packages
disclosed treasures of medicine bundles, ceremonial
shirts; even a tipi."

By the time Mrs. Walters was finished with 439
us, our People had two fewer Beaver Bundles, 177
three fewer Medicine Pipes, a dozen or so fewer 778
Motokiks Bundles, and so many fewer other ceremonial
and society objects that she probably
could have started her own Blood tribe in California.
At one point, she sent a selection of "her
bundles" to the World's Fair in San Francisco,
where anthropologist Clark Wissler saw them. He
sent her a note of congratulation that said, "I am
pleased with your finds." Her finds, unfortunately,
were our People's losses.

Mrs. Walters kept a file of notes about her
acquisitions, along with copies of the numerous
letters written to her by her Blood collectors.
Copies of this material are at the Denver Art [113]
Museum in Colorado, where part of her collection
is, and at the Glenbow Archives in Calgary.
The papers speak for themselves. One of the letters 212
is dated "Blood Reserve, Cardston, Alta.,
May 20th, 1937," and is signed by Frank Red 439
Crow. It reads: 778

177

> *The reason why I did not write to you right*
> *away, I was trying to get some things for you and at* 432
> *last have got two things for you. You know a*
> *woman makes sun lodge who is honest life trueth*

[p. 81-A]

to her husband and straight life and she will be 212
aloud by the indians to make the sun lodge, and 439
she buys the holy crown from another woman who 778●
had made the sun lodge before and has to pay 177
horses and goods for the crown. I have no idea 432
how long this holy crown since was made quite
old. The time you was over here at our sun lodge [435]
there is a woman had two holy crowns she sold one that time and a year after she died and left one to her family and I bought this one from them I give two horses for it, the reason why I got this cheap the family all dead just two boys left they will never have a chance to sell it, and boys was glad to get two horses for it. You can pay me any amount you like will be O.K. to me you have so
good friend to me. The other thing is a flag used [435]
be owned by Calf Robe I got it from that woman on picture with Calf Robe I did buy it she told me to sell it for her she wants $25.00 for it. A teepe painted skunks on round the teepe with the skunk flag. I send the buffalo game bones one is lost I have only three should be four.

I just got done farming and we don't know how it is going be dry or wet. Sorrel Horse went to Browning I told him to call for my package at my sister's. I thank you many thanks for them. I will ask you for a summer coat for my daughter chest 38 in lenth 47 in.

I made a little thing here I send too it is for sewing before the iron came. Good-bye Sincerely Yours

Frank Red Crow

In March, 1939, Mrs. Walters received a package from Percy Creighton, or Little Dog. In it were what Creighton called "very important articles." It was a sacred Tobacco Planting Bundle, one of the few still in use among the Northern Blackfoot People at that time. Creighton added: "They are the main articles used in planting, more important than the [Beaver] bundle itself. A beaver man cannot go without these articles. An old man say I could buy. I took the bundle with a smile. I never thought that I could

[p. 81-B]

ever get hold of anything like them. They are the 212
most sacred articles in the big beaver bundles." 439

Shortly before this, Creighton had bought a 778
Beaver Bundle for $150 from a Blood named Not
Good. Creighton sent it to Mrs. Walters and 177
wrote, "There is no longer a beaver bundle in the 432
tribe." [435]

Actually, there were still one or two such Beaver Bundles left on the Blood Reserve at that time. About three years later, Frank Red Crow named the right price to the owner of one Bundle and sent it off to Mrs. Walters in California. On September 16, 1942, he wrote this brief letter:

Dear Friend

I got your letter a few days ago with a great pleasure for the money you send that was alright thank very much. I will go to North Blackfoot Reserve to get you some tobacco planters this will be after the threshing, history and whisel [whistle] *I will send all together. First time I see a pipe like that straight stone pipe* [referring to an ancient straight bowl that was part of the Beaver Bundle he obtained for her]. *I heard that is the way all made like that before the indian ever see a file or iron well anyway before Columbus time. My wife and I sending you best wishes good-by*

Yours truly
Frank Red Crow

Among the seven or eight Medicine Pipe Bundles still with our People in the late thirties were two Black-Covered Pipes from the old-time Seizers Society. Frank Red Crow managed to obtain one of these pipes from its Owner, Small Eyes. He wrote: "The pipe bundle is a good one; very old. This man had this pipe 20 years. He was afraid just to sell it to me; he want to sell it as the old Indian fashion way so to get satisfaction, and I have to get it that way and will cost me more."

Mrs. Walters' notes for February 14, 1939: 439
"Red Crow has had medicine pipe transferred to 778
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himself and is shipping it." The following week's 439
news: "Pipe bundle arrived. Red Crow says the 778
Indians think it is the oldest bundle in the tribe. 432
He had lots of trouble getting it at all and diffi- 177
culty getting it across the line [Canadian–U.S. border]."

Mrs. Walters took a special liking to the Motokiks, the Old Women's Society. In the long-ago, that society had about forty Bundle-owning members. As with the Horns Society, each member was required to have a headdress and Bundle. When either was lost, that membership became lost and were not renewable. Thus, as you probably have guessed, Mrs. Walters's interest in the society diminished the society itself.

Mrs. Walters's notes reveal this interesting anecdote about her introduction to the Motokiks Society. She recorded it on June 18, 1936.

> *When I was there [Sun Dance camp] I was told a headdress of the women's society was for sale, but did not see it and had no idea until I saw the Buffalo Dance how remarkable they were. I have regretted ever since but at the moment I was rather startled by the price of $100 and some Indian promptly bought it.* [435]

Mrs. Walters learned quickly. A few years later she wrote:

> *Our informant states that the total number of Matoki Snake Women was ten. [The society is divided up into groups, each with its own style of headdresses. One of these groups was known as the Snakes.] So far but four of these have been acquired.*

There were eight buffalo headdresses in the society at the time. Some of them are mentioned in the various notes:

> *August 28, 1936. . . . Buffalo headdress from Red Crow with eagle plumes . . . belonged*

to her mother . . . Long Time Pipe. She cried and prayed and kissed this headdress before she parted with it. 439 778

September 1, 1936. . . . Buffalo headdress with white beads. 432 177

October 4, 1936. . . . Referring to buffalo headdress with feathers . . . Percy Creighton writes . . . I sent you a Matoki H.D. oldest one yet. . . . Owned by old woman—Awl Body. . . . It is called The Bulls Scalp Headdress, because in the first place it belonged to the Bulls, and that society died out, and it was taken into the Woman's Society as far back as I could trace it. [212]

December 24, 1937. . . . Arrival from Little Dog [Percy Creighton] *of 3rd buffalo headdress.*

January 21, 1938. . . . Little Dog has found the other buffalo headdress.

January 4, 1939. . . . I have been offered two more buffalo headdresses, one of the Mahtokiks that we do not have, a Head Woman.

Mrs. Walters' notes indicate that the Motokiks had one main leader and two secondary leaders, who were the "pipe lighters." The "pipe lighter's outfit" was used to prepare the pipes of all the members. It certainly was a prized possession.

> *That smoking ceremonial bundle is, I think, rare valuable. My possession of it has been referred to repeatedly by the Indians as if it were decidedly important. I will try to get more information on the Bird Clan. It took over four years of effort and innumberable letters and presents to get a Bird Clan specimen, but now I have two. Same true of Snake Clan.*

Ironically, the remaining pipe lighter among the Motokiks was Percy Creighton's wife.

Percy Creighton also obtained for Mrs. Walters one of the last ceremonial necklaces of the ancient Crow Carriers Society, a rattle, and information about the society's history, all for [435]

fifty dollars. And of the last remaining war shield 439
on the Blood Reserve, he wrote to Mrs. Walters: 778
“And he told me to send it to you if you want it 432
for $125.00 and also he said the longer he owns
this shield, he'll raise the price on it. This man is 177
a rich man. He is not like the others who are hard [435]
up for money. I like to know if you are going to
buy any more articles or not.” [212]

Indeed, the avid lady from California
bought many more articles. But these chronicles 439
suffice to show you what happened to many of 778
our ancient Medicines during the ten-year period
from 1936 to 1946. Sometime in that period, 177
Walters was stricken with an illness that kept her
from making any other visits to the Blood Reserve
beyond that first one. By 1946 she had lost her
interest in collecting our Old People's things, and
began circulating photos and descriptions of her
collection to museums and private buyers. Soon
her vast collection became scattered. Most of it [113]
was sold to the Denver Art Museum in Colorado.
There, an anthropologist identified and catalogued the material, with much technical detail
and a distinct lack of Spirit. Nevertheless, it at
least constitutes an effort to record available
knowledge about those old things.

Unfortunately, some years ago the Denver Art Museum found it had more of Mrs. Walters's material than needed. As a result, much of it was traded to other institutions for their surplus material.

After Mrs. Walters, the next major collection 439
of our holy things went to the Glenbow-Alberta 778
Foundation, in Calgary, Alberta. Much of the 177
Blackfoot material was collected by Hugh Dempsey, the foundation's historical director. He was 114
well acquainted with many of our Old People,
who named him Putaina, or “Flying Chief.”

In the Glenbow collection is a Medicine Pipe 439
Bundle that came from our People; it is described 778
in the museum's records as “the finest one.”
Hugh Dempsey got it from Steve Oka, who obtained it from his friend Mike Eagle Speaker. 177 432
114

When Steve Oka lost his wife, his outlook on life 439
became very gloomy and he no longer wished to 778
care for his Bundle. He approached Hugh Dempsey 177
and asked $600 for it, claiming he could easily
get $500 if he took the Bundle to the South Piegan 432
Reserve and transferred it there. Glenbow 114
paid him only $300, with the proviso that he could buy back his Bundle within one year. Unfortunately, when Steve Oka decided to retrieve it, it was ten years too late.

Meanwhile, a new institution, the Alberta Provincial Museum in Edmonton, went about collecting our holy relics in a significantly less sensitive manner. For one thing, it encouraged the notion that all our religious material would eventually be lost or destroyed unless placed for safekeeping with the museum. Moreover, the museum promised that our People would always have access to their things. This was a convincing offer to our Old People, who were aware that Bundles and other sacred things were often stolen by relatives and sold for drinking money. To these Old People, the Alberta Provincial Museum not only offered protection from such loss, but also asked that the Bundles be transferred to an official of the museum in the traditional way, rather than merely sold. Owners who transferred their Bundles were paid quite handsomely for their cooperation.

Since members of the North Blackfoot Reserve still had many of their Medicine Bundles, the Alberta Provincial people concentrated their
first efforts on that reserve. As people gave up 778
their sacred Bundles to the museum, there soon 771
were no more Beaver Bundle or Medicine Pipe
ceremonies; the Horns Society and Motokiks no 178
longer held their annual ceremonies, and the Sun 182
Dance gatherings ended. Safekeeping the sacred Bundles did not preserve the religion, the Old People soon learned. Instead, the religion withered. Gone were the physical things that used to inspire religious feelings. The North Blackfoot People wandered about their reserve while the

things that inspired their sacred life were on display 778
in glass cases several hundred miles away. 771

The Alberta Provincial Museum was highly 178
successful in obtaining what it wanted by paying
high prices to our People. Bundles once transferred 182
for a few horses and blankets were sud-
denly "exchanged" for hundreds and thousands 778
of dollars. Sometime in the early 1960s, I was 439
visiting friends on the South Piegan Reserve, 177
where the son of an aging Medicine Pipe Owner
told me the exaggerated story about a museum up 114
in Canada offering ten thousand dollars for a [435]
Medicine Pipe Bundle.

The following is an account of the Alberta Museum's transactions concerning one of our sacred Bundles. It is perhaps the most notorious acquisition from among the Bloods.

THE SALE OF OUR LONG-TIME PIPE

Most of our Medicine Pipe and Beaver Bundles 778
are very old. No one knows exactly how many years ago they were first made. Among all our divisions, there is one particular Bundle that has been regarded with special awe and respect. This Bundle is so old that even back when our People still knew our ancient legends and histories, no one remembered ever hearing of a time when it was not among us. For that reason the Bundle has always been known as *Mesam-Achkuineman*, or "Long-Time Pipe." Except for a few repairs and additions, this Bundle is without metal or glass objects; nothing is in it that came from a trading post or store. Stories are still told about some of its long-ago Keepers who gave up dogs for transfer payments, because our People were then without horses.

Our sacred Long-Time Pipe was an anthropological prize that lay beyond the hopes of most
museums and collectors. Respect for it was shared [795]
by virtually all of our People, even the Christianized majority. Its future among the Bloods was

believed quite secure, since a number of our 778
People who respected its significance longed to be
its Keepers. But that isn't the way it turned out. 114

Just prior to the Sun Dance Encampment of 778
1968 we learned that our Long-Time Pipe was to 439
be sold. Its Keeper, John Red Crane, who had
only recently taken over the Bundle, had been 177
paid $3,000 by the Provincial Museum of Alberta 432
to transfer the Bundle to them at the encampment. 796
Red Crane invited only the members of his
own society, the Red Belts, to the transfer ceremony. [435]
Actually, they were paid to attend. [575]

The museum promised that the Bundle would be brought back to the reserve each year to be opened. However, since the Bundle had been transferred to an official of the museum, he became the Bundle's spiritual Owner, thereby giving the museum complete control over it. No ceremony could be held without this official at the place of honor reserved for the Bundles's Keeper. This is somewhat like having a family gathering in memory of a murdered grandparent and being required to give the seat of respect and honor to the murderer.

Shortly after John Red Crane sold the Long- [787]
Time Pipe to the museum, he had a strange
dream. The Spirit of the Pipe came to him, say- [761]
ing, "Just as you had no pity for me, I will have no pity for you." He told some of his friends about the dream and that he feared for his life. Not long after that, he was taken ill and placed in a hospital. He spent some time there, much of it in pain, before he died. When friends came to visit him during his final weeks, he was unable to speak to them—all he could do was hum parts of the songs for the Long-Time Pipe. He was not at the Bundle's last opening and he never saw the ancient Pipe again after he sold it.

A year after the transfer of the Long-Time Pipe, the museum decided that a complete record of the Bundle's ceremony should be made. Accordingly, $1,800 was spent to sponsor it; all the participants were paid a salary, like movie extras.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

778 ●

A few of the many personal Medicines at the Provincial Museum—skins of a weasel and a muskrat, along with a necklace with deer hooves and sacred bags.

The museum filmed, taped, and photographed 778
the ceremony. Ironically, it may be the best rec- 177
ord ever made of a Medicine Pipe ceremony. The 439
salary motivated some people to attend their first 796
ceremony in years. Others came to take this op- 432
portunity to again pray with our ancient, holy
Pipe. And there were those who were so offended, 114
they passed up this last opportunity altogether.

Our Old Man was at this last ceremony for the Long-Time Pipe. He had once led the ceremony for the Bundle's opening, and knew some of the special songs to be sung at the opening. The [784]

[p.85-B]

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museum-official Owner offered him $250 to lead 778
the ceremony. In refusing, the Old Man explained 177
the following to us: "Our holy Pipes are very 439
Powerful. It is very wrong to do something unholy
with them. Leading such a ceremony for that 796
white man, and accepting his money for doing it, 432
would be very unholy for me. No one can ever [784]
buy my holy life with money." The white man
later told people that the Old Man was incompetent
and could not have led the ceremony anyway.
He eventually recruited another old leader,
Brown Chief Calf, to perform the ceremony.

One of the followers of our Old Ways who 778
was most upset by the sale of the Long-Time Pipe 177
was old Many Grey Horses. As a result of some 114
dreams, he and his wife paid a visit to the Pipe's
official Keeper. This official recorded the visit and
submitted it to his employers as an Ethnological
Data Record. This is how it reads in the museum's
files:

A GIFT TO A MEDICINE PIPE BUNDLE
AS A RESULT OF A VISITATION
FROM A SUPERNATURAL BEING

On October 9, 1968, I received as visitors, in my home at Cardston, Alberta, two Blood Indians, Mr. & Mrs. Many Grey Horses, who are current owners of a Medicine Pipe Bundle.

They explained to my wife, who acted as interpreter, that their visit was a serious one and not social.

Mr. Many Grey Horses spoke first. He repri- [796]
manded my wife for not sitting with me during [581]
the recent transfer ceremony of the Long Time
Medicine Pipe of which I was the recipient. He
said, "When two people are married they must sit
together in all holy ceremonies. This is blessing
their marriage." He said in the old days, Mrs.
Standing Alone, who represented my wife during
this ceremony, would have been recognized as my
wife. My wife explained that she does not partici-
pate in these ceremonies for fear of ridicule. Mr.
Many Grey Horses said, "You must not be afraid
of that. It is a holy ceremony."

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Mr. Many Grey Horses then asked, "Where 778 ●
is the bundle?" [meaning the Long Time Medi- 177
cine Pipe]. He was told that it was kept in the 114
museum in Edmonton. Then asked how it was stored. Was it covered or open and on display? After being told how it was stored he said that he would explain the reason for their visit. He said that he would speak in old dialect and that his wife (Mrs. Grey Horses) would put it into simpler dialect so that my wife would understand it better and explain it to me in English.

MANY GREY HORSES:

I will tell you why we came. We didn't come to 778
discuss the transfer, we came for a very important 787
thing. My wife had a dream. She has had the same
dream 4 times. About two years before any men- 114
tion of a transfer she had a dream. A man came to her who owned the bundle many years ago. She didn't know the man. He was too far in the past.

The man said that he was being treated very badly and that the people that owned him now were not treating him with respect. My wife told me about her dream next morning. I advised her to go to her father who was a ceremonialist, and explain the dream to him. Her father told her that something was going to happen to the bundle and that he would talk to the owner [John Red Crane] at the next opening ceremony.

Time passed and one day Mr. Red Crane came up to my wife's father and asked him if he would open the Long Time Pipe in the spring. My wife's father said yes.

At the opening ceremony that spring my wife's father asked Mr. Red Crane, "Do you have something important to tell me?" Mr. Red Crane sat for a moment or two and then answered, "Please remember me in your prayers." My wife's father was saddened because he knew that something was not right.

Time passed and my wife had again the same dream, but nothing happened as a result of the dream. Then one day she heard that the Long Time Pipe was to be transferred to you and she was not surprised as she expected something to happen.

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778 787 114 My wife had the 3rd dream a year or so later and in this dream the man came up to her and said, "They have done a horrible thing to me. They have laid me out in the open glass case so that people will come in and look at me, and my altar is left standing. Nobody comes to burn sweetgrass any more; and where I am sitting is not holy. Why did they take me away from my own country? It was my home; it is where I originated. It is where I wanted to be until the end."

My wife had the 4th dream a few months ago. In this dream the man came to her with you, and my wife saw the case with the Long Stem Pipe on display. The man said to her, pointing at you, "This is the man that took me. He must be very kind to me and if it so happened that somebody came and asked for me he must not refuse to let me go. I am left uncovered and that is what is making me very sad."

I am very surprised that my wife has had this dream because we never did own the Long Time Pipe. It must be very important or why should she keep having this dream? But it must be because we really believe in this religion and we live accordingly.

[782] So we have come to offer this blanket so that you can take it to Edmonton on your next trip and cover the Long Time Pipe with it. We would be very happy if you would say a few prayers for us and tell the bundle that we have given the blanket as a sacrifice to it.

I bought this blanket in the U.S. and it is the same type that is always used to cover Medicine Pipes.

Mr. Many Grey Horses was undecided as to whether we should take off the old blanket that covers the pipe and give it to him but Mrs. Many Grey Horses said no. She said to place the new blanket over the old one as it was obvious as a result of her dream that one covering was not sufficient.

778 534 432 114 *Mr. Many Grey Horses owns the 4 original drums of the Long Time Medicine Pipe Bundle. When John Red Crane had the Long Time Pipe bundle transferred to him from Stephen Fox he refused the transfer of the drums. Since the*

Bundle then had no drums, his friend, Frank 778
Cotton's father, gave him 2 drums and Red 534
Crane's father gave him 2 drums. These drums 432
are not part of the Bundle.

Stephen Fox, who owned the Long Time 114
Medicine Pipe before John Red Crane, still had
the original drums, and after the transfer to Red
Crane, when Red Crane refused the drums, he
consulted Many Grey Horses as to what should
be done with the drums since Red Crane had
refused them. Many Grey Horses then purchased
the drums from Stephen Fox.

Many Grey Horses explained why some 796
people will not attend the transfer ceremonies 432
sponsored by the Provincial Museum. He said 778
that they believe that the ceremony is holy and 778
that the tape recorder is receiving the prayers and 782
not the Creator. He said that when the bundle is 784
taken down the shaman [Medicine Man] smears
blood clots all over his body and then takes the 114
bundle down. He then stands and prays for the [302]
owner of the bundle, but the tape recorder is
"sucking all the prayers" and the owner of the
bundle who is being prayed for does not get the
full benefit of the prayers and that is not right.

Three years later, in the spring of 1972, Sik- 778
skiAki and I, with a group of our Old People, 177
visited the Provincial Museum. Upon seeing our
ancient Pipe the Old People were moved, but 114
were also dismayed to see it hanging open inside a
glass case. The Bundle was not closed and the
donated blanket not only was not covering it, it
wasn't even there. Museum officials unlocked the [782]
case so that we could pray with the Bundle and
leave offerings of tobacco in it. Then we asked
them to close the Bundle and remove it from
display. While they debated our request, they
showed us the film of the Bundle's ceremony. Before we left, the museum people assured us that it
would no longer be left lying open and that they
were prepared to bring the Bundle back to our
reserve for a ceremony at any time. This latter
assurance was a surprise, because the white-man

[p.87-8]

Owner, who was no longer on the museum's staff, 778
had told everyone after he left that the museum 177
would no longer cooperate in honoring its claim
to make the Bundle available to our People. The 114
white-man Owner had also claimed that all museum materials and papers had become classified to outsiders, including himself.

Although we were pleased to learn we could have the Bundle for ceremonies, we nevertheless began discussing the possibility of taking the Bundle back to the reserve permanently, and selecting a member to act as "new Keeper," or even placing it in the charge of the tribe as a whole. For as we since learned, the former museum official, having divested himself of any responsibility to our artifacts, had been selling our Bundles at even higher prices to collectors of Indian relics. Here is an account of one of his more recent transactions:

This story involves our uncle, Atsitsina, one 778
of our favorite companions. He enjoys staying 432
with us and teaching us the many things that he knows of our Old Ways. Atsitsina was Keeper of two Medicine Pipe Bundles. One was owned before him by his long-gone father, Sun Chief, or Eagle Plume. Atsitsina transferred this sacred Bundle just a few years ago to a young man
named Harrison Black Plume. His father, Bob [795]
Black Plume, was a leader of our holy ceremonies until recently, when he gave up our Old Ways for
the way of the Full Gospel Church. Young Black [782]
Plume had vowed to take the Bundle during a family illness, so our uncle did not withhold it. Since Black Plume had little to give in the way of material exchange, Atsitsina offered him the Bundle and told him he would take it back at a later time, after the vow had been fully completed.
Meanwhile, the white-man official had already [177]
offered Atsitsina a tempting amount of cash for
the Bundle. When Atsitsina gave young Black [439]
Plume the Bundle, he warned him that under no condition was he to "give the Pipe to that white man." Black Plume gladly acknowledged he would not.

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[435]

Some time after Atsitsina expected that Black Plume had completed his vows, he went to see him about having the Bundle transferred in return. But Black Plume no longer had the Bundle. Desperate for cash, he had "pawned" it for $900 to the white man. The white man told Black Plume that if the Pipe were not reclaimed within a certain period, he would arrange a ceremony to have it transferred to him, and then make additional payments to Black Plume. The $900 was less than cash value of the horses, blankets, and other goods our People usually pay for the privilege of having such a Bundle. So our uncle put up the $900 and instructed Black Plume to reclaim it.

A short time before all this happened, a Seattle collector of Indian artifacts had been about to pay a South Piegan Owner $4,000 for his ancient Medicine Pipe. The white man had dissuaded this wealthy collector from the purchase, advising him that the Piegan Bundle was "not authentic." This was not true. He had added that a genuine Medicine Pipe would soon be available.

So when young Black Plume went to reclaim the Bundle, the white man told him he had taken it to the Alberta Provincial Museum for safekeeping. A few days later, Black Plume insisted on the return of the Bundle. This time, the white man told him the Bundle had been sent to the National Museum in Ottawa, and that it would take some time to have it returned from there. We checked with both museums, and, as we suspected, neither had ever heard of this Bundle.

After much investigation and many questions (a white friend from Montana and even our uncle directly questioned the white man), and after many more evasive answers and lies, we finally learned for a fact that the Bundle had been sold to the wealthy Seattle collector.

Atsitsina considered taking legal action to retrieve the Bundle. But our People have rarely succeeded in legal situations. Most of us feel the Bundle is lost, and that all those who were involved in losing it will suffer.

[p. 88-B]

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Our Beaver Bundles and Their Origin

Beaver Bundles were the holiest of all the holy objects helping our People in their spiritual lives. They were the largest, least common, and most complex of all the Bundles, and required the greatest spiritual devotion of their Keepers. 778

Almost every bird and animal was represented in the Bundle, either by tanned skins (from animals specially snared to make their deaths quick and clean) or by special songs and movements. In the Old Days, over four hundred songs were sung when the Bundles were opened. The ceremonies were long and complicated. The Keeper trained constantly, all his life, for such occasions. [237] [533] [796]

In 1909 Dr. Clark Wissler published this account of the origin of Beaver Bundles in an issue of the American Museum of Natural History's *Anthropological Papers*. He credited the story to an unidentified Blood man. 539 773 778

Once there was a man and his wife camping alone on the shore of a small lake. [Probably Saint Mary's Lake in Glacier National Park, Montana.] *This man was a great hunter, and had in his lodge the skins of almost every kind of bird and animal. Among them was the skin of a white Buffalo. Because he was always hunting, his wife was often left alone. One day a Beaver came out of the water and made love to her. This went on*

[p. 89-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

for some time, until she finally went away with the Beaver to his home in the water. When the man came home, he looked all about but could not find his wife anywhere. As he walked along the shore of the lake, he saw her trail going down into the water. Then he knew what had happened. He did not break camp, but continued hunting. After four days, the woman came up out of the water and returned to her lodge. She was already heavy with child. When her husband returned that evening, he found her in her usual place and she told him all that had occurred. 539 773 778

In the course of time the woman gave birth to a Beaver. To keep it from dying, she put it in a bowl of water which she kept at the head of her bed. Eventually, her husband became very fond of the young Beaver and played with him every evening.

Now the Beaver down in the water knew everything that was going on in the lodge. He was not angry because he knew that the man was kind to the young Beaver. He took pity on the man. Then the father of the young Beaver resolved to give the man some of his Medicine songs, in exchange for the skins of birds and animals the man had in his lodge. So one day, when the woman went down to the lake for water the Beaver told her he would visit their lodge and ask for some of their things in his songs. He told her to instruct

[p. 89-B]

her husband to give the things requested. He also 539
stated the time at which he would come to the 773
lodge to be received by her husband. 778 ●

At the appointed time the Beaver came out of the lake and appeared before the lodge, but, before he entered, requested that the lodge be purified with incense. Then he entered. They smoked. After a while the Beaver began to sing a song in which he asked for the skin of a certain bird. When he had finished, the man arose and gave him the bird-skin. Then the Beaver sang another song, in which he asked for the skin of another bird, which was given to him. Thus he went on until he had secured all the skins in the man's lodge. In this way the man learned all the songs that belonged to the Beaver's Medicine and also which songs belonged to which skins.

After this time the man got together all the different kinds of bird and animal skins taken by the Beaver, made them up into a Bundle, and kept the Beaver Medicine.

Owners of Beaver Bundles were known as 778
Beaver Men. They were always the learned ones 793
among our People. A Beaver Man had to have a
fantastic memory to be able to sing the four hun- [533]
dred or more songs in proper sequence. He had to
be a man who lived very much in harmony with [82]
nature to know the sounds and actions of the many birds and animals within the Bundle, and to be able to coach the participants to repeat those sounds and actions during the ceremonies. Beaver Men learned all the Ways of nature. The People looked to them for knowledge about weather, seasons, plants, birds and animals, and calendar histories (called winter counts) of the tribe.

In the Old Days, a Beaver Bundle contained examples of the most important parts of all our other sacred Bundles—a Medicine Pipe, a Natoas headdress, a sacred tobacco-planting outfit, as well
as all the various skins. As a result, Beaver Men [796]
usually knew all the ceremonies for these other

Bundles, and, therefore, could give Teachings to 778
the People about them.

If Medicine Pipe Men were considered 793
priests among our long-ago People, the Beaver [796]
Men must have been thought of as bishops.

Among all the Blackfoot People, the most notable Beaver Man whose wisdom is still clearly remembered was old White Calf, head chief of the South Piegans. He died in 1903. His companion was Mad Wolf, a minor chief who died about the same time. These two Beaver Men were a Powerful team. White Calf's brother-in-law, old Running Wolf, was the most respected Beaver Man in the recorded history of the Bloods. He and another Beaver Man, old Ki-soum (Sun, or, in Wilson's notes, Old Moon) had also made a Powerful team.

THE 1892 BEAVER BUNDLE CEREMONY

In the Old Days, Beaver Bundles were opened 796
quite often, usually after each new moon. For 778
that reason, when trader Robert Wilson wrote
these observations of Beaver Bundle ceremonies,
he recorded them under the title *Moon Dances*.
Although Wilson saw the ceremonies under the [114]
leadership of true Beaver Men, he was too late to see them when the People were fully aware that the long ceremony symbolized every aspect of the Old Way of life in harmony with nature.

A few years ago when I first became interested in the peculiar religious customs of the Bloods, there were two men in camp who were the owners and custodians each of a sacred bundle containing the skins of many animals and birds, as well as a pipe stem and numerous articles, the number and uses of which the following
will show. These men are called I-och-Keeme and [793]
during the fall, winter, and spring months they conduct a ceremony of a religious nature, generally of nine or ten hours duration, the time oc-

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

cupied in singing and smoking. The dances are 796
usually held upon the day following the appearance 778
of the new moon, but I have known many to
be postponed for different reasons. The tom-tom [534]
is not used, rattles and whistles are the musical
instruments.

Early in the morning the i-o-kinu sends out a
boy or girl, or some member of his household, to
invite whoever he wishes to be present. These are
generally old and middle-aged men, some of
whom bring their wives. At the date of writing I
have attended three "moon dances" and remained
to the end of each, with book and pencil
in hand taking notes from which I hope to faithfully
describe what took place and to give as many
explanations as I have been able to obtain from
the performers. Two of the ceremonies which I 793
have witnessed took place in the home of Running 796
Wolf, one in his house and one in his lodge. 778
The third dance was conducted by Running Wolf
in the house of Three Bulls, another I-O-Kunt
who assisted. Running Wolf is considered the
most proficient of this class in this tribe, but he
has a superior in the person of the Blackfoot
[North Blackfoot] "Owl Child" who was master
of ceremonies upon the occasion that I saw the
dance in Running Wolf's lodge. This superiority [114]
consists simply in a good memory [Wilson had a
tendency to draw conclusions from outward appearances,
not from deep understanding]; 1st in
being able to lead their peculiar ritual all day long
without making errors, and 2nd, in being able to
begin without delay each song in its correct place.
When we remember the length of time the I-O- 793
Keeme sings, and that the songs are about one 796
hundred in number, nearly all of which are never 778
used upon any other occasions than "moon 533
dances," the use of a good memory is evident. [It
is likely that only one hundred songs were sung at
the ceremonies witnessed by Wilson. Even old
White Calf did not know all the songs. However, [784]
due to some taboo, Beaver Men never allowed
anyone to count the songs; if they saw someone

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[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

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Ki-soum, or "Sun," the holy man who was also called Moon. (Glenbow Archives)

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counting, they would sometimes mix up their 793
songs to confuse the counter.] Running Wolf 796
and Old Moon have been for years the only two I- 778 ●
O-Keeme in this tribe. *[This statement depends* [533]
on one's definition of Beaver Man. There were
then a number of Blood men who knew Beaver
Bundle songs and were learning to lead the ceremonies.]
Last summer "Three Bulls" purchased a [432]
third outfit from a Blackfoot but during last Win-
ter "Old Moon" sold his to a S. Pegan [South
Piegan]. These transfers are made by a payment
of horses, and a ceremony of installment as is
made in all religious regalia so acquired and disposed
of. An Indian buys the regalia in fulfillment [782]
of a vow or promise made in time of sickness.
[This transfer of Beaver Bundles is thought to 793
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[p.91-B]

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[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

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Running Wolf, the holy man and ceremonial leader, in 1913. He was also known as Everyone Talks About. Behind him is his son Cross Guns, or Tom Daly. Next to Cross Guns is his wife, who was the old Mrs. Jim White Bull. On Cross Gun's right is Tom Many Feathers. Sitting next to Running Wolf is his head wife, Nice Owl Woman. (Glenbow Archives)

have originated after the Old Days. Originally, a Beaver Man kept his Bundle for most of his lifetime. He usually had one or more students to whom he passed on his Teachings over a long period of time. His Beaver Bundle generally passed on to one of these students, who then became the active Beaver Man.] 793 778 425

Moon Dance, Feb. 3rd 1892, 11:30 a.m.
I will now describe in detail the last dance I witnessed. Three Bulls house is a big building about 20 feet square, the door and window faces the South. When I entered, there were present 17 men and 8 women. Opposite the entrance was a 796 778 [342]

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[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

space on the north side, against the wall, where 796
laid the mysterious bundle as yet unrolled. Running 778
Wolf sat next to it on the east. Three Bulls
upon the left of Running Wolf and next to him
was Old Moon; the other men sat against the wall
side by side reaching along the east wall to the
door. Upon the right, on west side, sat the
squaws, the wife of Three Bulls being next to the
bundle and the wives of the other two medicine
men, right of her; the other squaws sat in a row
against the wall thus leaving a space for dancing
in the middle of the room. Near the door, in [262]
front of a stove, were several pots of rice, stewed [272]
beef tongues and tea. "Running Wolf" began the
opening songs with gestures and was assisted by
the other men near him.

A long, slender, forked willow was passed [412]
around the room from right to left; each person as
he or she received it, held it up to the cheek and [824]
murmured a prayer. This implement is used to [782]
carry coals from fire to altar as I will show. When
the stick came back to Running Wolf he made a
long prayer and put it down in front of him. In
front of the sacred bundle was the altar, a pyrimid
of clay about 6 inches in height, flattened on top
[to represent a Beaver's home]. Running Wolf
now handed a squaw the willow fork, who extracted
from the fire a red coal which she deposited
upon the pyrimid. He next gave her a little [237]
piece of wool or hair which she placed upon the
fork and stood waiting near the stove; Running [533]
Wolf was all this time singing. At end of the song
the door was quickly opened by a woman sitting
near it; the wool was cast from the fork into the
fire and Running Wolf sprinkled incense upon
the coal and he and all those present made signs
of chasing something out of the door.

Singing renewed at once [with] gestures as if
to receive something from the entrance which
they placed upon their breasts. [This is sometimes [201]
referred to as the "receiving sign," the
People showing that they take into their hearts
whatever is being sung or prayed about.] Many of [533]

[p.92-B]

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[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

the songs were started while all the singers placed 796
ends of their fingers to the floor. [These songs 778
referred to our Earth Mother.] A man took the 533
forked stick and brought a coal from the fire to
the altar upon which incense was then made with [824]
sweet-grass. A song in the meantime being sung.
Gesture in this was shading the eyes with hands, [201]
and searching for something on the ground. [This
gesture illustrated the words in one of the opening
songs, in which the Beaver says, "When
spring comes I look outside, and if I see any
enemies I dive back down under the water."]
Running Wolf ended that song with a prayer. [782]

Singing was at once renewed. R Wolf and
Three Bulls' wife, who were the persons nearest
to the bundle, now turned in their seats towards
it. The woman took up the bundle and held it up
a foot or so from the cushion and towards the
altar; it being rather heavy she was assisted by the
woman next to her. R Wolf took up a roll of raw [237]
hides and rattles and held them also towards the [534]
altar. Three Bulls held up a bag containing rattles
and then several songs were sung at conclusions as
the articles were set down again. After another
song Three Bulls' wife unrolled the bundle, while
the men spread a tanned beef hide on the floor,
hair side down. . . . Continuing his songs, Running
Wolf took the bag of rattles and distributed
them to the musicians. [A special rawhide was
spread over the tanned hide. The rattles from the
Bundle may be beaten only on this rawhide.]

In next song, each musician took up one [825]
rattle and held it with handle resting on floor, and
ended the song by imitating the caw of the
crow. . . .

3 songs came next, rattle held as before; at end of each song they cawed, struck the upturned bottom of rattle with ends of fingers of right hand, thus mimicking very nicely the picking and cawing of the crow. Next was a song during which they all took up rattles and beat slowly a few times on the hides in front of them and ended the song by striking some quick and strong blows,

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[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

at the same time yelling in low voices. [More 796
songs.] The two wives of the priests took a 778
bundle of sticks from the sacred bundle and 533
swung them to and from the altar, keeping time.
[The cawing and pecking were actually imitations [825]
of ravens, not crows. The rattles were usually [534]
made either from buffalo rawhide or from scro-
tums of buffalo. While pecking on the rattles of [237]
buffalo skin, the ravens sang, "The wind is our
Medicine—Powerful dead buffalo we want," re-
ferring to the buffalo carcasses ravens feasted
upon after hunters finished butchering them.
When the singers first took up the rattles and
beat them on the rawhide, they sang, "My rattles
are Powerful." The sticks the women took were
probably extra incense tongs, which were kept with
every Beaver Bundle.]

In fourth song the two squaws got up and 796
danced around the room, one holding a root dig- 778
ger, a stick sharpened at one end and one edge; [535]
this was painted red as were all the implements.
Whistles were produced and tooted during the [412]
following songs. After three more were sung, [531]
Running Wolf took a pipe-stem and got down
upon his knees and bobbed about in which per- [534]
formance he was soon joined by his wife and [533]
Three Bulls' wife. With their blankets drawn up
around their heads, they kept up those singular [825]
antics, working their hands in imitation of the
beaver. That ended by all three people, 3 times
lowering their heads to the sacred bundle and
grunting several times, and then they took hold of
the outside covers and shook them as if to
frighten away a spirit. During all this time, [522]
"Moons" wife, who is a great wag, was cracking
jokes and making fun of almost every movement
of Running Wolf. [This part of the ceremony, 796
taken with light spirit, often evokes laughter 778
when the Old People leading the ceremony try to 781
imitate small animals at work. The amount of fun-
making at our holy ceremonies would probably
amaze a visitor. But our ceremonies are meant to
bring happiness and harmony, not gloominess and

[p.93-B]

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[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

fear. When someone is praying, however, there is 796
always silence and respect.] 778

Running Wolf and the two women, singing 781
as they did so, now proceeded to unroll the pipe
from its coverings, which were four in number, 796
the outside one being of red stroud and the others 778
ordinary calico. Outside of each cover was wound 276
a long strand of buckskin, painted red. Singing
ceased long before the unwrapping was finished.
At 1:10, rattles and songs were renewed, but a
man from the number sitting in the house
brought a common pipe ready for lighting and
kneeled in a most solemn manner in front of R
Wolf and presented it to him. The latter dropped
his rattles and took the pipe. When the singing [782]
ceased, he held the pipe with stem to the altar
and made a long prayer, at the conclusion of
which all responded and the pipe was handed
back to the still kneeling man who returned with
it to the other men, who at once lit it and passed
it around to all the men.

This pipe had a stem too long for one man to light and smoke at the same time. One man applied the match, while another used the mouthpiece. [This is the proper way of lighting a pipe, even if it has a short stem. One man has the duty of "cutting the tobacco." He sits before the cutting board, mixes the smoking herbs, fills the pipe, and lights it for the first smoker.] A three-
pound [a carrot, or bundle of rolled and twisted
tobacco leaves] of tobacco was now divided into
many pieces by the two squaws above mentioned
and a portion given to each person present. The 796
women near the door now busied themselves with 778
serving out stewed tongues into many little pans 264
and bowls; each singer held up a rattle while
Running Wolf sang, and Moon prayed loudly [533]
7 times. Each man and woman present was [782]
handed a single dried sarvisberry which was held
waiting for the proper time to eat it. R Wolf in [262]
next song held his berry to the altar and then put
it in his mouth, all doing likewise. At once he and [533]
the other musicians took up one rattle each and
poked it with fingers of other hand at same time [825]

[p.94-A]

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

cawing like a crow. R Wolf then took a piece of 796
meat from the stewed tongues, a dish of which 778
had by that time been placed in front of each 264
person, and after praying to the earth, shoved the [533]
meat between the cracks of the floor in front of
him. All the others prayed and did likewise and [825]
the feast began. [Before we eat a ceremonial meal [782]
we always break off a piece of meat and hold it up
toward the Spirits of the Universe, while giving a
prayer of thanks. At the end of the prayer we say,
"Oki, this piece is for you, Spirits of the Earth,"
thus symbolizing our request that our Earth
Mother share her food with us.]

Singing was renewed at 1:40. Two little sacks 796
containing red and black paint were taken from 778
the outfit, and R Wolf extracted a particle of the 302
Red Paint and held it towards the altar as he
sang. Next he put a small bunch of wool in left 852
hand, poised the paint with right, and finally
placed paint with the wool rolled both together
and deposited them upon the altar. The same was
done with the black paint, after which the squaws
painted a child's face red and black. One of the
men present (Cut Face) brought his child, a boy,
and kneeled in front of R Wolf, laid a dollar bill
at the latter's feet and waited while the child's
face was painted as follows. Running Wolf continued [533]
singing with the other musicians who all [586]
rattled; covering the palms of both hands with a
mixture of red paint and grease, after many waves
to and from the altar, he applied the paint all
over the face of the now kicking and struggling
child who tried in vain to free himself from the
grasp of his father who held him throughout. At [782]
the end of his process Running Wolf made a
long prayer and then rubbed the stuff off his
hands.

Renewing his singing, he mixed the black in [782]
same way and after striping the boy's face [painting a black stripe over the red paint], indulged in a 2nd elaborate prayer; he also painted a black ring around each wrist. The striping of the face consisted in a single black stripe down the middle of the face from forehead, at base of hair, to chin,

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

over the nose and mouth. He finished the boy by 796
waving the pipestem from altar to the child's 778
body, passing it down each side . . . at last plac- 302
ing the mouth-piece to the boy's lips, he dis- 852
missed him with a prayer. [782]

While her husband was thus engaged, R Wolf's wife painted three other children with many prayers, flourishes, and incantations. The prayers being to Sun, that the children may have good health and live long lives. Two little boys walked up and laid some old garments at the feet of R Wolf who painted them as before, and a baby was operated on [not surgically, of course, but ceremonially painted] by his wife, who put mouth-piece of pipe-stem to the little one's lips at the finish. Painting of the seven children was finished at 2:15. The father of the first boy I mentioned had his own face coloured red when he entered. To this Running Wolf added 4 black spots, 1 on each cheek, 1 on chin, 1 on center of forehead.

The next movement was the production [531]
from the sacred package of some dried buffalo
bladders which were painted red by 3 Bulls, his [237]
hand being guided in this operation by R Wolf who held his wrist. Singing all the time without rattles Running Wolf and his wife guided the hand of 3 Bull's wife as she painted two more bladders. All four of those people now grasped at the same time a painted bladder which they brought with a solemn wave or flourish to 3 Bull's head and thence to his feet. A second bladder was used likewise. . . . Incense was then made. . . . An old woman presented herself for decoration and was followed by a squaw bearing a child, all of whom were painted. A white man's squaw [Lee's] dressed in civilized garb and carrying in her arms a white baby, was the next and last applicant. Mother, child, and some of the others, were given four daubs of dark red on cheeks, chin and forehead. Backs of their hands and wrists were also red. . . .

Running Wolf would sometimes forget the 796
required song and at such times he would sit 778
[533]

[p.95-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

quite still with eyes closed searching his mind for 796
the tune. I saw him in this perplexity cause an old 778●
man to bring a coal of fire to the altar upon which
he [Running Wolf] made incense and then [533]
passed his hands through the smoke and to his
head. . . . After a delay of 5 minutes his wife
found the song and hummed it for him, at which
he at once remembered it all and went on. . . .
He and 3 Bulls took the floor dancing and whistling; [535]
one holding a pipe-stem, the other a buffalo's [276]
tail. These articles they would exchange with
each other from time to time throughout the [237]
dance. They danced around to the altar and finished [782]
by handing the pipe-stem to 2 Bulls, who
put it to his lips and prayed and then handed it to
R Wolf. . . . And thus it was passed around the
house from right to left, each person as he or she
received it prayed with the mouthpiece to the
lips. It took 20 minutes to complete this circle,
the music was renewed as soon as the pipe
reached the women, at end of which incense was
made again. When the pipe-stem returned to the [782]
woman who had started it, she gave up a long
prayer and laid it in its place.

Many of the Indians prayed at me although [782]
not to me of course; they wished their diety to
give me a better heart, to make me more liberal;
some prayed that they and I should always be as
good friends as in the past. R Wolf held up the [825]
front of the hide covering the bundle to hide his
actions from view and soon the sound of a bull
keeping time with the rattles was heard. At 3:30 [237]
R Wolf, after 10 minutes of antics such as poking [531]
up the nose or head of the animal, exposed the
article he had been hiding, which was a large otter [534]
skin decorated with a scalp tied to the nose, and
bells upon the legs. The head was only stuffed.
This object he lifted up and rising to his feet
danced around the room to the women and
handed it to them. She prayed as usual and set it [782]
in place. Running Wolf returned and went
through the same performance with a large dried [237]
Beaver skin with tail and claws on.

During the next song the two women got 000

[p.95-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

During the next song the two women got 796
down upon their knees and Running Wolf's wife, 778
dancing in that position, held her blanket in such
a way as to catch one of her husband's rattles [535]
which he threw into it, at which the squaws both
took to their feet and danced around the room.
At 3:45, soda biscuits were passed around to the [262]
men; like all the food, this was sent around the [264]
room in the course of the sun, that which reached
those men sitting near the entrance made a complete
circuit. As usual a small bit was broken off a [782]
biscuit by each man and put upon the ground
with a short prayer, but in this case it was done by
the singers only. The women were also helped to
biscuits, and Moon's wife alone made offering to
the earth and prayed a lot of nonsense "at me."
Running Wolf exhibited a duck skin, and holding [237]
it up, he sang 4 songs, ending each with an imitation [533]
of a Duck's call; the rattles were not used
during those 4 songs. 4 squaws and Running [825]
Wolf got down on their knees and with their [535]
hands and arms over their heads, resembling
antlers, they made gestures of deer, while dancing
in front of the altar; at the end of each song, they
turned about without altering their body configuration;
all got up at the end of the fourth song.

In the following, Running Wolf's wife took [535]
a large beaver skin, and placing it on her back, she
danced around; three women followed suit. . . . [237]
These hides were several times changed about
among the 4 women who danced completely
around the room several times, imitating the motions
of beaver. . . .

At 4:20 incense was made; the assistant who
brought the coal of fire for the altar, this time
accidentally dropt it on the floor half way between
the fire and altar; it was brushed to one
side and a fresh one obtained. 3 Bulls, I noticed, [824]
all day was chewing the bark of red willow, which
he bit from willow sticks he had. The fossil songs [533]
were now commenced, during which a fossil [an
Iniskim] was produced by Running Wolf from
the outfit. At end of one song he held it to his lips [782]
and prayed. . . . Incense. . . . The fossil was

[p.96-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

passed around and prayed to by all. . . . Incense 796
. . . . The common pipe was filled and handed to 778
Front Horn who pointed the stem to the Sun
and made an elaborate prayer. . . . Incense. . . . [782]
Then came a song in which the rattles were used
in a different manner. Each musician held up one [533]
above his head at arms length, shaking to keep [534]
time; then, all were lowered with handles touching
the floor and the cawing of crows imitated. [825]
Incense. . . . The event next in order was a feast [252]
of boiled rice which was handed around and
eaten without prayers or offering [because it did [262]
not represent a traditional food]. . . . Incense
. . . numerous songs and prayers. . . . Tea was [272]
given out in cups, bowls, and tin pans; the squaws
continued dancing. A rattle, made by stringing a [415]
number of buffalo toes to a stick by means of 796
holes bored in the points of the toes and leather 778
streamers through the holes, was thrown by Running
Wolf into the lap of one of the dancing 535
women. The dancer was free to throw it to anyone,
who then must get up and dance with it, [534]
and, in turn, throw it to some other person, always [237]
of the opposite sex. The woman threw it to
"Moon," who got up, and after dancing around a
few times, threw it to Running Wolf's wife, who
responded and danced near me and threw the
rattle to me. Not caring to join the festivities to
such an extent, I threw it to an Indian near me,
who took the floor and threw the rattle to the
woman who had it first, who, in turn, deposited it
on the knees of Spotted Bull, who was still dancing
with it when music stopped, which seemed to
cause much merriment. Incense 7:25. Song and 796
prayer by R Wolf. More songs and dance by 778
woman. Each rattler, holding up a single rattle, all [533]
sang the closing songs from 7:30 to 7:35. Two
women faced the door and danced during these [535]
songs; at the 4th part, the door was thrown open [534]
and they danced out. The musicians knocked
rattles together in the air to close off the last song.

[p.96-B]

BUNDLE CONTENTS

As Beaver Bundles were most sacred and scarce, 778
one can imagine that collector Mrs. Walters was
most interested in acquiring them. Here is what
she says about them in her notes:

> *The beaver bundle seems to serve general* 778
> *rather than specific purposes. Yet anyone in* 182
> *trouble may make a vow to give a berry soup or*
> *feast for the beaver men. At the proper time, a* [782]
> *horse, blankets or other property are given to the* [431]
> *owner of a bundle who carries the ceremony and*
> *all pray for him. The beaver bundle is not carried* [796]
> *to the war, but it is opened at tobacco planting time and again at the tobacco harvest and, furthermore, the ritual is connected with the Sun Dance bundle in whose ceremonials it performs an important part.*

And acquire them she did. Regarding one of 778
the Bundles she bought for $150, Mrs. Walters 432
includes the following comments by Creighton: [439]

"This bundle is not very well recorded because it [435]
came from the North Piegans. It was known as the Elk Tongue bundle. It belonged to a man whose name was Elk Tongue who had it for years then it was transferred to a Blood man named Not Good, and he had it for ten years and transferred it to a man, Scraping White [the Old Man's stepfather], and he had it several years and he gave it to Wolf Bull, he had it for eight years and Not Good wanted it back and he had it for sixteen years and now he sold it. . . . You can hang it on the wall."

Also among Mrs. Walters's notes is an item- 778
ized contents list of what she identifies as "Second Beaver Bundle." She also had a "first" Beaver Bundle, which she got from our People. Elsewhere in her notes, she refers to this first one as

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Blackfoot Beaver Bundle and auxiliary bundle. 778
The "auxiliary bundle" is actually a set of bags
containing accessories used during the ceremony.
We do not consider this a "Bundle."

Here is the list of what she found in the main Blackfoot Bundle:

Outer wrapping—red painted skin. Inner [237]
wrapping—buffalo hide. Thong for tying bundle.
"Buffalo rock" [Iniskim]. *Buffalo skin wrap for*
rock. Buffalo rib. 4 sticks about 10 inches long. 6
bladder bags tied together. 32 bird and animal
skins. Awl. Bladder bag (inside of animal skin). [412]
Bladder bag (inside of same skin), contains—
Sandstone pipe bowl. Beaded fur charm (inside [276]
of same skin).

And in the "auxiliary bundle":

Nez Perce bag [the large, walletlike bags [439]
woven from corn husk strands by the Nez Perce
People, obtained by trade and long-favored for
holding rattles and other accessories of Beaver
Bundles]. *11 rawhide rattles. Rattle of thong-tied* [534]
Elk hooves. 8 smooth sticks, 8 inches long. 2
braids of sweetgrass. 2 skin bags tied together, red [237]
paint and black paint. Skin bag, containing two [824]
buffalo rocks. Feather and weazel-trimmed pipe
stem in red "stroud" [coarse blanket] *case. Long* [276]
slender stick. Piece of broomstick in red stroud
case [to replace a missing second sacred Pipe].
Rectangle of painted raw-hide.

The missing Pipestem might have been worn 778
out, broken, lost, stolen, or buried with a previous 178
Owner. In the Old Days the missing Stem would have been remade. That only thirty-two skins were left with the main Bundle in 1939 gives some indication that Beaver Bundles were then no longer kept up. Long ago, many more skins would have been included. It is possible that the missing skins were not replaced because their songs had been forgotten, making them unneces-

[p.97-B]

sary in the ceremony, or because people were uncertain which skins were missing or how to replace them. Clearly, the People no longer had the intimate knowledge of nature that had been required of Beaver Men in the long-ago. 778 178 [82]

Mrs. Walters itemizes the "bird and animal skins" of the main Bundle: 778 237

Crow—whole skin—somewhat decayed—identified.
Common loon—whole skin, stuffed slightly
Common loon—whole skin, stuffed slightly, possibly male and female
Western grebe [a type of water bird]
Western grebe—with blue beads for eyes
Little brown crane. Some stuffing in body. Not in good repair.
Sand hill crane—bad repair—Some stuffing in head and body—legs missing
American merganza [merganser]—whole skin
Whistling swan—complete skin
Eastern kittiwake [a type of gull]
Eastern hairy woodpecker, male, very fragmentary
Head of male ruddy duck, sewn to body of a western grebe, curious bag-like body—made by sewing into grebe skin a piece of cloth (in breast)
Buffalo head duck—entire
Part—skin of ruddy duck—male—as bag for tobacco—or to be slipped over hand [412]
Composite pigeon skin—body well stuffed and head missing
Head of western grebe
Head of heron or horned grebe, identification not possible, rose colored globular beads for eyes.
Hybrid red-shafted flicker, eyes of blue beads—repairs with cloth and thongs
Foot of western grebe
Part of pin tail duck—no head—fragmentary condition

[p.98-A]

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Ground squirrel, not clearly identified 778
" " " " "
Muskrat—whole skin, not stuffed 237
" " " " "
Muskrat—fore part of skin—like pouch
Muskrat—whole skin, not stuffed
Ground squirrel—a mere fragment
Pine squirrel—skin remains whole
Long-tailed weasel
Fawn skin—whole skin—open at neck and rear—a cloth bag inserted probably for tobacco, but no indication of such use.
Beaver skin—whole skin and tail—adult—thong in nose
Beaver skin—whole skin and tail—not stuffed (young)
Mink skin—whole—rose colored beads for eyes
Piece of buffalo skin—hair on—skin side red. Listed as wrapping for buffalo rock
Buffalo rib—rubbed with red paint—shows polish on midsection where edge is sharp, as if used for scraper. [It was used to stir the sacred soup for ceremonies.] [412]
Skin of a young badger—body drawn out at the neck—to form bag. Part of the breast and tail reinforced with red strouding.
Straight sandstone pipe—grey [276]
Bladder with handful of dried berries, probably service-berries. One large berry was found in the bowl of the pipe. [824]
A typical bone awl from deer leg. Painted red—probably used as a pipe stoker, but not blackened by use. [412]
Charm of badger fur, a beaded top piece, with short strip of weasel tail as a base setting, a thong for suspension.
Following this list were these notes:

In skinning animals and birds for Beaver Bundles, the idea seems to be to pull the body out through the neck or the rectum area. This enables the skin to be stuffed and, in some cases, a cloth bag or poke inserted for tobacco and other ob- 778 281

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 101-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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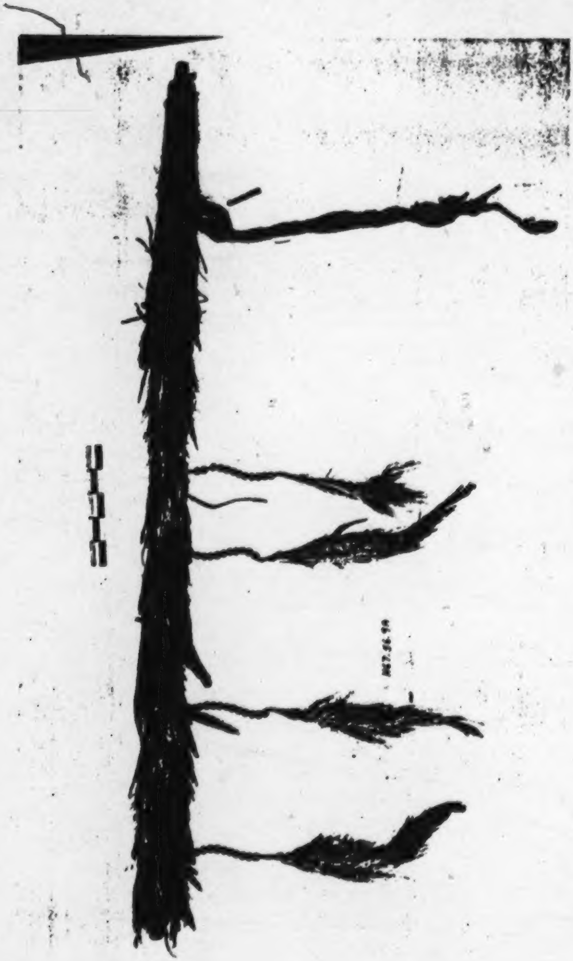
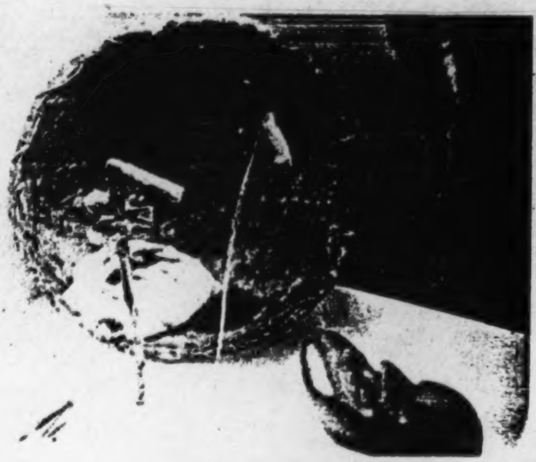
276



The sacred Pipestem from the Beaver Bundle that once belonged to Eagle Ribs.

[P.99-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



778 ●
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824
237
412
782
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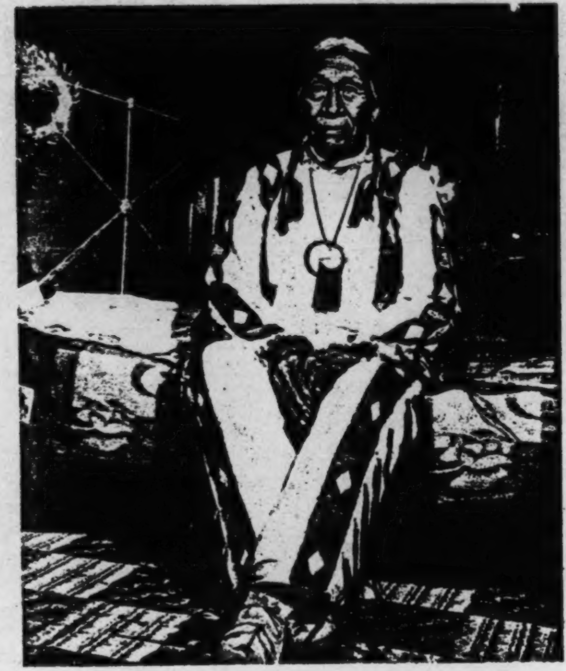
796

Sacred objects from a Beaver Bundle. The rawhide bowl has a willow hoop around its opening. It was used to serve the sacred soup during the planting ceremonies of the sacred tobacco, which Beaver Men used to lead. In the bowl are a bunch of dried serviceberries. The two digging sticks were used to make the holes for the sacred seeds. Offerings of tiny moccasins are tied to one stick for the Tobacco Spirits. The Iniskim, or sacred stone, at the right, was often left nearby the sacred plants for protection. Sacred Tobacco was last planted by the Bloods around 1871.

[249]

[P.99-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



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142

Calling Last, seated in front of his Beaver Bundle in 1958. (Glenbow Archives)

[P.100-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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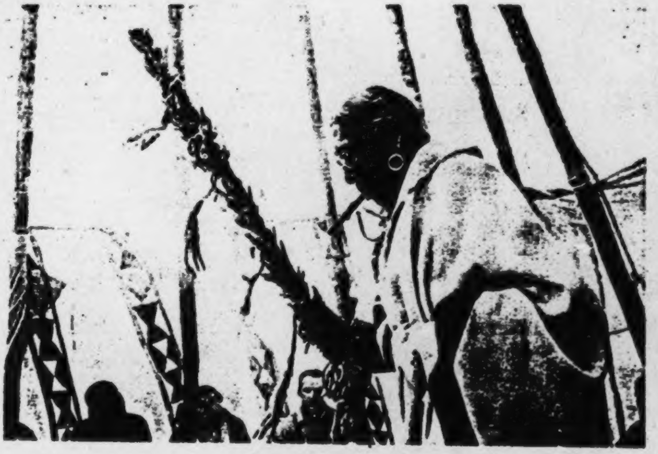

[R 100-B]

Calling Last dancing with the second Pipe from his Beaver Bundle. He is blowing on the eaglebone whistle in time to his dancing. (Alberta Provincial Museum)

jects. Now and then, the neck and head and even 778
the body cavity is stuffed with rags, or cotton to 291
fill up space. In a few examples we have found
sweet grass, etc. thrust into the cavity.[A] [924]

When the skin begins to fall apart, especially in case of birds when legs, wings, and head begin to separate, crude attempts may be made to fasten them together. Not always is good knowledge of specimen characters shown; as when a duck head is fastened to the body of a grebe.

Finally as to the peculiar sandstone pipe 778
bowl. It shows signs of weathering like an archeo- 276
logical specimen. It has not been handled much, with no signs of use in smoking. It does not fit the stem of decorated pipe accompanying the bundle [though it might have fit the missing Stem].

OUR LAST BEAVER BUNDLES

The Beaver Bundle ceremony began to lose its 771
spiritual meaning when our People, settled down 778
on the reserve, no longer lived closely with the 178
birds and animals. The North Blackfoot People were the last to use Beaver Bundles as part of the traditional planting ceremonies of the sacred tobacco. These were continued until a few years ago, although no sacred tobacco had been grown among the Bloods and Piegans for a very long time.

Percy Creighton was incorrect in 1939 when 778
he wrote Mrs. Walters, "There is no longer a beaver bundle in the tribe." There were still more than half a dozen at that time. But by 1965 there remained only two Beaver Bundles on the Blood Reserve. One belonged to Stealing-Different-Things-Woman, the old widow of Rides-at-the-Door, and our last holy woman. This Bundle was scorched a few years ago when the house it was kept in burned down. The old lady managed to escape the fire safely with her sacred Natoas Bundle, her holy woman's headdress, and, somehow,
the Beaver Bundle. She and her husband had re- [425]

A, [i.e., the cavities of birds and animals found in Beaver Bundles--Analyst]

ceived it from a South Piegan family to whom 778
they had transferred a Natoas Bundle during a
Piegan Medicine Lodge ceremony. This Beaver [425]
Bundle was last opened by old Calling Last.

Calling Last was our last Beaver Man. He [793]
owned the other Beaver Bundle still with us in
1965. It had been transferred to him many years [425]
before by a Blood man named Calling at Night.
It was this Bundle that Calling Last sold to the [439]
Alberta Provincial Museum, and the one used in [432]
the transfer ceremony the museum recorded.

Although our People find it difficult to pray [422]
sincerely and communicate with the Spirit World
in the presence of such physical distractions as
cameras and nonbelieving persons, perhaps the 778
Old People permitted this filming and recording 796
because they were told that without such a rec- 177
ord, young Bloods might never again see Beaver 829
Bundle and Medicine Pipe ceremonies performed
properly.

In justifying the filming, Calling Last told the People, "The white men bought the Bundle. It's theirs. It belongs to them, if they want to take pictures."

Understandably, this recording of the museum's is regarded with mixed feelings by our People. Although it was simple for the recorder to pick up the words of the ritual, and later for someone to translate and write them down, how could a machine possibly absorb the true spiritual meanings of the ceremony? How could such a transcription really succeed, when there were numbers of outsiders, along with technicians adjusting lights, microphones, and cameras? And when the sacred place of honor, where the Beaver Man was supposed to sit, was occupied by an anthropologist representing the museum? Nevertheless, while this ceremony was almost totally without the Spirit of life in harmony with nature, we are fortunate to have a complete record of it. As things turned out, it was the last Beaver Bundle ceremony ever celebrated. Calling Last died shortly after this.

[p.101-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

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778 ●
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Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door, or Stealing-Different-Things Woman, hands one of the sacred skins to a representative of the museum, while Mrs. White-Man-Left continues to dance with a sacred skin. (Alberta Provincial Museum)

Woman doing a sacred Beaver Bundle Dance. (Alberta Provincial Museum)

[p. 102-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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415
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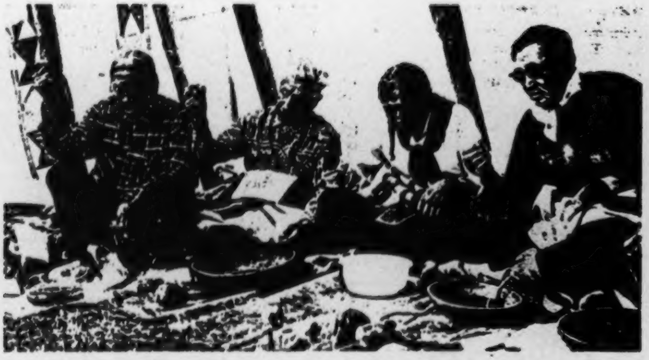

Praying with offerings from the sacred berry soup. From left to right: Calling Last; Bob Black Plume; Joe Gambler; and Albert Chief Calf. (Alberta Provincial Museum)

[p.102]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

353
778
796
291
533

Building the Beaver Lodge, the Beavers sing: "In the spring, when I come out, I look around; if I see any enemies I dive back down." (Alberta Provincial Museum) [P·103-A]

21: Hungry Wolf   F-4,5   (ca. 1972) 1977   NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

778
796
237
291
353
372

Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door and Mrs. White-Man-Left imitate buffalo while shaking bunches of buffalo hooves from the Beaver Bundle. (Alberta Provincial Museum)

[p. 103-B]

me. He was very attached to me from the time I 551
was born. I probably had an infant's name, but I 553
don't know what it was.

"One time, that little boy came running into 551
our lodge because he heard my crying. He looked
at me and he said, 'That little child is very cute. 553
He looks just like an atsisi.' Those are the birds 825
that make their homes in the ground on the prairie. Some kinds stay in the woods, but this kind stays on the prairie; and we call it a prairie owl.

"Those Atsisi are really cute. They are really small. If a person sees them, they look like an owl. They have big eyes, but they are small, about the size of a pigeon, at the largest. Long ago, an Old Man said not to kill them. He said, 'If you call them they will listen to you and you will be able to pick them up and you can look at them.' And that's true—I know—when you see one you just call to it, *At-see-tsee, at-see-tsee,* and you go toward it, slowly. It will just look at you. *At-see-tsee, at-see-tsee*; you don't hurry it, you just go slowly. You go easy. *At-see-tsee.* You wear a glove to pick them up. That's why they're called *atsitsi* ["glove"].

"Oki, so that boy said, 'He looks like an at- 551
sitsi,' and they added *ninna* [man] to make it 553
Atsitsi-na. My brother [the boy who gave him the [601]
name; cousins are called brothers among the Blackfeet], he was Little Buttocks. Later he became On-the-Edge-Piegan. He's been dead for a long time. I became well known as Atsitsina, and they are still calling me by that name."

SMOKING PIPES

Atsitsina usually sang our Bundle's songs when- 553
ever he visited us, but this time he was afraid his 778
familiar voice could be easily heard around the 576
early-morning camp. He asked that we postpone 123
the songs and help him with a task.

"I came to ask, could you put a hole through 276
this pipestem? I must make some pipes. Some of 575

276
324
412
353
302

Atsitsina at work on pipes.

Atsitsina took his pocket-knife and began scraping 276
off the bark. We leave the bark on until the hole 322
is finished; that keeps the heat from splitting the [412]
stem.

Let me tell you something of our black stone 276
pipe bowls. They are basically acorn-shaped and 324
rest on a rectangular base. Atsitsina thinks that
the shape of our pipe bowls was not so ornate [412]
before the introduction of metal tools, about two [177]
hundred years ago. Before that time, pipemakers
used sharpened pieces of flint or quartzite to drill
their bowls. They made what we call "straight-
pipe" bowls, in the shape of a tube, like a thick
cigarette-holder. A few of these ancient bowls sur- [178]

[p. 108-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

276
324

A drilled pipe-bowl, ready for final shaping and sanding.

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vived as contents of Medicine Pipe and Beaver [778]
Bundles.

The inverted-T-shaped "peace pipe" bowl, common among most of the Plains tribes, was sometimes obtained by our People in trade or as gifts. The red stone, catlinite, that these bowls are made of, is not found anywhere in our Blackfoot country. A Gros Ventre man once gave Atsitsina a block of this stone, from which he carved a
couple of small bowls. Our traditions do not allow [796]
the use of red-colored bowls during ceremonies, as the red pipe represents the bowl style of our traditional enemies. Such pipes should be used only for personal and social smoking. In spite of this, a few of our sacred Pipes have had red bowls (including ours), and an occasional participant brings a red pipe to use in a holy ceremony, perhaps without being aware of this long-ago tradition.

Blood pipemakers have always obtained their 316
stone from the same ancient quarry. It is on a 276

[p. 109-A]

When it was time for Atsitsina to leave, he 123
apparently forgot his fears of being tapped by the [575]
new Horns members. I walked him to the door,
where a relative was waiting to take him by car.
He left openly, saying he would return in a few
days to take me to another part of the Belly
Buttes to collect some plants and teach me about
them.

As he left, Atsitsina said, "I sure would like 778
to pray with my old Pipe when they open it. You 782
go and pray for me, huh?" He was referring to the
Backside-to-the-Fire Medicine Pipe, which he had
twice kept in the past. We knew that Jim Twig, [432]
the present Owner, was going to transfer it after [575]
the opening ceremony, but Atsitsina was again
afraid to be so easily accessible to recruiters for
the Horns.

Sun had burned off most of the fog by this 575
time. We could see the Motokiks walking in a
line toward the east, just outside the camp circle.

MOTOKIKS: THE WOMEN'S SOCIETY

The Motokiks had put up their lodge on the eve- 575
ning of the third night in camp. It was not big. 346
They had begun to put it up as we started our
supper, and as we finished, so were they. Their
lodge looked like a small Medicine Lodge without
any coverings or boughs. The framework was
covered with tipi linings around the sides and tipi
covers over the top. A long tipi pole, donated by
someone in camp, was used as the Center Pole,
and stuck out far above the top of the lodge. Just
above where the roof poles intersected the Center
Pole, a small stick was tied firmly, crosswise and at
a slight angle, making it look something like a
Christian cross. Its purpose is not known and is
probably one of the secret traditions of the so-
ciety.

The Horns and the Motokiks are companion 575
societies. Some parts of their ceremonies are pub-

lic, and other parts are so sacred they are per- 575
formed only before members and explained and
passed on only to members. The following is a [114]
fairly brief but accurate description of the society,
published by the American Museum of Natural
History over fifty years ago.

> *Some specimens were collected [from the Motokiks Society]. However, some secrecy was maintained as to details, and the writer gained the impression from Blood informants, that the awe in which the Matoki was held was secondary to the Horns. He was told that as a rule, the wives of Horn Society men were also members of the Matoki. This was explained as proving that the great prestige of the Horns gave one the social level desirable for Matoki membership. According to the recollection of my informant the leading woman in the Matoki was usually the wife of the leader of the Horns.*

The members of the Motokiks Society are
divided into four groups, all under the leadership
of the head woman known as the Pole Owner.
Her annual duty is to obtain a new Center Pole [796]
and to attend to its ceremony when it is erected.
The Center Pole is always left as an offering after [782]
the ceremony each year. One woman was a Pole
Owner for fifty-four years, according to Percy [424]
Creighton. Her name was Pretty Wolverine [425]
Woman. When she gave up her rights, she was
succeeded by Moccasin Woman.

Each member cares for a sacred Bundle, kept [778]
in a rawhide container. The main contents are
headdresses and sacred paints. Anyone in camp [415]
may see the members dressed in their headdresses
and paints, so I can tell you more about them.

Traditionally, the Motokiks are divided into
the Snakes, the Birds, the Bulls, and the Scabby
Bulls. Much of the following information comes [127]
from the notes of Mrs. Walters, who took such
an interest in the Motokiks she tried to buy all
their Bundles for her collection. Although she

didn't get them all, she got many, mostly from 575
Percy Creighton, whose wife was one of the leading
members.

An important member of the Motokiks is the [276]
pipe lighter. She takes the smoking pipes to the
society lodge fire and lights them whenever they
are to be smoked. The last pipe lighter was Spear
Woman, who died of old age while visiting in
Browning in 1934. Percy Creighton obtained her [778]
Pipe Lighter's Bundle for Mrs. Walters. Only the [425]
assistant pipe lighter could then fulfill the duties
of pipe lighting. The assistant happened to be
Percy Creighton's wife.

Mrs. Walters comments that in 1939 there were fifteen active members during the Motokiks ceremonies; in 1946 there were sixteen. During our recent encampment only eight women took part in the ceremonies, led by Mrs. Laurie Plume, the Pole Owner.

In 1936 Percy Creighton asked the oldest 575
man on the reserve, who was ninety-four years 175
old, if he had ever heard about the time when the
Motokiks were first organized. Creighton wrote [212]
Mrs. Walters that the old man "in his boyhood
days . . . saw the society dancing, and he don't
know when this society formed together." We [164]
know that the Motokiks had been formed at least [165]
as early as 1832, when most of the Bulls Society
members, very old men who had been outstanding
chiefs and warriors, died in a smallpox epidemic.
After the epidemic, the Bulls Society [425]
ceased to function and the surviving members
gave all the society's ancient headdresses to the
Horns and Motokiks.

Some of the Motokiks Bundles Mrs. Walters 575
bought contained Bulls headdresses. Her notes, 778
which follow, describe a Snake headdress and the
contents of a Bundle whose former Owner was
Small-Faced Woman.

The Bundle was kept in a cylindrical rawhide [127]
case for protection. The case had "fringe on side
—triangular painted design—green and red— [415]
much worn and warped." The contents included [531]
the following:

[p. 112-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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[Contents of a Motokiks Bundle]

- one unused clam shell and one clam shell used to mix green paint in, along with a mixing stick, all wrapped in a bladder and kept inside a small bag of cheesecloth. 575 778 [237]
- one buffalo skin bag of sacred red paint, wrapped in a piece of canvas and tied with a thong.
- a bundle of sweetgrass braids wrapped in calico cloth. [824]
- a large bundle with calico cloth around it, containing the headdress parts, which were only assembled when it was used; the parts included the snake, made of stuffed, yellow-painted buckskin with a zigzag line beaded along its body, beads and bells to be attached at several points, and three plumes, consisting of many small feathers attached to three main shafts, to be attached to the snake to complete the headdress. [292] [237] [531]
- a batch of small feathers, some red and some natural white, in a paper wrapping. [237]
- a bone whistle, also kept inside this part of the Bundle, each member wearing such a whistle during the ceremony. [534]

The main Bundle also contained a "loose bead trimmed pendant"; a tiny cloth bag, inside of which was a bladder filled with some kind of roots; and a small "accessory" bundle of paint bags, more roots and painting shells, and some ancient cloth and scarf wrappings. [237]

Robert Wilson was probably the first person to photograph members of the Motokiks wearing their headdresses and putting up their lodge. In those days, the lodge was still constructed with a framework of travois. To accompany Wilson's photographs of 1892 scenes, let us read some excerpts from the 1905 notes of David Duvall, a South Piegan man who collected traditional information for the anthropologist Clark Wissler. These notes are now in the American Museum of Natural History. Duvall got most of his information from an old member who was the wife of Heavy Runner. 575 /27

[p. 112-B]

[Motokiks Society Dance, 1905]

292
778
575
237

Headdress of a Snake member of the Motokiks Society, on display at the Alberta Provincial Museum.

the other. The four singers use rattles and a raw- 575
hide of the same type as accompanies the beaver 796
bundle. They sit west of the fireplace. *[Spirit- [346]
ually, it is thought that Beaver Men in the long-
ago contributed their rawhide and rattles to the [534]
society, just as they contributed the Natoas head- [173]
dress to the Medicine Lodge and the sacred Pipe-
stem to the Medicine Pipe Bundles.]*

All the women wear bone whistles suspended 575
by neck cords and upon these they blow while 796
they dance. They do not all dance at once, but by 535
groups. Thus, the four scabby bulls rise and
dance. When they sit again, the feather bonnets [534]
[the Birds group] take a turn, etc. In all move-
ments the owner of the tipi pole has absolute
authority. . . . She wears a buckskin dress and a [292]
snake bonnet and sits to the right of the other
snake bonnet wearers. . . . The feather bonnets [237]

21: Hungry Wolf   F-4,5   (ca. 1972) 1977   NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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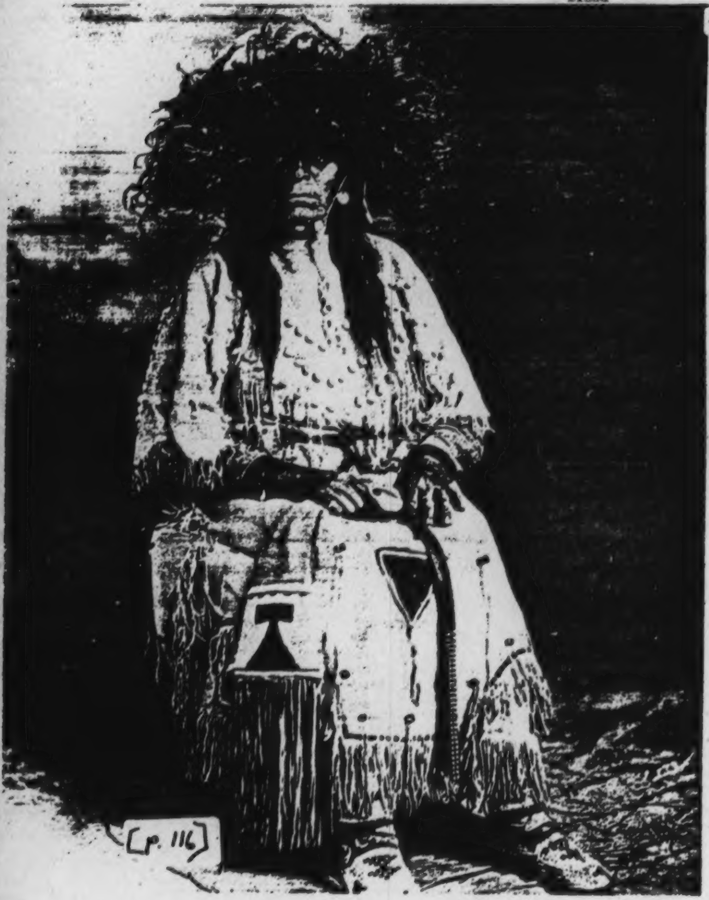

[p. 116]

21: Hungry Wolf   F-4,5   (ca. 1972) 1977   NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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An old woman named Maka, or "Shorty," wearing her Motokik's Bull headdress. Her face is painted for her office, and she has her society whistle in her mouth. (Edward Curtis)

Opposite page: Scabby Bull headdress of the Motokiks Society. The lady's name was Snake People Woman. (National Museum of Canada)

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Some children were playing in the bushes by 773
the camp. One of the children was a minipoka. 539
His father was the head chief. Everybody was afraid of this chief; sometimes he got a bad temper, but he was Powerful and a good leader.

Oki, the kids were playing in the bushes. The minipoka had to go to the toilet, so he went away from the kids where they could not see him. But the other kids, they wanted to know how a minipoka would take care of himself. So they watched through the bushes. When they looked at him,
their eyes got big. What fell to the ground was a [301]
big pile of pretty shells, the kind Medicine Pipe
Owners wear as a necklace. The children ran out [237]
from the bushes and grabbed the shells. They were so excited that they knocked the minipoka down and took all the shells. When he got up, all the shells were gone and the kids ran off through the bushes with them, singing and laughing.

The minipoka started to cry and ran home to his father. When he told his father what happened the chief became angry. Right away, he gave the order for camp to be moved and for no one to call home their children. The People had to do what the chief ordered. By the time the children were finished playing and got back to the camp, all they saw were the smoldering fires where their tipis used to be. They all sat down and cried because they knew that they had been abandoned.

One of our Old People was raised as a minipoka 593
by his influential father. His parents located 858
a young girl from a good family to become his
wife, even though he was still a boy and living at [584]
home. He became a member of the Horns Society [575]
when he was only about twelve or fourteen,
which is very unusual. The Old People say that [561]
even now he still acts like a minipoka and likes to [157]
see things done to suit himself.

While we talked about minipokaiks, Ponah 593
admitted she had been the minipoka of her 858
father, Iron. She said that they had a painted 857
Medicine Tipi transferred to her. When I asked [952]
[778]
[432]
[345]

[p.120-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Our Medicine Pipe Bundles

Mokakin's remark reminded me of the rumor 778
that the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe was going to be 425
transferred during the encampment. And during
the previous winter we heard that a vow had been [782]
made for "Laurie Plume's grandchildren to take a Pipe." Now, as Mokakin spoke, I began to realize there was a connection between the two rumors.

A vow is made for a grandchild to be Owner of a Bundle so that the entire family can benefit from it spiritually. In recent years, some of our Old People who felt they could no longer properly care for such a Bundle vowed for their grandchildren to take it and share its responsibilities, in this way keeping its holy Power in the family.
Unfortunately, the generation gap causes as much [184]
problem among our People as among others. As a result, some families who take over sacred Bundles are only caretakers; they make no effort to learn the Teachings that make Bundle ownership a way of life.

Fred Weaselhead was going to be the new Owner of the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. I was surprised to learn that Jim Twig was transferring it, since he had been its Owner for only a short time. But I suppose he was quite busy with the Horns, his own family, his cattle ranch, and his schoolbus service.

"That's going to be the fifth time that Pipe is in the Weaselhead family," Mokakin said

proudly. "We had it three times; our boy Frank 778
had it not long ago, and now our grandson, he's 425
going to have it too. It's sure different today from [178]
the time we first got it."

By this Mokakin meant that the Spirit for 778
our Old Ways has changed a great deal since that 425
same Bundle was first transferred to himself and
Ponah forty years ago, when the transfer cere- 796
mony used to take four days. Although our People 178
still show all the traditional respect for our Medicine Pipe Bundles and their Owners, it is often without spiritual meaning.

NINAMSKANIKS: MEDICINE PIPE PEOPLE

"Now that you are Ninamskaniks," the Old Man 793
had said to SikskiAki and me, "you must learn to 778
have holy thoughts all the time, so that you will
inspire others to think of holy things. You must 123
set good examples, so that others can learn your holy Ways. Leave behind your bad thoughts. Pray for those who are evil, but remain on your own good path. Have good hearts toward others and help them when in need. I will teach you what I know, but always remember to pray. Pray often and your dreams will be good. . . ."

And so, with the Old Man's guidance and

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Teachings, SikskiAki and I became *Ninamskaniks*, "Medicine Pipe Owners." 778 793

Each article in our Medicine Pipe Bundle is there to inspire holy thoughts about the element of nature it represents. Under the Bundle's plaid shawl covering are several dozen ceremonial objects—decorated sacred Pipestems, a rattle, whistle, sacred paints, shells and beads, and the skins of birds and animals—each with its own song and place in the ceremony. 123

Our sacred Pipe Bundles mean to us what the sacred tablets, Koran, Bible, or rosary, mean to others. They are sacred objects we pray with in our tipi-temples and in our Church of the Great Outdoors. We do not pray to the objects in the Bundles; we pray to the Holy Spirits they represent. [782]

Our grandfather, our Old Man, was Keeper of our sacred Pipe Bundle for ten years. During that time, the Bundle hung over his bed, as it now hangs over ours; it heard his songs, felt his prayers, and bathed in his sweet-smelling incense. When I lean my head against the Bundle and close my eyes, I can see his smile and hear the deep and flowing sound of his voice, and I forget my discouragements and discomforts. We are indeed fortunate, SikskiAki and I, that as we live by his Teachings, his Spirit surrounds us all the time, everywhere. As I tell you about some of the Teachings of our Medicine Pipe Bundles, perhaps then you will understand this special feeling we have for our Old Man and how he helped us to learn so much more about life in harmony with nature.

I'll begin by telling you the ancient legend, as I learned it, about how our People were first given a Medicine Pipe Bundle. 773 539 778

THE ORIGIN OF OUR MEDICINE PIPE BUNDLES

Oki, this story took place very long ago, when our People were able to communicate with all the Powers of the Universe. In the camps there lived

[p 123-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

a beautiful girl who was the only child of her 773
parents. Many young men sent her presents and 539
wished to have her for a wife, but she refused 778
them all. She preferred to remain and help her parents, who were old and poor.

One day a young man came to her and demanded to know why she had refused to accept his courting. When her reply did not satisfy him, he became angry and shouted at the girl, "Do you think that you are too good to marry any of us?" The girl cried as she replied, "I will stay with my parents until I am married to Thunder!"

Not long after, the girl was out gathering firewood. Suddenly a man stepped out from the bushes and stood in front of the girl. He was a fine-looking young man in handsome buckskin clothes. The man said to her, "I have come for you." The girl was frightened and replied, "I cannot go anywhere with you. You are a stranger." The man smiled and said to her, "My name is Thunder, and I have come for you because I heard you telling the People that you would marry me." The girl remembered her statement and knew she had no choice but to go with her new husband.

Thunder took the girl up to his home in the Sky. She stayed with him there, all spring and summer. He was very kind to her and she was happy to be his wife. However, she was lonely for her parents back on Earth. Thunder noticed this and told her, "I know that you are longing to be with your parents and I wish to see you happy. Soon I must go away from here to my winter home. At that time I will send you back to stay with your parents. But I wish to send a present of gratitude to them, and I must first teach you the songs and ceremony to go with it. I will be sending them the most sacred thing I own, my Pipe. It is such a Powerful Pipe that it must be kept covered at all times. It must be taken outside every day so that all the Spirits in the Universe can see it. Its ownership must be shared by your parents, for it is my present to both of them."

Thunder then spent the next seven days in-

[p.123-B]

structing his wife in the Powers of his Pipe. Each 773
day he taught her one of the songs he sang when- 539
ever he took the Pipe from its coverings. Finally 778
he told her, "Each spring I will return for you. My arrival will mean the end of winter's hardships for your People and the beginning of the seasons of plenty. When I announce my arrival, your People must prepare themselves by holding the ceremony that I have taught you with my Pipe."

The girl went back home and gave Thunder's Pipe to her parents. Ever since that time our Medicine Pipes have been thought of as Thunder Pipes, and our People have celebrated the annual return of Thunder in the spring by holding the Pipe ceremonies.

In time, others were instructed to make 773
sacred Pipes similar to the first one given by 539
Thunder. These instructions came through Pow- 778
erful dreams that were carefully interpreted
before being acted upon. Only a man who had 787
great spiritual power would make up a sacred Pipe, and only after he was convinced that his dream gave him positive approval. And the man who was selected to construct the Pipe worked under the direction of the original dreamer. Some people were also taught new songs to sing in addition to the original seven. One by one, the Spirits of different birds and animals also came to the People in dreams and asked to be remembered during the annual celebrations for the coming of the seasons of plenty. Each one offered his skin and his medicine song to be included in the ceremony. That is how our People came to believe in the spirits of sacred Medicine Pipe Bundles.

BUNDLE CONTENTS AND THEIR OWNERS

Unlike the Medicine Bundles of many other 778
People, the contents of ours are not secret; we can discuss them as well as their spiritual powers. We

keep the sacred objects bundled up so that their 778
spiritual powers will only be used in the proper sacred way.

The main object in every Medicine Pipe 778
Bundle is the sacred Stem. Like exceptionally 276
long regular pipestems, they have a straight hole beginning at the carved mouthpiece and ending
at the carved bowl-fitting. Sacred Pipes are very [531]
handsomely decorated, with many black-and-
white ermine tails, black-and-white eagle feathers, [237]
eagle plumes, other feathers, and beads, bells, and
porcupine quills. They are kept in long, tubular [415]
cases of red, blue, or black wool stroud cloth, the kind with the white selvedges brought to our People by traders of the long-ago. These cloth covers replaced the original buckskin covers as they wore out.

Spiritually, the sacred Stems represent all the 778
Holy Powers of the Universe. They were first 776
given by Thunder, who embodies the rain-water 276
that helps to make everything grow. The wood 824
stems represent all the plants that grow upon 825
Earth; the eagle tailfeathers represent all the Above Powers, including all the birds, the eagle being the most Powerful among them; the ermine skins stand for all the Below Powers, including the animals that walk on Earth; and the beads and bells symbolize all the goodness and beauty of
the Universe. The sacred Stems are attached to [823]
stone bowls that represent the strength of our Earth Mother. Her Spirit travels in the form of smoke along the long and straight path of the sacred Stem, into the body of the smoker, and as he exhales it, up into the air that flows throughout the Universe. The physical appearance of a sacred Pipe represents all the holy beauty that can be found if one lives by its holy Ways.

No one knows exactly how many sacred 778
Pipes were made among our People throughout 276
the ages, but there were probably no more than a few dozen. Shortly after 1900, Clark Wissler made an extensive study and concluded that there were "something more than seventeen" Medicine

[p.124-8]

Pipes among all four divisions of our People. 778
Since there were almost that many remaining 276
among all our People less than twenty years ago, his estimate may be low. But it does give some idea of how many there were among a tribe of over ten thousand registered members. Today there are twelve Medicine Pipes left on the four reserves of our People.

The sacred Stem constitutes the "main" Pipe in a Bundle. There is also another long Pipestem, which we call the secondary Pipe. This second Stem is not included in all the Bundles, and its original purpose has been forgotten. Its stem is flat, not round like the main Pipe's, and it is only sparsely decorated. It is kept in a cloth cover similar to the one for the main Pipe. [415] These two sacred Stems are like father and mother to the other contents in the Bundles.

The skins of birds and animals vary according [787] to the origins and later dreams accompanying each Bundle. Each skin represents not only its own species but also that element of nature in which it lives most successfully; this is usually mentioned in the song for that bird or animal.

Every Medicine Pipe Bundle contains the 778
skin of an owl, representing night. Owls have the 825
Power to succeed then, when others are handicapped. 237
Another important skin is that of the loon, which represents the element of water. The loon has the Power of Water, where it swims and finds its food and raises its children. The skins of hawks and eagles are important because they represent the element of air, the Power to fly in the sky. The skins of antelopes and deer symbolize the element of Earth and the Power to live on the prairies and in the forests. The skin of a marmot stands for the Power to live in the high mountains; the squirrel, the Power to live in open land. A rattle of buffalo hide represents the Power of [534] the Old People's most important source of food. Dried berries (served in a sacred soup during the [824] Thunder ceremony) are testaments of the Powers of plants, as well as another of our Old People's

[p. 125-A]

source of food. A whistle makes the sounds for 778
the winds and all the birds that fly in the air. 825
Pouches of sacred Earth paints represent our 237
Earth Mother. Sweet pine needles, used for incense, speak for all that is sweet and holy. The [824]
tanned elk hide wrapped around the Bundle testifies to the majesty of that animal. The tanned [534]
skin of a black bear, wrapped around the elk hide, [823]
represents the physical power of bears and gives the Bundle strength and protection. A plaid shawl draped over all of these things gives the Bundle privacy and symbolizes the Power of the changes that have come to our Old Ways.

Sacred Pipes are smoked only during Medi- 778
cine Lodge ceremonies, and not at any other time 276
—not even during Medicine Pipe Bundle-Open- 796
ing ceremonies. When taken out of their Bundles, they are not smoked but danced with. [535]
Dancing is so important that many refer to our Medicine Pipe ceremonies by the Blackfoot term *Ninamska-Paskan*—Medicine Pipe Dance.

In the Old Days, when the People lived together in lodges, the Medicine Pipe Bundle was opened on the first day Thunder was heard in the spring. When this happened and it was confirmed in the home of a Bundle Owner that the opening ceremony would be held, the wife immediately began preparing the berry soup. Owner and wife would then change into their best dress and straighten out their lodge, which soon filled with relatives, friends, and all nearby Medicine Pipe People. If the Owner was not properly educated to open his own Bundle, he asked a former Owner to lead the ceremony.

Each Bundle had its own group of followers. 778
Those who formerly owned the Bundle always attended all its ceremonies. Close relatives of the [425]
present Owner came, and the ones who helped with the transfer payments were given spiritual rights to parts of the Bundle. Others came because they were interested in the special Powers of the Bundle.

In the Old Days, members of a band trans- 778
432

ferred ownership within their own group. When 778
the People moved on to the reserve, they settled 432
there according to their bands. Thus, some of our
Old People knew quite well the histories of the [657]
Bundles among their own band, while they knew [361]
little about other Bundles.

Bundles are the spiritual property of their 778
Keeper, or Owner. Our People used to live with 42
the fact that owned property could be reclaimed at any time by nature, through loss, damage, or death. They believed that owning something meant caring for it until it was claimed by a stronger Power.

TWO MEDICINE PIPE TRANSFERS: 1890s

Many firsthand narratives of long-ago Medicine 778
Pipe ceremonies are available among the Piegans, 796
but not so many among our People, the Bloods.
The oldest record among the few comes from the
papers of Robert Wilson in the 1890s. Those who [178]
took part in the ceremonies he witnessed still practiced their Old Ways daily, but even then were no longer totally dependent on nature in their way of life, so that they could not fully relate to the representations of nature inside the Bundles.

Although Wilson was not always aware of [114]
the meanings of the symbols he saw, I will pass on [127]
to you what he wrote.

Sacred pipe holders are easily distinguished 793
by the free use of red paint on their person, hav- 778
ing it rubbed all over their white blanket or coat [531]
and also over the leggings and moccasins, their
wives painted the same. A pipe-holder wears upon [301]
each wrist a blue bead tied with a buckskin strand, (the wife also; or, if man does not wear beads upon wrist, he will have one bead and a shell strung upon a buckskin string on his neck.)
[The Owner and his wife wear both necklaces [796]
and wristlets during the ceremony.] Children [852]
who have been painted during [the] ceremony of transfer also wear the beads.

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

who have been painted during [the] ceremony of 000
transfer also wear the beads. It sometimes happens 778
that an Indian does not keep the pipe the
alotted four years [as was common for some
Medicine Pipe Bundles and society memberships
in the Old Days]; a sick person's relatives may ask
him for it inside of a few months of his possession
of it.

A sick man often declares that he will take [782]
[the] pipe if he recovers, or will take it to recover.
Upon [such] declaration he sometimes [755]
goes to lodge of owner, and pipe is unrolled and
laid against his shoulders, chest, head, and
wounds, with prayers all over his person. He takes
it and pressing his lips against [the] pipe, prays
for health.

The Sacred pipe has always a recognized 778
value in horses, and the candidate knows how 432
many cayuses [ponies] were paid by present
owner of pipe and that he must pay a like number.
[To pay less] would be considered an insult [626]
to the pipe and would deserve punishment in
shape of bad luck.

Value of pipes run from 3 to 25 horses 778
[amongst] the Bloods; these horses need not all 432
be paid by the candidate; his friends, relatives and 426
comrades may help him by donating a horse or [435]
two and there are generally enough willing ones
for two reasons, e.g., a person paying one horse at [852]
a friend's initiation is entitled to have a child
decorated at the ceremony of transferring the
pipe and said child will bear more or less of a
charmed life. And when his friend disposes of the
pipe at end of four years or longer, his horse can
be returned to him out of those paid by last purchaser.
It is, therefore, a mutual advantage, for
without friends so inclined the intending pipe
holders might not be able to get the high priced
article. [Wilson's statements are basically correct, [114]
but the helping friends and relatives were also
motivated to have the Bundle in their area of the
camps. The requirement for "payments" did not 778
limit Bundle ownership to "wealthy" persons in 432

[p.126-B] [555]

the Old Days, only to ambitious persons. Anyone 778
not wealthy but who had enough ambition and 432
spiritual power could go out on a raid and bring [555]
*home enough horses to take care of the physical
sacrifice.]*

"High sleeper" paid sixteen out of his twenty- 778
one horses. He had lost all his relations but one 432
and bought the pipe to change his luck. I wit- 796
*nessed the ceremony of his purchase which took
place in the lodge of Crop Eared Wolf [the* [782]
adopted son of Head Chief Red Crow, who later [435]
*became his successor], who had owned the pipe
for ten years. I also was present at the transfer of
a pipe from "Roach Mane" [the young-man name
of Ponah's father, Iron] to "Brave Bear."*

The following description I write after being present at four Thunder dances:

Inside the lodge, directly opposite the en- [353]
*trance, is a space occupied by a cushion to receive
the pipe which was now outside, where it always
stands in fine weather during the day, leaning on
two sticks against the west side of the lodge. On* [553]
each side of this space and extending around the [534]
*lodge to the entrance in two half circles are ar-
ranged blankets and quilts for seats for the visitors
who soon begin to arrive; the host (who is seated
with the cushion at his left hand) tells each per-
son where to sit; four or five men, who are good
singers and know the songs used on these occa-
sions, are told to take their places on the left of
the entrance and are given tom-toms.*

The Master of Ceremonies, or Priest, of the [793]
*occasion, who is never the host but someone who
knows all the songs of the pipe, of which there are
a great many, and who is well versed in the mystic
rites or functions in connection with the sacred
pipes, takes his place next to space for pipe, sit-
ting opposite to host, the cushion space being be-
tween them.*

In front of cushion, between it and the fire, is a square hole dug in the ground, size about 9 or 10 inches square, and two or three inches deep; its sides being at right angles with the cushion. Upon

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[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

entrance the assembled guests sit smoking and 778
chatting upon all topics. 432

Host's wife presently brings in the Sacred 796
bundle and ties it to the lodge poles directly over the cushion. Bundle is covered with a red shawl and consists of a Bear Skin rolled around twenty or so skins of animals and birds, some of the latter stuffed, among which is an owl. In centre of bundle are several red cloth bags containing the Sacred Pipe, its two stems, a long wooden whistle, rattles and a number of articles the uses of which I will presently show.

Between the cushion and hole before men- [782]
tioned is now placed a live coal from the fire. The
priest places an open bag of sweet grass [actually, [824]
sweet pine] on the ground and taking right hand of host in his right hand, he guides host's hand to bag and extracts therefrom a pinch of the powderized sweet grass, while both are muttering a prayer. [The incense] is sprinkled upon the coal of fire with a spiral motion of the hand, causing a sweet odour to fill the lodge. The bundle is now taken down and waved towards this altar four times before it is set down upon the cushion.
[Wilson fails to mention that the series of Medi- [533]
cine Pipe songs is begun before the incense is made. The singing goes on while the Bundle is taken down and placed between its Owner and the leader of the ceremony.]

Bowls and pans are now produced and the 778
squaws bring in pails of berry broth and rice, 432
which is served unto all present, myself among 796
the rest, though the stuff was not very tempting 782
to look at. I managed to make away with part of
my share as my right hand neighbor said it was [262]
not good to refuse. Before eating, the oldest man [576]
present picked one berry from his dish and holding it above at arm's length began an elaborate prayer to the sun thanking him for past blessings, for his old age (70 years), and soliciting future favours for himself and host. He had hardly started before the other old men followed suit and before they had concluded, every male [and

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[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

female] in the lodge was praying in the same man- 778
ner, some to the sun, some to the moon, birds, 432
stars, eniskims [Iniskims, or sacred stones] and all 796
their numerous deities, each person concluding his
prayer by placing the morsel, which he had been 782
holding up, upon the ground and rubbing it through the grass into the earth saying: "Earth persons, I give this to you." After they had done all this, the host held up some of his food and prayed as follows:

"Oh Sun! Oh Sun, pity me, Oh Sun, pity me, pity me that my children may grow up to be men and women. Pity me, that I may be a good man with a good heart, that my horses may increase and not get stolen. Pity me, that I may not die when sick, that I may escape all danger when I travel from home. I am happy to be able to see my family around me. I am glad to be able to look at my horses, I am glad that I can move around this summer in health, I am glad that things are as they are and hope that I am to be so blessed a long time."

[At this point the food was eaten, although Wilson does not mention this.]

Priest now takes tallow and red paint and 796
paints his hands and face, holds his hands over 778
incense and passes them over his legs, breast, arms 432
and head [actually, in reverse order, symbolically [302]
cleansing the evil downward from his body],
praying as he does so. Host does same, but does [782]
not paint himself. They now sing a number of [783]
songs, making gestures as they sing. . . . Priest [533]
now paints the South half of the square hole in
the ground Red, and the North half, Black. Priest
and host and wife now proceed to unroll the pipe
by untying the numerous strings; each string as it
becomes disengaged is waved towards incense and
then put away. From bundle is taken four [237]
plumes, two are painted Red and two Black. Host now takes a pointed red stick and makes three feints to stick it into the ground at S.E. corner of hole and at the fourth does so, making a little hole in which a Red plume is placed. Same is

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[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony 1890's]

done at S.W. where the other red plume is 796
placed, then N.W. and N.E. corners [in] which 432
are stuck the black plumes. Two small willow 778
sticks painted red, about 2 feet long, [are] stuck [824]
upright in the ground in front of and close to the
bundle, a third is tied across horizontally near
tops of them, four waves being made to altar be-
fore each stick is placed in position. The mouth [237]
ends of the two pipestems are placed resting
upon this crosspiece, a stuffed owl is laid with it,
head also upon the crosspiece end of long wood.
A quantity of tobacco, generally a 3 lb. carrot of [276]
H.B.C. [Hudson's Bay Company, which was
often supplied by Wilson from his trading post] [439]
tobacco, is now divided up by host and a piece [792]
given to priest who, breaking off a small particle,
holds it out in front of him and, often giving a
short prayer to the earth, pushes the balance into
the earth. One of the old men present counts a [555]
couple of coups which are loudly applauded. Four
children, or as many as the host has, or any child [302]
relative whose parents wish it to be painted, are [852]
brought forward, and painted by Priest. All is now 796
ready for dancing which is started by Priest, who 432
takes some article from the Sacred Outfit, gen- 778
erally the fancy stem of pipe, and dances around 535
the lodge and out through the entrance. He often
has in one hand this whistle which he points up [534]
to the sun and earth, blowing as he dances, and
shaking the pipestem which has a great many
bells on it. After turning around outside he [782]
dances back through lodge and having danced
four times, hands articles to host, who prays to
them [or with them, as I have said] and puts
them in their place. After some chatting, the [533]
drums start up again and sing three songs and at
the fourth, one of those men present who have
owned a Sacred Pipe gets up and dances around
the lodge, dancing towards the pipe three times,
holding out his hands as if he would take it; the
fourth time he takes it and often one of the other
articles and dances with them in his hands. Each
man dances to four songs [actually one song, sung

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[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

four times], then gives the articles to host as be- 796
fore. Sometimes 2 or 3 will be on the floor at 432
same time. One may have owl, or rattle alone; 778
they can suit themselves and take whatever they 535
like. [Not exactly. Past and present Medicine [422]
Pipe Owners may select anything from the Bun-
dle, but some persons who have never owned a
Bundle may have had the rights to certain objects
within a Bundle transferred to them. They can
then always dance with those objects but not with
any other.] When using the whistle they begin at [533]
a high note and descend the scale with a continu- [534]
ous toot, toot, toot.

In making the first three feints to take the [201]
pipe, the dancer often retreats, dancing back
around the lodge making the sign to kill (as if
stabbing with a knife). [This preliminary dancing [178]
Wilson describes is no longer done at all. Today,
when a man gets up to dance he takes the se-
lected object, prays, and dances four times.] They
nearly all dance the same step in this ceremony, a
slow, regular, vigorous jump with both of the
knees bent; the tunes and songs used upon these
occasions are not sung at any other time; the step
in dancing is also peculiar to Calumet [Pipe]
men. There is a preference shown for the owl,
which is most often taken up and almost always
prayed to by the dancer as he takes it in his
hands, or the host when it is handed back to him.
[According to our traditions, the dead come back [825]
to visit the living in the bodies of owls. For that
reason owls are respected as being very Powerful, [775]
and many participants desire the spiritual
strength they get by dancing with one.] At one of 796
these dances, while one of the dancers had the 432
owl in his hands, I was amused to see a claw and 778
leg of the bird fall to the ground, at which all 787
present put on a very long face, thinking it a bad
omen, and it is a strange fact that the owner of
the pipe and host on that occasion died before
the summer was out, his Calumet was buried with
him, the stems lying on his breast. [Any accident
that occurs during a sacred ceremony is con-

[p. 129-A]

sidered to be a bad sign. A piece falling from a 796
sacred object, an error made in the singing, a 432
rattle or drumstick dropped, or a person falling 778
down, particularly if caused by the negligence of 787
the participant, will cause the marked person to [789]
immediately ask some old man to call out four [555]
brave deeds, in the hope that the old man's powers in times of danger will help prevent possible misfortune as a result of the accident.]

Sometimes a woman is allowed to take the 796
pipe at these dances and clumsily dances [this is a 432
gross interpretation of the smooth dancing done 778
by women; an ideal woman remains very dignified 535
during social occasions and does not dance with [562]
the glamour and obvious enthusiasm shown by
the men], facing a minute to each of the five [923]
points of the compass [actually, four]. There are generally some extra moves in the ceremony of unrolling the Calumet peculiar to each pipe; for instance in one case, before dancing, a squaw takes a drum stick and strikes two blows on each of the lodge poles that the entrance is between [the spiritual purpose of this to notify the sacred lodge that loud noise, in the form of drumming, is about to commence], in another case a forked stick is used to rest the head of the stuffed owl upon, this stick stuck upright between the other red willows.

The following narrative is also from Wilson's 796
notebook of the 1890s. He calls this story a 432
"Calumet Transfer." 778
[127]

When an Indian has once said that he will
take the Sacred Pipe, he must not fail to keep his [626]
promise, for he is sure to be visited with misfortune should he so trifle with the Sacred. Nowadays a man names the day that he will pay the horses and be initiated. Formerly, it was customary to leave that to the owner and priests who would take him by surprise the night before the transfer was due to take place. The pipe is unrolled with the same ceremony as in Thunder

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[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

Dance, and the assembled men spend the night 796
singing and feasting and dancing. At the first sign 432
of daybreak five or six of them take the stem and 778
pipe and the owl and silently go to the lodge of
the sleeping candidate, taking with them a stroud
blanket or robe upon which they place the man.
Putting into his hands the stem and owl, they
then seize the corners of blanket and lift the man
bodily off the ground and carry him out and off to
the lodge of the owner of pipe where the ceremony is to take place. They there deposit him
upon the right of the Sacred outfit, which [place]
is vacated by the host who takes very little part in
what follows. While they are carrying their prisoner from one lodge to the other, a great deal of
shouting is done by themselves and those in the
other lodges. [This shouting is in the form of [554]
cheers honoring the candidate.] The candidate,
when seated, places the things he has been carrying in their places. Singing and dancing is now
indulged in for about two hours, during which
the guests slip out one by one and go home and
wash and put on their good clothes, as they are
looking rather tough after the night's sleepless
feasting. Finally a couple of priests of the occa- [924]
sion chew sweet grass [again, sweet pine, the [261]
Medicine Pipe incense] and prepare to do the
decorating. A boy is decorated, his friends having [302]
paid two horses for the privilege. First a red ring [852]
is painted around the candidate's face and around
each wrist, and from there around to tips of
fingers; a spot is painted, one on each shoulder,
and feet are also painted red. Priest's hands are [292]
waved four times to incense before he does the [237]
painting; he now takes a sheep skin band, hair outside, painted red and blue, and puts it on man's
head, hand waved four times to incense; a feather
is stuck through hair at top of head, from right to
left, and boy is fixed up same way. Some other
children are now painted.

The vendor's wives now paint candidate's wives and hold up a blanket, curtaining off that portion of the lodge where they sit and dress them completely in new clothes which they, the

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[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

vendor's wives, supply. Vendor's wives chew 796
sweetgrass while they are dressing others. When 778
they are through the blanket is taken down. The 432
candidate is dressed completely in a new suit of [824]
clothes by vendor; this is done before his wives [261]
are dressed. Each garment is waved four times to
incense before being put on. Candidate now gets [824]
up and, passing behind pipe with fire stick in
hand walks out, stepping on four bundles of sage
the first four steps. A painted white horse is waiting [231]
outside which he mounts, and there is handed [531]
him the fancy pipestem, which he holds in his
arms. A priest leads off the horse, singing, to [533]
candidate lodge which the latter enters [candidate
enters his lodge]; a squaw brings back the [534]
horse, and priest returns with stem and owl [to
vendor's lodge]; 2 Priests and 2 others go outside
[vendor's lodge] having in their hands both pipestems,
owl, rattle, and whistles, they stand in a
line and sing while the four drummers form another
line behind and they all move off, singing,
to lodge of candidate; front line dancing and singing
forwards and backwards, at times facing
around when they at last arrive at candidate's
lodge. Front line goes in, drummers at once return
[to vendor's lodge], candidate at once comes
out [from his own lodge] and, mounting horse
which had been brought around again, he comes
back to [vendor's] lodge and enters. As he enters,
the drummers all take hold of a common
pipestem and bow their heads low, still waiting,
until he passes in, when they lift their heads and
go to work at their drums.

Now there is dancing for an hour, very much [535]
like Thunder Dance, but more of it, there sometimes
being four up at once. Head bands and
feathers are taken off. A blanket is now held up as [852]
a curtain, closing from view the man and boy.
The two priests take the front locks of hair of [302]
each [the man and boy] and form a top-knot by [237]
braiding out one braid in front and doubling it
back upon itself and tying it with buckskin; a long
strip of otter skin is wrapped around [the braided
lock], making a long roll sticking out over the

[p.130-B]

face; while this is being done a third priest stands 796
outside holding the fancy stem towards middle of 778
blanket to time of slow beat of drums. 432

A blue bead and shell is tied on each top [302]
knot; the priests again chew sweetgrass, spit on [237]
their hands and rub them over heads of man and
boy after they have fixed the hair; head bands and [301]
feathers are now replaced. One priest now gets up [824]
with man and boy, man with fancy stem in his
hand; all face South then West then North and [261]
dance a minute to slow time in each direction, at [535]
which there is great applause. [In the form of [152]
shouts and war cries. We clap our hands only to
accent our talking, not to applaud. The "applause" [554]
is to cheer the new Medicine Pipe Man
during his first ceremonial act as Owner.]
Women do same, that is, candidate's wives and
two other women. All morning, relations of candidate [431]
have been bringing in household articles
such as dishes, fry pans, cups and saucers, pails,
also blankets, guns, and etc. and piling them up at
the entrance. These are now distributed by vendor
and his wife to their relations, probably giving
those who contributed when they were buying
the pipe years ago.

Pipe is now rolled up and the newly made
medicine man's wife carries it home on her back.

Wilson learned the Ways of the Medicine 796
Pipe ceremonies quite well, although, as indicated 778
by my parenthetical comments, he occasionally
made a mistake, or misinterpreted. The [114]
following story, told by our uncle, Atsitsina, illustrates [115]
how well Wilson knew these ceremonies.
The story takes place during the Sun Dance Encampment
at the Belly Buttes in the 1920s.

I will tell you the story of Long-Nosed Crow. 796
His name was Bob Wilson. He was just like an 778
Indian. He spoke the Blackfoot language just as I 177
am speaking it now. Everybody knew him. He
knew me and my father very well.

One time, when this big-shot from the States
called Schultz [James Willard Schultz, the author

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of many books about our Old Ways] was visiting the Bloods, they went together to a Medicine Pipe Dance. It was for the opening of Big Sorrel Horse's Pipe, the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. Wilson told Schultz, "I believe in the Indian religion. I have my reasons. When they have Big Smoke ceremonies, I always help them. I bring them tobacco and stuff to make soup with. I can go in and have my face painted. They pray hard. Their prayers help me good."

Many White Horses was opening the Bundle; he was called by his nickname, Bachkseene [closest English translation is "bungling idiot"]. We watched as Bachkseene opened the Bundle, then danced with the Stem. After that, they sang two "rest songs," then danced, one after another, without rest songs in between.

After the ceremony, Wilson came over to us and said in fluent Blackfoot, "Hai-Yah, now you are walking lost, the way you were opening that Bundle. The ceremony was mixed up. In the Old Days, when the leader finished opening the Bundle, he would dance twice and go outside with the Pipe and pray. Then he would come back in and dance two more times and give the Pipe to the main Owner to pray with. Then the leader would tell the drummers to sing four resting songs and then tell whoever wants to dance to get up and dance, and that person would get the sweet pine and put it on his feet and pray with it and he would dance. He would dance four times. Then he would give the thing he danced with to the NinamskAki [Medicine Pipe Woman] and she would pray with it and give it back to the Bundle. Then they'd sing four more rest songs and then dance again. You're all mixed up now. The songs you sing are correct, but the way you do it is wrong."

Wilson was pretty smart. He knew a lot about the Old Ways.

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BACKSIDE-TO-THE-FIRE PIPE OPENING CEREMONY: 1972

NinnaOnesta—Albert Chief Calf—was the crier 778 on the morning of the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe 796 ceremony. He came around early, announcing 203 that Jim Twig was going to open his Medicine Pipe. Not yet having fulfilled his annual obligation of having the Bundle opened, Jim Twig wanted to do this before starting the Bundle's transfer ceremony. All past and present Medicine Pipe Owners were invited, according to custom.

NinnaOnesta wore a black cowboy hat with a [291] red-dyed eagle plume fastened to one side, and a pink scarf around his neck. He had on his ever- [416] present sunglasses, and in one hand carried a [481] cane. At the age of seventy-seven he was still a sturdy and strong-voiced man. Here is what we heard him say: "Hurry up! Hurry up, all of you people who want to see the Medicine Pipe Dance. [Jim Twig] is going to open his sacred Pipe today. He wants to get started early so that we can finish before dark. Oki, all of you Akai-Namskaniks [past Medicine Pipe Men], all of you Ninamskaniks, you are invited. Bring your bowls. All of you people who want to see the ceremony, you are invited to come to the yellow-painted Elk Tipi. Hurry Up!"

We got up and made our incense. SikskiAki 778 no longer took our Bundle outside to hang over 782 the doorway during the day. The Old Man told [123] us that there were too many casual visitors now in camp who had no idea how to show proper respect for such a sacred thing. As we made our incense, we prayed for our success with the Spirit of the Old Ways; we dwelled on good thoughts about our own life.

We were about to eat breakfast when Mrs. 778 Stabs Down came in. Our Bundle had last been kept by her and her husband for the benefit of their children, who had been initiated as Owners. By tradition she is now our "Mother." She had [601]

[432]
[422]

[p. 132-A]

come to ask for some sacred yellow paint, knowing 778
that I use that color as part of my personal
Medicine. She said that the old Horns wished to [432]
buy some for use in the upcoming Horns Society [422]
transfer. Her husband was giving up his membership,
while her brother was going to join. I told [575]
her I would donate some to the Horns. Then she [431]
declined our invitation to visit and quickly left to
help the Horns in their many preparations for the
transfer.

We had just finished breakfast when another 778
visitor arrived. This time it was Ksachkom 426
("Earth"), or Fred Eagle Plume, Atsitsina's
brother, who, in his seventies, was the oldest man [575]
to become a new member of the Horns during this [782]
transfer. He was joining to fulfill a vow that he
had made some time ago. He came to borrow my
pipe bag. He said that Atsitsina had loaned him a
pipe, but that he must have a bag for it during
the transfer ceremonies. I said nothing, knowing
that tradition would not allow me to ask for the
bag's return if he did not bring it back on his
own. The soft deerhide from which the bag is [415]
made was the last one tanned long ago by my
"grandma" who lives in the south. I could never
replace it. In addition, the bag is beautifully decorated
with SikskiAki's beadwork. Since I did not [576]
care to lend it, I remained silent to his request.
Knowing the reason for my silence, Ksachkom explained
that a new bag was being made for him
by some woman relative, and that he only needed
mine because his was not yet ready for use. Then
I agreed to let him use the bag. It is a custom that
Medicine Pipe Owners do not lend out their
belongings, but give them away if someone is
really in need of them. If they do lend anything,
then it must be returned within four days. After
that they can neither ask for it nor expect to take
it back if it is brought.

Sun let us know early that it was going to be 796
very hot that day. It is easier for the body to sit 292
through a long ceremony in the spring, after the 778
first sound of Thunder, than in the middle of a

hot summer. We knew that we would not be very 796
comfortable after wrapping our wool blankets 292
around ourselves. Tradition requires participants 778 ●
in holy ceremonies to cover themselves with a *robe or blanket to show* modesty and respect before the Holy Spirits. At most Medicine Pipe ceremonies, this tradition is mainly followed by current Medicine Pipe Owners and by the leader of the ceremony. Others wear blankets only while dancing with one of the sacred objects from the Bundle. However, a few people ignore tradition and go without their blankets altogether.

To complete our preparations for the ceremony, 778
we took the shell necklaces and bead bracelets 796
from the rawhide paint-and-accessory bag of 301
our Bundle and put them on. Medicine Pipe
Owners and their families used to wear these [793]
symbols all the time. Now most people wear them
only to ceremonies. They serve as a constant reminder [82]
of the main elements of nature: shells to represent water; blue beads to represent the sky; thongs to represent animals; and a coating of sacred red paint to represent Earth.

We heard the voice of NinnaOnesta again, 778
announcing that the ceremony was about to begin. 796
We wrapped ourselves in our blankets (Wolf
Child and me; women generally wear theirs over [292]
their shoulders) and immediately we became very
hot! How it must have been in the Old Days [291]
when many of our People dressed like that every
day, wearing a buffalo robe or wool blanket as [178]
outer garments and buckskin or wool clothing underneath! They had deep convictions in our customs to find happiness despite physical discomfort.

The Elk Tipi was a large yellow-painted 778
lodge with the head and horns of a buffalo 796
painted over the front doorway. Hoof tracks decorated 346
both sides. The tipi belonged to Richard
Little Dog, who led Medicine Pipe ceremonies [532]
among the South Piegans in Montana. Jim Twig [422]
borrowed this tipi for his ceremony, because it
could accommodate many people. A second tipi [426]

[p. 133-M]

cover was stretched over a framework erected to 778
lean against the east side of the main tipi, thus 796
forming a sort of patio. Friends and relatives of 346
the Owner crowded into this secondary tipi and watched the ceremony through the open front of the main tipi. The cover of the secondary tipi was rolled up so that others could watch from outside.

We always enter our tipis from the east side, 778
from the direction Sun's first rays of light announce 796
the start of another day. Some women and children were already seated within the secondary tipi; the main tipi was about half full when we entered it. We stood in the doorway, waiting to be received by host Jim Twig, who sat beneath the Bundle. His wife sat on his right. Someone called out for him to hear, "Oki, here are some Medicine Pipe Owners." Jim looked, smiled at us, and then pointed to a place next to Emonissi (an old man also known as Laurie Plume), who was going to lead the ceremony. I went to the place I was shown, while SikskiAki occupied the matching place on the women's side.

One other Medicine Pipe Owner was already 778
sitting in the main tipi. He was an older South 796
Piegan named Charlie Horn. His wife inherited 184
her aging parents' Bundle, which they now take
care of at their home in Browning. Theirs is one [428]
of five Medicine Pipe Bundles still left on that reservation. Medicine Pipe ceremonies are usually held in the houses down there. While our Pipes are usually brought out only in the spring, theirs are brought out whenever anyone makes a vow to sponsor the ceremony.

Shortly after we sat in place, visitors from our 778
other divisions arrived. First came old Makes 796
Summer (Joseph Young Eagle Child), my Weather Dancing instructor during the last Medicine Lodge ceremony among the South Piegans. Then came Ben Calf Robe, a man in his late eighties and a former Medicine Pipe Owner
among the North Blackfoot People. They were [576]
shown seats up front, the place for honored guests. Old Charlie Horn, a quiet and humble

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[Backside-To-The-Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

man, sat halfway back instead of way up front 796
where all Medicine Pipe Owners are supposed to 778
sit.

One more drummer was needed to start the [533]
ceremony. Our Old Man, sitting by the doorway,
volunteered to fill the vacancy. The physical efforts required of drummers would strain his old body. He knew that, but he wanted to help get the ceremony started. I helped him move over to sit on the first of the cushions arranged for the drummers in an east-west line.

Just before the ceremony actually began, old NinnaOnesta showed up. Once the ceremony begins, it is not proper to rearrange anything, but there was still time to have the physically stronger NinnaOnesta replace the Old Man.

The ceremony went like any other, with the
incense, praying, singing, and untying of the Bun-
dle. In the Old days, at least seven sets of seven [533]
songs would have been sung. But no one knows [178]
all seven sets anymore. Today, usually the first
set of seven is sung, and then part of the second
set.

After the Bundle was opened, we ate the [262]
sacred meal of fresh berry soup, as well as boiled
meat and eggs, crackers and cookies, and oranges and apples.

This pause lasted for about twenty minutes; [535]
then the ceremony continued with dancing done
in time to drumming and singing. During this part, participants were given an opportunity to express their own spiritual feelings about the Bundle. Anyone who had been initiated into the Spirit of our Medicine Pipes could get up and dance with an object from the Bundle.

The custom of dancing is different with this 796
particular Bundle, the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. 778
With other Bundles, only the men dance, while 535
their female relatives may dance in place to ac- 562
company them. Then, women dance with the sacred objects only to fulfill vows, standing next to the leader and bouncing lightly up and down; relatives accompany them, dancing in place four

times, facing each of the four directions. The 796
dancing party stands on a walkway made up of 778
blankets, quilts, and pieces of material given to 535
the Bundle's Owner afterwards. However, for this 562
Bundle, both men and women dance, one
encouraging the other.

Before the dancing began, Emonissi took the 796
sacred Pipe outside the main tipi and prayed to 778
the Powers of the Universe. He returned and laid [782]
the sacred Stem on a rack, made up of three sticks
like a miniature goal post. The drummers began [533]
the introductory turn for the Medicine Pipe
Dance. All the songs, or chants, were accompanied [534]
by hard-soft, hard-soft beats on the rawhide-covered
hand drums. The four drums used to be
among the accessories of a Bundle, but no longer.
Today, drums are usually borrowed.

During the introductory song, Mokakin got 796
up and prepared to be the first dancer. He went 778
up front and took a pinch of sweet pine needles 783
from the pouch next to the altar. Putting the
needles in his mouth, he chewed them, then spit [824]
a bit of them in his right hand, which he brushed [261]
down the left side of his body. He did the same
with his left hand. Then he repeated the whole
ceremony. Finally, he spit some of the incense in
his hands, rubbed his palms together, then
rubbed the soles of his moccasins a total of four
times. He was now symbolically purified and
ready to handle the sacred objects from within
the Bundle.

One of the two Pipestems was very simply 796
decorated, while the other was more fully deco- 778
rated with the eagle tailfeather fan. The simple 276
pipe looked like the secondary Pipe and the latter
looked like the main Pipe, except for one feature. [531]
The secondary Pipe is usually more recently [237]
made; but here this simple pipe was very ancient
compared to the one with the eagle tailfeathers.
And indeed, Mokakin selected the much older,
more simple Pipe, which was this Bundle's main
Pipe.

Mokakin prayed aloud, holding up the sacred 796
778
782

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Backside-To-The-Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

Stem. He gave thanks to be able to pray with his 796
old Pipe once again and he asked for strength so 778
that he could pray with it again next year. He 782
asked the Spirits of the sacred Bundle to continue
sharing their power with him and his family and
all past and future Keepers of the Bundle.

After the prayer, Mokakin hummed a few 796
notes and the drummers took up the rhythm of 778
the song. Like other Pipe Owners, Mokakin had 535
his own special song for dancing; these songs [533]
come either from Teachers or from dreams.

Mokakin is a dramatic and spirited dancer. His basic style is to bend forward at the hips, loosen his knees, then take short jumps with both feet. With each jump forward, he turns a bit to the right or left. His left hand rests on his hip, while his right hand is extended before him, holding the sacred Stem.

As he danced by the others, he held the Stem [782]
towards them, giving its blessing. Some responded
by reaching out with their hands, symbolically
grasping the Holy Power, then holding it to their
hearts.

Meanwhile, Ponah bounced enthusiastically to her husband's dancing, holding a corner of her shawl in each hand of her outstretched arms. As she bounced, she turned from side to side, and occasionally burst forth in the high-pitched tremolo of a woman's victory cry.

Each time the singing stopped, Mokakin straightened up, waiting for the next song. As he waited he caressed the Pipe and straightened out any tangled ribbons and feathers.

When the fourth song was over, Mokakin 796
walked over to the doorway of the main tipi and 778
handed the sacred Stem to his daugher, Theresa.
Because the topknot from this Bundle had once [422]
been transferred to her while her parents were the [432]
Bundle's Owners, she had the right to handle the
Pipe. Mokakin reached into his pocket and took [431]
out a couple of dollar bills, which he handed to
two male visitors. This was to show his generosity
and inspire good thoughts in the recipients.

[p. 135-A]

[Backside-To-The-Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

Ponah did the same thing to two women visitors. 796
Then Mokakin went up and took from the Bun- 778 ●
dle the secondary Pipe. He carried it, dancing,
behind his daughter, who was holding the main [431]
Pipe. Ponah again kept time, and when the dance [535]
was over, all three again gave gifts to the visitors.

Theresa gave the sacred Pipe to her brother
Frank, also a former Owner. They danced side by
side around the fire while their father followed
with the secondary Pipe. This time Mokakin also [534]
carried the sacred rattle, shaking it and keeping
time to the beat.

After more gifts to the visitors, the sacred 796
Pipe was handed to someone else. And so it went, 778
the Pipe and dancing alternating among the men 535
and women until it was handed to one of the
drummers, who asked someone else to drum in
his place as he danced. When he finished dancing
his four rounds, he unexpectedly brought the Pipe
over to its Owner. According to tradition, the
dancing was over, even though only half of the
participants had been given a chance to dance.

Jim Twig then got up to begin the final part 778
of the ceremony. First, he gave each participant a 796
piece of old-fashioned twist tobacco. Each person 276
removed a pinch and held it aloft, while Emonissi
began a prayer. Everyone joined the prayer and [782]
then offered the pinch of tobacco to Earth. Next,
Jim Twig passed out packages of tobacco and
rolled cigarettes to all present. In the Old Days he [178]
would have handed out sacred tobacco, harvested
during the previous summer, dried in the fall, and
kept all winter inside some of the skins within the
Medicine Pipe Bundle. When his supply was exhausted,
he returned to his seat, ending the
ceremony.

People picked up their blankets, gathered 778
their eating bowls and bags of food, and left the
tipi. Emonissi and Jim Twig stayed seated, so that
they could tie the Bundle back up. For this, no
ceremony was required.

[p. 135-8]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

Snake headdresses, whistles on leather thongs 575
around their necks, and shawls over their shoulders. 432
The feather plumes of their headdresses 796
waved in the air as they danced. Each of the [292]
women tooted on small whistles made from eagle
bones. The women's faces were completely covered [534]
with sacred yellow paint, which looked [237]
greenish in the subdued lighting of the lodge.
Thin red lines were drawn from the corners of [302]
their eyes and mouths.

Four of the older men did the singing—Joe [533]
Sun, Albert Wolf Child, Mark Old Shoes, and [534]
Fred Weasel Fat—all former members of the
Horns Society. They sat in a row, facing east, each
beating the song's rhythm with a rawhide rattle
on a sheet of rawhide spread before them on the
ground.

The members' beds were lined head to foot [353]
around the lodge wall. Members who were not
dancing sat quietly on their beds. Before each [352]
bed, a piece of earth was cleared. This was the [778]
altar where the incense was made. Just beyond
the altar, toward the center of the lodge, a short,
upright stick had been firmly planted in the
ground. Tied to each stick was a decorated rawhide [415]
container. This was where the sacred headdresses [292]
were kept when not worn.

Soon the doors of the lodge were closed, [778]
shutting us from the mystery of the ceremony
within.

[p. 136-B]

Buttes Road. We turned off this road and fol- 487
lowed the old wagon trail downhill to the edge of
the camp's flat. The trail wound its way over ruts,
past gullies, past abandoned badger and fox holes.
A lone cottonwood post, forked at the top and 346
surrounded by a few smaller posts, outlined the
shape of a Medicine Lodge from a past holy
gathering. The missing posts had either been car- [372]
ried off by families in need of firewood during our [132]
cold winters (which can go to fifty below!) or else
were eaten by a pack of hungry porcupines.

Back at camp, we entered our tipi somewhat 778 ●
anxiously. Every time we leave our Bundle we fear 425
it might be stolen. Yes, stolen! Right there in the
Sun Dance Encampment. Not stolen by a thief,
although that possibility exists, but stolen by one
of our own People who might still believe in the
Old Ways. You see, there is a custom among our
People that helps anyone who wants to obtain the
Power of a holy Bundle without having to ask for
it or offer the Owner reasons why the Bundle is
needed. If such an individual has the property
necessary for the transfer, he can find a Bundle in
the home of an absent Owner and then sneak in
and steal it.

To steal a sacred Bundle, a person must be a
previous Owner, preferably of the Bundle he is
about to steal. He must make incense, say a [782]
prayer for success, and then call out four coups
before he can take the Bundle out of the lodge.
If the person is not qualified to do this, he may
enlist the help of some older man. Once the Bun- [432]
dle is stolen, the person must still satisfy the
Owner with payments.

For a stolen Bundle, the paymens are ex-
pected to be about twice what they would nor-
mally have been. I will give you an example of
this custom later on.

My Teachers had warned me that our
Bundle could be stolen. They pointed out that
one respected Medicine Pipe Owner with the
same fears as ours took his Bundle back home,
while the other Owners never even brought theirs
to camp. During the Piegan Sun Dance earlier

[p. 137-8]

that summer, I asked a Medicine Pipe Owner where his Bundle was. "In a bank vault," he replied. "That's where I always take it when I go away from home." He told me that several people wished to have his Bundle, but he did not feel they were spiritually sincere in their desires. He knew that one of them would steal it, if given the opportunity. SikskiAki and I felt that our sacred Bundle should be present at the annual holy gathering of our People, despite the risks. However, we generally try not to leave it. 778 ● 425

We were relieved to find our Bundle hanging in its sacred place when we returned to our tipi. We made a small fire to have a coal for incense.

HOW OUR FAMILY GOT ITS PIPE

In the Old Days, the custom for some Medicine Pipe Bundles required that they change Owners every four years. If no one vowed to take the Bundle after that time, the Owner selected someone who was spiritually deserving and had enough property to make the physical sacrifice. In some cases, the Owners waived the payments of property and simply gave the Pipe to a worthy person, usually a relative, often a child.

The Owner did not announce the person he chose until the day of the transfer. Those men who felt they were eligible but did not wish the responsibility left camp with their blankets as soon as they heard the opening songs, and they stayed away the entire night. Early the next morning, while the camp was still asleep, the Owner and his party would go to the tipi of the selected man. One of the party carried along the owl from [789] the Bundle, giving them the Power to silently approach their "quarry" in the dark. Then the Owner, with the sacred Stem, would touch the candidate, who was obliged to accept his new duty.

In every transfer ceremony, the new Owner is symbolically "captured," even when the candidate willingly vows to take the Pipe. Let me tell [123]

[p. 138-9]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood
[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

you how we were "captured" when we took our 778
Pipe. 425

The Owner of our Pipe was Stabs Down. [123]
Our camp, consisting of our old Painted-All-Over
Tipi and a canvas wall tent, which served as a 778
cookhouse for the ceremony, was set up near 432
Stabs Down's tipi. But it was so windy during 796
the night that we didn't hear the singing when [346]
they opened the Bundle.

Our uncle, Atsitsina, who camped with us [343]
and served as our advisor, woke us early on the morning of the transfer. He was the go-between for Stabs Down and us to make sure that we were all prepared for the transfer. He made a final check to see that our blankets were properly fastened, then told us to wait quietly for the arrival of the capturing party, which, according to custom, we weren't supposed to expect. In the Old Days, we wouldn't even have known the day of the transfer.

Nevertheless, after all the months of learning, planning, and saving, and after the early trials and disappointments, we found it impossible to pretend that we were not moments away from taking on the most sacred duty in the Old Ways of our People. After all the listening and reading about the sacred Pipes of our People, we would soon begin living within the holiness and honor of our own Pipe.

We prayed and cried as the wind whistled through the top of our tipi and flapped the faded red cover.

While we prayed, the capture party arrived. From Stabs Down's tipi we could just barely hear the sounds of drumming. We had no idea who was gathered there.

Before us was White Horn, a relative of ours
also known as John Many Chiefs. The Owner
had chosen him to lead the ceremony. He wore a [292]
striped blanket across his left shoulder, holding [535]
out the sacred Pipestem in his free right hand as
he danced toward us. White Horn was once
Keeper of this Pipe, and its Spirit was with him as

[p. 138-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

he danced. He handed the sacred Stem to me, 778
then stepped aside, permitting the man behind 432
him to dance before us. This man carried the 796
secondary Pipe, which he gave to me. The third [535]
man in line gave me the wrapped owl skin; the
fourth man handed me the decorated whistle
and rawhide rattle.

The capture party spread out a blanket and instructed me to sit on it, holding these sacred objects next to my body. With the help of two young men, they all picked up the blanket, lifting me into the air. They carried me out toward Stabs Down's tipi, SikskiAki and Wolf Child following behind.

Atsitsina walked along, singing the ancient [533]
honoring song of our family's band, the Many
Children. He preceded each song by calling, in a [554]
loud, sing-song fashion, "Natosina, Ah-hey . . .
SikskiAki, Ah-hey . . . Makwi Poka, Ah-hey,"
and then he sang, announcing the sacred duty we
were about to assume.

I could hear the Old Man's voice, booming above the other drummers, singing in Stabs Down's white tipi as we approached it. On the way, the party stopped four times and gently lowered me to the ground. They carried me into the tipi as Sun moves, from east to west around the fire. The Owner's seat was vacant, south of the opened Bundle. SikskiAki and Wolf Child sat at my right. The leader sat to my left; he instructed me to replace the sacred objects in the opened Bundle between us.

The Old Man was very proud that his [576]
"grandchildren" sat in the place of honor next to
the sacred Bundle that had so long been his. He [533]
sang a rousing honoring song that silenced every-
one in the lodge. When he finished he took up his [534]
drum and beat a rolling introduction with his
drumstick.

The drummers began one of the Medicine 778
Pipe dance songs and the four members of the 432
capturing party danced with the sacred objects. 796
White Horn led the group, which included 535

[p.139-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

Arthur Healy and Jim Red Crow, both of whom 778
were former Owners of this Bundle, and Henry 432
Standing Alone, who once owned the Bloods' 796
Long-Time Pipe. Each of the dancers demon- 535
strated his spiritual enthusiasm in his own way as
he danced the four rounds. Then the men handed
the sacred objects to SikskiAki, who accepted
their Spirit by brushing them over her body four
times. The objects were then brushed over Wolf
Child and me and were replaced in the Bundle.

The transfer ceremony ends when the retir- 778
ing Owner dances four rounds with the sacred 432
Pipe. During the dance, he goes outside to inspect 796
the goods offered as material payments for the
Bundle. If he accepts them, he gives the Pipe to
the new Owner. If he does not, he may either
sing a song, specifically requesting something the
new Owner should sacrifice, or he may instruct
the leader to close up the Bundle and call off the
transfer. He would do the latter only if the pro-
spective Owner's lack of material sacrifice was a
mockery. No one remembers such an occurrence
in recent times. However, there was once an inci-
dent when specific horses were requested by the
retiring Owner of our People's Long-time Pipe.

Old Stabs Down is often considered the pre-
vious Owner of our sacred Bundle. He is a man in
his mid-seventies, although he appears much
younger. He speaks very little English and he is [191]
among the more traditional of our People. But he
likes to point out that some people mistake him
for a non-Indian because of his light features. Un- [184]
like others who prefer the Old Ways, his herds of [231]
cattle and horses make him one of the reserve's
most successful ranchers, and in his house he has [207]
one of the few color television sets among our
People.

The real Owner of our Bundle was Stabs
Down's teenage son, Wallace. He was the one to
dance outside and inspect the goods we offered.
Wearing a striped Hudson's Bay blanket and [292]
holding the sacred Pipe, he danced the first two
rounds of the "inspection song." During the sec-

[p.139-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

ond round he danced outside where our relatives 778
stood with some of the goods we were giving up. 432
Our main payment was to have been seven 796
horses; several we owned, the others we would
buy. Due to a misfortune in his family, however, [436]
Stabs Down sent word to us sometime before the
transfer that he would rather have the money for [435]
those horses we hadn't yet bought. So we offered
a thoroughbred quarter horse and a good mare
with a colt. Instead of the other four horses, we
offered a large number of twenty-dollar bills sewn
to a large Hudson's Bay blanket, according to custom,
and also a large pile of blankets, clothes, and
dry goods.

SikskiAki and I held our breaths, hoping that
all our spiritual hope and enthusiasm would not
be let down for insufficient material payments. It
had taken us some time to gather what we
offered. After a brief look at our things, the [535]
Owner turned slowly and danced toward us as the
drummers took up the inspection dance song [533]
again. At the end of the song, young Wallace
stopped before us and handed the sacred Pipe to
me, saying, "You got yourself this holy Pipe."
Then he turned around and walked to his seat by
the doorway.

With that simple gesture we were given the [424]
key to our long-time dreams. We now had the

[p. 140-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony , 1972]

right to learn the sacred songs and Teachings of 778 ●
the Medicine Pipes and to use them whenever we 796
wished to have their Power. 432

During the ceremony that followed, we were [424]
all painted in the style of Medicine Pipe People. [302]
My family was given new blankets and shell necklaces
and bead wristlets to wear. White fur headbands [301]
were placed on Wolf Child and me. [292]

A transfer within the transfer took place
when the little granddaughter of Mokakin and [852]
Ponah gave up her rights to wear the sacred topknot [237]
from our Bundle, which is a strip of otter
skin. While the topknot song was sung, the fur [301]
strip was wrapped in a spiral around a small,
doubled-over braid that SikskiAki had fixed over
Wolf Child's forehead. In our language, he became
a Medicine Pipe Child. We gave up a [435]
quarter horse yearling, another pile of blankets,
dry goods, and moccasins in payment for this.

Back in the Old Days, most Medicine Pipe 793
Owners wore topknots to identify themselves. 778
The origin for this has been forgotten. In recent [301]
times most men cut their hair too short to wear [302]
topknots, which is probably why the rights to
these topknots are transferred to some child. The [432]
parents make sacrifices, offering nearly as much as [852]
given for the Bundle itself. Usually the Bundle
belongs to their own parents or a relative.

[p. 140-B]

The Fifth Day

THE BACKSIDE-TO-THE-FIRE PIPE TRANSFER CEREMONY

The main event of this day in camp was to be the 796
Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe Transfer. The ceremony 432
itself had actually begun the night before, with a 778
preliminary opening of the Bundle in Jim Twig's
tipi, where he and former Medicine Pipe Owners
had gathered. (This opening is not to be confused
with the annual opening Jim Twig had had ear-
lier.) After the Bundle had been ceremonially [264]
opened, and the guests fed, the group dispersed,
leaving the Bundle untied for the rest of the night
in the tipi.

White Horn was to be the leader at the
transfer ceremony on this day—the same White
Horn who had officiated at our own transfer. He
carried the sacred Pipe under his white blanket,
leading the capturing party toward a white tipi.
There the future Owner waited with two of his
sisters, one to be his partner, in place of his wife,
and the other to accept the Bundle's topknot.
This was a common arrangement among Old [852]
People who made the vow for a young person to
take a Pipe.

Mokakin sang an honoring song for his [533]
grandson. Two other grandparents, Ponah and [554]
Emonissi, also sang their own rendition. The tiny
bells on the sacred Pipestems jingled with the
leader's movements.

[p. 141-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Backside-To-The Fire Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

After the sacred objects were replaced in the 796
Bundle, the singers began the inspection dance 432
song. Jim Twig took the sacred Pipe and danced 778
outside to see the payments. To make their
grandson's transfer successful, both grandparents [435]
had amassed four nice horses, a new Winchester [436]
rifle, a couple of blankets covered with bills, and a
huge pile of blankets and dry goods. When Jim
Twig came back inside, he danced up to young
Weaselhead, handed him the sacred Pipe, and
said, "Oki, here is your holy Pipe."

The transfer is completed after the new [302]
Owners have had their faces painted. Two men
held up a large blanket to shield the painting
from the view of others. The drummers sang
while Henry Standing Alone stood outside the
blanket and held the main Pipe over the blanket,
jingling its tiny bells above the head of the new
Owner. The topknot and headbands were fast- [301]
ened on by the leader and his wife. Then the [292]
leader and his wife exchanged new clothes with
the new Owners, to symbolize the rebirth of the
Owner and his wife. In the Old Days, these new
clothes would have been made of finely decorated
buckskin. Today, except for handmade moccasins, [178]
the new clothes are store-bought and are seldom
worn at the exchange. Often, only blankets are
actually exchanged and worn.

After the blanket was taken away, the cere- [535]
mony continued. A procession of people came

[p. 141-B]

into the tipi to take turns dancing in place with 796
the sacred Pipe. These were people who wished to 432
share the Pipe's spiritual powers; and for the 778
privilege of dancing with the Pipe, they contrib- [535]
uted some blankets and dry goods. The first group
was young Weaselhead's relatives. They placed [424]
the blankets and dry goods around the fireplace in
a semi-circle, dancing on them and facing the four
directions. After each dance, the material was
given to the former Owner and considered part of
the payment.

After the relatives, some members of the 796
Magpie Society came in. Fred's late father (Pat 432
Weaselhead, Junior, son of Mokakin and Ponah) 778
had been a member of the Magpies. Upon his 575
death, his comrades had taken his son into their
society as a junior member, as was the custom.
For ceremony, they danced and then gave their [535]
walkway of blankets and dry goods to the Bun-
dle's former Owner. The last group to come in
and dance in the same way were members of
young Weaselhead's social society, the Kaispaiks,
or Grass Dancers.

After the last dancer, the Bundle was folded 778
up, but not tied, and taken to the new Owner's 796
tipi for the remainder of the ceremony. The 432
woman has the honor of caring for the Bundle,
not only at home but also when moving it. She
carries the closed Bundle on her back, following
the leader and her husband.

Due to the uncomfortable heat that day, a pause was taken until later in the afternoon, when the mountain breezes would blow across the campground. We went back to our own lodge to rest and relax.

It was almost suppertime when the crier [203]
came around to announce that the Bundle would
be closed up. He reminded the participants to [415]
bring along their bowls to share in the meal the
new Keeper's family would provide. The new [264]
Keeper's tipi was soon filled with visitors, most of
them former Medicine Pipe People. Berry soup [262]
and other foods were dished out, prayed with, and [782]
eaten. The atmosphere was now very relaxed. It

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood
[Backside-To-The-Fire Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

was after dark when the last person danced with 778
the sacred Pipe and returned it to the new 796
Owner, bringing the transfer ceremony to a close. 432

HISTORY OF THE BACKSIDE-TO-THE-FIRE PIPE

Part of the Spirit dwelling within each sacred 778
Bundle is the history of the Bundle and of those
who formerly owned it and prayed with it. What [115]
I know of this Pipe I learned from my two
Teachers, Atsitsina and Mokakin, each of whom [869]
had already kept that Bundle.

It is called the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe because the sacred Stems are placed within the Bundle in the direction opposite that of Pipes in other Bundles. Our other sacred Pipe Bundles must always hang on a west wall, facing Sun's first light from the east, and the Pipestems must be placed in the Bundle so that the mouthpieces point to the south, where the lodge fire is. But the tradition of the Backside Bundle calls for the mouthpieces to point North; thus the "backside" of the Pipes face the fire. This is according to spiritual directions given to the Pipe's first Keeper.

White Horn, an uncle of the ceremony's
present leader, had been the first Blood man to
own this Pipe. He had it transferred to him by [439]
Drum, a member of the Sarsi tribe. Although the [425]
Sarsi People belong to a different language group,
they share a long alliance and dependence with [648]
our People, and have adopted most of our religious and cultural customs. Thus, their Medicine Pipe Bundles are similar to ours. The main Stem of the Bundle looks like a Medicine Pipe from the Crow People, so the Bundle may originally have come from them.

White Horn had the Bundle for many years, [764]
and because he was so fond of it his family decided
to bury it with him when he died. Before the [787]
burial, one of our head men, Day Chief, was
instructed in a dream to take the main Pipe from

[p. 142-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

the Bundle. Day Chief, with the help of another head man, Blackfoot Old Woman, made a new secondary Pipe and gathered the other objects required to make up a Bundle. That is why the main Pipe today looks very ancient and the rest of the Bundle looks more recent. All this occurred some years before Day Chief's death in 1907. 778 [787]

Mokakin recited the names of all the Blood Owners of that Pipe Bundle. 778 793 551

1. White Horn
2. Day Chief
3. Carries a Knife
4. Last Dressed
5. Crazy Crow
6. Many Mules
7. Calf Robe
8. Headdress
9. Calf Robe
10. Pete Heavy Shield
11. Big Sorrel Horse
12. Antelope Whistler
13. Bob Plaited Hair
14. Jack Low Horn
15. Alec Stevens
16. Willy Wadsworth
17. Ben Strangling Wolf
18. Black Sleeps
19. Shot-on-Both-Sides
20. Black Forehead
21. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
22. Charlie Panther Bone
23. Day Rider
24. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
25. Fred Weaselfat
26. Willie Eagle Plume (Atsitsina)
27. John Day Rider
28. Willie Eagle Plume (Atsitsina)
29. Mrs. Day Rider
30. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
31. Frank Weaselhead
32. Jim Twig
33. Fred Weaselhead

[p. 143-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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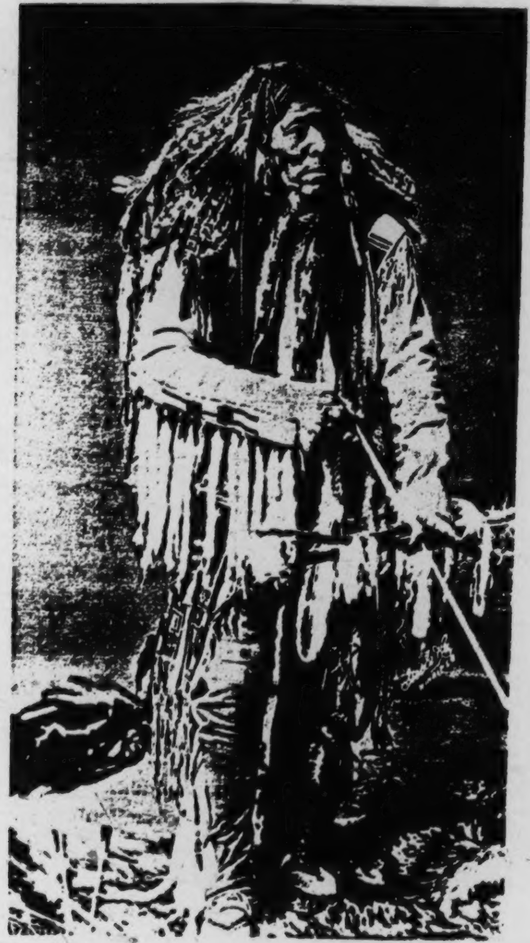
793
778 ●
531
411



Day Chief in 1895. He was also known as Thunder Chief.
(Steele & Co.)

[p. 143-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

793
778 ●
291
302
142
[301]

Antelope Whistler, son of Blackfoot Old Woman and brother of Mike Yellow Bull. He was a fomer Owner of the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. (Clark Wissler)

Charlie Panther Bone and his first wife, around 1900.

[p.144-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Mokakin was proud to be able to recall all Owners of his old Pipe. He made us all laugh when he reached the end of the list: "Oki, then my boy, Frank, he give to Jimmy Twig . . . and that's where I lost it. I can't remember who got it next." 778

This Pipe had been the first Atsitsina had ever owned. Here is his story of how he got it.

Oki, I am going to tell you about the way Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe was transferred to me. I had that Pipe twice; I also had another Pipe, later. [425]

Oki, my wife was very sick and I was wondering what I could do for her; how I could help her have life again. I was very confused. I didn't know what to do, so I asked my relative, Crow Tailfeathers [Alex Fox], to take me to Jacob's [a white rancher who raised grain on leased land]. I told him, "I've got some money there. I want to get it." [426]

So we went to the white man's house and he gave me the money. On our way back Crow Tailfeathers asked me how my wife was. I told him, "She is very ill. I think she is in bad shape." He said, "You should help her. You believe in the Indian religion, you should use it!" I told him, "Oki, I will become a Ninamskan. I will take one 778 782 755

[p. 144-B]

of those holy Pipes and learn how to live with it." 778
In those days my life was good. I had a lot of 782
horses. I had everything and I wasn't in need. 755

When I came home, my brother, Doesn't Own Nice Horses [Jack Low Horn], was at my house. I came in and I hugged my wife and I told her, "Oki, Last Badger Face, so that you will become healthy again, we will become Ninamskaniks." My brother was surprised and said, "That is a good thing you are doing. You are taking refuge in our holy Ways. My old Pipe, Backside-to-the-Fire, you go and take it." I agreed, and I told him I would go right away to the present Owner and offer to take it.

I filled my smoking pipe and we started out in 778
our wagon to the home of White Badger Face 432
[Fred Weaselfat]. We went inside and I gave him
my pipe. I said, "Here, smoke this. I am asking [276]
for your holy Pipe. I am coming to your Pipe
so that my wife will get better again." He just
said, "Ah," which meant yes to me. Then he took [782]
my pipe and he prayed with it. I told him, "I just bought two good horses and will give them to you to show that I meant what I said." He told me, "Well, you got yourself a Pipe. You can have it transferred to you anytime you want."

On the way back home, Jack said, "Oki, in the summer it will be transferred to you." He told me it would be too much trouble to start making
a new tipi, with my wife still sick. He said, "Buy [342]
a white tipi. But it will not look right just to have a plain white one. My wife, Cuts Her Hair, still has the Buffalo Tipi. We will paint it on your white tipi."

I bought the white tipi from an old lady, Yellow Star. I asked her, "Old Lady, why don't you give me your tipi?" She said, "Yes, I have no use for it. Take it, and pay me whatever you want."

As soon as it was summer I told my brother, [434]
"I am going to go to Bald Head's [a white Rancher named Ryere]. I will sell my hay to him so that I will have the money for the transfer."

We painted the tipi. My brother, Ksachkom [532]

[Fred Eagle Plume] drew the buffalo on it. They 778
told me when the Sun Dance started they would 432
go there and set it up. I started bringing my hay [532]
to Bald Head. I worked hard and saved up nine
hundred dollars. Then word came that they had [454]
set up the tipi and that we should come to the
Sun Dance Encampment.

I got my money and bought the things for payments. The next day I went to camp. In the distance I could see the tipi. When I got there I moved right into it. The next day we went to get the horses I was going to give for payment. They were in the pasture of Camoose, my brother-in-law.

First we had to transfer the Buffalo Tipi to 778
me. Calling Last painted me for the tipi transfer 432
and led the ceremony. My relatives got out four 796
eagle headdresses. My brother said, "You will get [532]
painted for these. They will be transferred to
you." [342]

The next morning Heavy Head and Speaks-in- [302]
the-Middle [Iron] came with some others to capture me. They took me to the tipi where the Bundle was transferred. On the way, we stopped four times; each time there was a headdress for the Owner.

When they finished transferring the Bundle
we brought it home, and I asked Heavy Head if
he would finish the ceremony in my lodge. So
we had a dance with the Pipe. Then Heavy Head 778
initiated me to step over a dog, so that I would 432
be allowed to step over dogs from then on. They
brought a dog over in front of our tipi. Somebody 796
brought out a hot coal and placed it by the dog. 424
Heavy Head made incense with sweet pine and
held each of my feet over it four times. The
fourth time he told me to step over the dog. He
said, "Now you will not get hurt by touching a
dog or by being around one." But he said that [784]
dogs must never come into a tipi or house where
a Medicine Pipe is. That's the Old Way.

The next morning Heavy Head woke me up and gave me the right to get up. I was just like a

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 146-B]

21: Hungry Wolf   F-4,5   (ca. 1972) 1977   NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
778
276
[575]

Atsitsina holding his holy Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe while a Horn member smokes from it. The Pipe's sacred opening ceremony at a Sun Dance is the only time a Medicine Pipe is brought out to be smoked.

[p.146-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

child that was being taught how to do everything the first time, my wife, too. He gave me the right to smoke, then told me to go outside and look around. I tried to look three times; the fourth time I put my hand above my eyes and I looked all around. That was to start out my first day as a Ninamskan. 778 432 796 424

Heavy Head told me, "When you get home from the Sun Dance you will make a sweat for me and I will transfer to you the rights that I haven't transferred yet." As soon as I got home, I built the sweat lodge. After the sweat, Heavy Head asked me to have a horse tied up so that he could give me the right to get on a horse. I borrowed my brother's [SikskiAki's father's] horse. Heavy Head told brother that the horse must never carry meat after the initiation; he was going to be a holy horse and would go lame if he carried meat. He made incense and we did it the same way as with the dog. Then he gave me the right to butcher meat. He gave me the rights to do all the important things in the Old Way of life. [784]

Atsitsina also told an interesting story about this Pipe Bundle, involving the father and grandfather of our present head chief, Jim Shot-on-Both-Sides.

Oki, I will tell you a story about Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. It must be a very Powerful Pipe, because it is still here, among our People. Even our Long-Time Pipe is not here anymore. It was 778

[p.146-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

taken north and now it is a white man's Pipe. 778
But my old Pipe, it has a lot of Spirits; I'm sure [776]
that it hears me talking about it right now.

That Pipe belonged to me two times. The first 778
time it was transferred to me. The second time, 425
it was returned to me after the death of the person I transferred it to. We went to his mother [old Mrs. Day Rider] to pay our respects. She is a relative of ours. Mrs. Day Rider came over and
kissed me, and she was crying. She said, "Oki, [768]
Big Snake, go get your Pipe. You don't have to pay on it, just get painted for it again." I didn't say anything. I just looked at her. My brothers, Jack and Jim Low Horn, they told me, "Why aren't you talking? It's your Pipe. Take it. It won't be good for it to be around a sad place."

After the funeral I went to her house. She was walking outside, crying. She just pointed to the house. I went inside and I hugged my Pipe. I told it that a sad thing happened to it because its Owner died. I took it and started home. That's why I had it a second time.

THE LONG-TIME PIPE

Some of our People think that the Long-Time 778
Pipe was in the Bundle originally given by Thun- 793
der. They call the Long-Time Medicine Pipe
Mesam-Achkuineman. Our People hold that [622]
Bundle in special reverence; its Owners are often chiefs.

The earliest-known Owner of the Long-Time Pipe was Grey Broad Head. He was remembered by a much later Owner, Stephen Fox, who died not long ago near the age of one hundred. Stephen Fox was still a young man when he met Grey Broad Head, who was then about one hundred himself. This man attributed his old age to [888]
the Power he got while keeping the Long-Time
Pipe. He told Stephen Fox that his payments for [435]
the Pipe included fifty dogs. That was back when
our People relied on dogs for help in moving [492]
camp and packing meat. [231]

[p. 147-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

778
793
575
237

Stephen Fox in his old age. He is praying and calling out four coups for the leader of the Horns Society, during our Sun Dance Encampment a few years ago. He holds the leader's swan-skin-wrapped staff. Stephen Fox lived to be almost a hundred, and remained very active until his death, at which time he was survived by many children—some of them older men and some still quite small. [555] [165]

In later years, the Pipe was owned in succession by Owns No Fancy Horses, Eagle Head, Heavy Shield, Old Man, Sleeps on Top, who was Stephen Fox's father, and Crop-Eared Wolf, our head chief after Red Crow's death. Crop-Eared Wolf gave one hundred horses as a sacrifice for the Pipe. This was back in the days when he was known by the name Many Horses. The Buffalo Days were ended by that time. 778 793 [435]

Crop-Eared Wolf had the Pipe for a number of years. He gave it to Wolf Chief, also known as Big Wolf. Big Wolf had a fifteen-year-old daughter named Ambush Woman, who was his minipoka. She married a young man by the name of Parted Hair and her father gave his new son-in- [425] [583]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 148B]

[P. 147-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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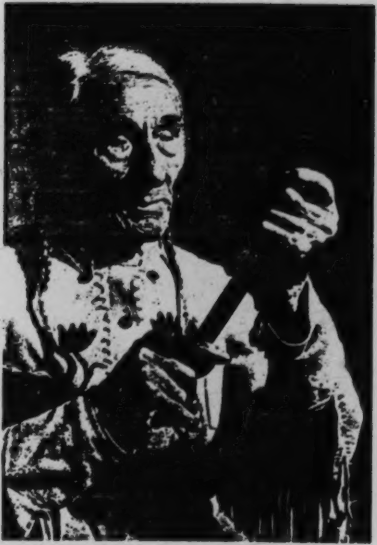

[144] Bobtail Chief, also known as Lone Medicine Pipe Owner and Apikuñni, in 1958, shortly before his death. He was a former Owner of the Long-Time Pipe and the last man who could open the Bundle properly. His father was a non-Indian trader, but he chose to follow the life of his mother's People. (Glenbow Archives)

[p.148-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

law the Long-Time Pipe. In addition, he gave 778
thirty horses to the groom's parents. They, in 793
turn, are said to have sent fifty horses and their [425]
own Medicine Pipe to Big Wolf in honor of the
marriage. [583]

The next Owner of the Long-Time Pipe was [622]
Shot-on-Both-Sides, who was our head chief for
almost fifty years. His wife became known as
Long-Time-Pipe-Woman. He kept the Pipe for
thirty-four years before he transferred it to Big
Sorrel Horse.

Big Sorrel Horse transferred the Pipe to old
Weaselhead, also known as Chief-in-Timber, who
was Mokakin's stepfather. When he transferred [432]
the Pipe to old Bobtail Chief, also called Lone [301]
Medicine Pipe Owner, old Weaselhead kept the

[p.148-B]

Bundle's blue-bead wristlets. The wristlets for the 778
Long-Time Pipe stayed in Weaselhead's family 793
for many years. The original drums from the [432]
Bundle are now owned by Many Grey Horses.
They are often used at the opening ceremonies of [301]
our remaining sacred Pipes. [534]

Bobtail Chief transferred the Long-Time
Pipe to Stephen Fox, who vowed to take it during [782]
an illness. Stephen Fox was a successful rancher
who owned many horses. Bobtail Chief did not [432]
think that enough of those horses were being sac-
rificed for something so Powerful as our Long- [435]
Time Pipe. During the transfer ceremony, after he [796]
had looked outside at the payments, he came
back in and told the drummers to sing a special [533]
song in which he said, "I do not see that fine gray
team among your payments." Stephen Fox
quickly sent someone after the matched team,
which he had hoped not to lose.

Stephen Fox was known by the name White- [551]
Plastering-His-Home until he became Owner of
the Long-Time Pipe. During the transfer, he took [553]
on the name Big Eagle. This was in keeping with
our tradition, which allows a person to take a new [555]
name for noteworthy accomplishment: a first
coup, a long-distance journey, or a major role
within our tribe.

Stephen Fox left behind a large family when
he died a few years ago. Some of them are well
known in reserve politics, business, social affairs,
and news media. He got the Fox name when, as [551]
a young boy, he was sent to school with his sister.
The teachers did not care to learn the students'
traditional names, so they decided to give them
all "proper" names. Because his sister's name was
Medicine Fox Woman, they were both given the
last name of Fox.

Calling First wanted to have the Long-Time [432]
Pipe, even though Stephen Fox did not wish to
give it up so soon. So he decided to make sure of
a transfer by stealing the Pipe from Stephen Fox.
Fifty-two horses were among the payments made
during that transfer. Calling First had the distinc- [582]
[584]

[p. 149-A]

tion of having been married to a ten-year-old girl 778
when he was only twelve. The marriage was arranged 793
by their parents. It is said that Calling [582]
First used to have his mother watch his wife
while he went out to play with his friends. [584]

During the 1930s our next-door neighbor, old [782]
Dick Soup, made a vow to take the Long-Time
Pipe for his son, Arthur, who was then in a hospital.
The following year Arthur returned home, [432]
and the Pipe was transferred to him. Old Bird [796]
Rattler called out the necessary coups while Soup [555]
was given the right to mount a horse (by tradition
this required a man to relate how he had rescued [424]
a friend during battle) and to dismount (for [425]
which the coup had to be about an enemy who
was pulled from his horse). Of course, no one
today has such deeds among his record of accomplishments.

The next Owner of the Long-Time Pipe was
Henry Standing Alone, also known as Folded Intestine.
He and his wife were well-liked participants
in our holy ceremonies. Unfortunately, they [165]
were killed recently in a tragic auto accident.
Around 1939, Folded Intestine's daughter was [771]
very ill and he became depressed and lost his faith
in our Old Ways. He wondered why his little girl
had to suffer so much instead of him. But his
daughter recovered and then he became critically
ill. It took three months for him to get well again.
While almost dead, he had a dream in which he [787]
was told that if he vowed to accept the duties of a [782]
Medicine Pipe Bundle, he would recover. He related
his dream to two older relatives, Heavy [755]
Head and Cross Child, both former Medicine
Pipe Keepers. They offered to help him fulfill his
vow if he wished to follow their advice. They
told him that since no particular Bundle had been
mentioned in the dream, he might just as well
vow the Powerful Long-Time Pipe. The Bundle
was transferred to him during the next Sun Dance
Encampment.

Standing Alone transferred the Long-Time
Pipe to his sister and her husband, John Red

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Crane, also called Black Bachelor. After them the 778
next Owner was Charlie Davis, another successful 793
rancher following the Old Ways, like his friend
Dick Soup. While Charlie Davis was on his [425]
deathbed, John Red Crane took the Pipe back,
and later had it transferred to himself a second
time.

Not long after Red Crane took the Pipe over [439]
that second time, he sold it to the Provincial [432]
Museum. And that's where it is now.

[p.150-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

SCENES FROM THE CEREMONY WITH THE LONG-TIME PIPE– BLOOD RESERVE: 1968

(Photos from Alberta Provincial Museum)

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782
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292

Brown Chief Calf, the leader, praying with the Long-Time Pipe.

[p.150-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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778 ●
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532
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Accessories for the Long-Time Pipe: a rawhide bag for paints and necklaces; an eagle-wing fan for the Owner; a braided rawhide rope for the Owner to use when horse raiding; and the wooden tripod to hang the Bundle on.

[p.150-c]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
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415
262

Sacred berry soup being served to participants of the ceremony. This is a typical scene at all Medicine Pipe ceremonies. Most Owners and former Owners follow the custom of bringing wooden bowls to eat from, while others bring whatever containers they have available.

796
778
533
534
291

The drummers and singers of the Long-Time Pipe ceremony. From front to back: Willie White Feathers; Albert Chief Calf; Atsitsina; and Mark Old Shoes.

[P-151-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
778
532
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782
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Participants praying with offerings of tobacco at the end of the ceremony.

[p151-B]

21: Hungry Wolf   F-4,5   (ca. 1972) 1977   NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
● 778
276
302
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142

Wolf Old Man with the secondary Pipe. The Old Man was then over ninety.

[P.152]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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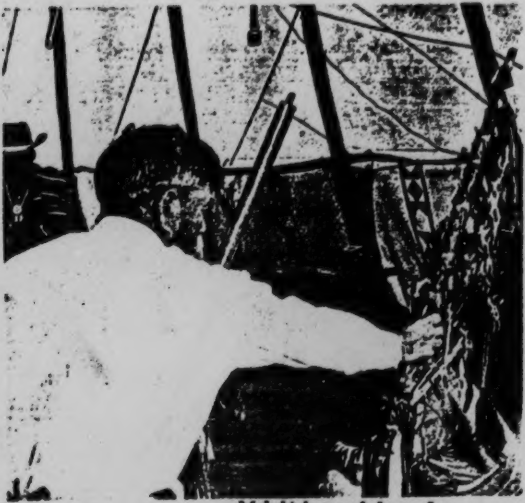
533

Pat Weaselhead ([illegible]), pausing at the beginning of his dance song. He is holding the Long Time Pipe and the secondary Pipe.

[P.153-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



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Mokakin's sacred dance. Joe Young Pine stands in back.

796
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Giving encouragement to Mokakin during his dance is his wife, Ponah, and her sister, Mrs. Red Crow.

[P.153.B]

21: Hungry Wolf   F-4,5   (ca. 1972) 1977   NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

796
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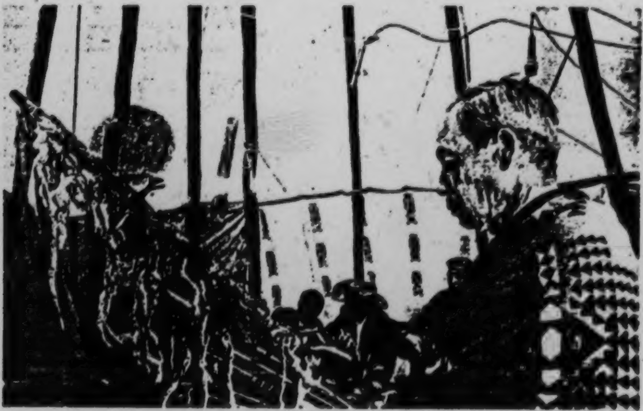
Henry Standing Alone bids farewell to the sacred Pipe that he and his wife once owned. The Bundle was sold by his sister and brother-in-law.



[p.154-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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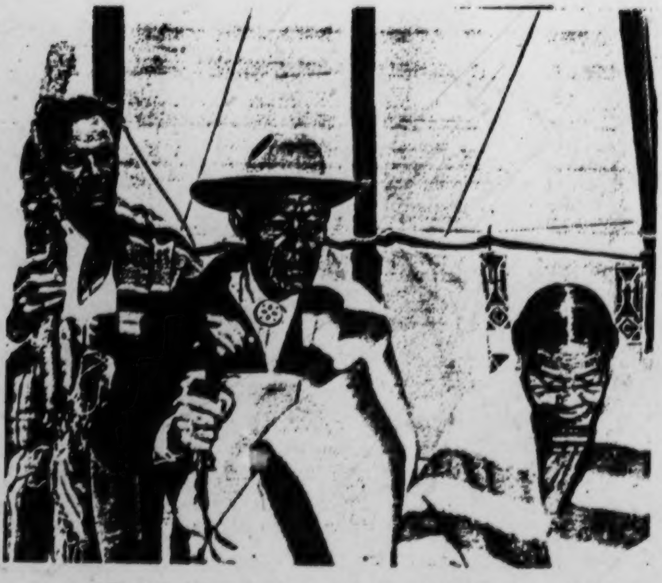
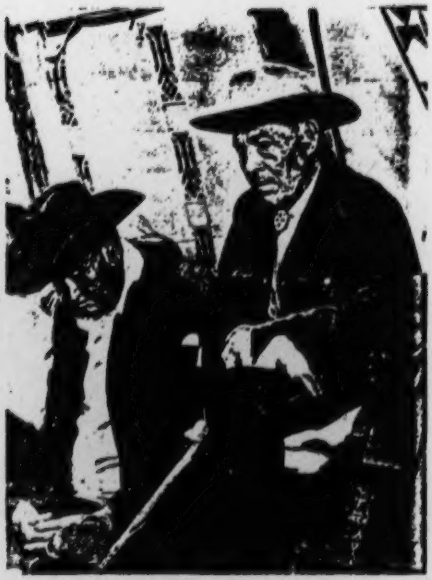


Frank Red Crow, dancing with the sacred rattle. He is being helped by his wife and by Mokakin, who holds the owl skin. The Red Crows bought new Hudson's Bay striped blankets to wear for this ceremony.

[p. 154-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



796
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Frank Red Crow, or Close Shooter, during the ceremony. On his right is Bob Plaited Hair.

[p.154-C]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

OUR FAMILY'S MEDICINE PIPE

Of the four Medicine Pipe Bundles that remain 778
among our People, ours is the only one that has 276
no name suggesting its origin. It has been called
"Pipe with a horse-head bowl," or is referred to
by the name of one of its notable past Owners.
None of our present Old People have ever heard of
it coming from somewhere else. It may have origi- [787]
nated in the dreams of some long-ago Blood.

There is one brief, old story that concerns 276
the mysterious Powers of our Bundle. Now, the 779
bowl for the sacred Pipe is made of red pipestone, 173
carved in the shape of a horse's head. It is very
old, similar in appearance to those made by the [324]
Sioux People and some of their eastern neighbors. [532]
In the Old Days the People of those tribes had
sacred Pipes but without the accompanying Bun- [171]
dles. The bowl might have come with the sacred
Stem from one of these tribes. More likely, the [439]
original Blood Owner obtained the bowl through
trade.

During a long-ago opening ceremony, this horse-head bowl was somehow broken in two. The People were quite concerned about what might happen as a result of this accident. The Owner, whose name has been forgotten, put the two pieces back together, very slowly, and wrapped them up with buckskin. Then he placed them back into the Bundle. Atsitsina continues the story:

"The next spring the Bundle was opened, as always. The Owner told the leader of the ceremony, 'Be careful, don't move the bowl around. It's broken.' The leader said, 'Which one is broken?' 'The one for the main Pipe,' the Owner told him. 'It broke last time when we danced with the Pipe.' The leader was curious so he took off its wrappings. 'Sah,' he said, 'No, it isn't broken. You must be mistaken, because it was never broken anywhere.' He was holding up the bowl and looking it over very carefully. 'Ha—Ayah!' the

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5* (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Owner cried out, 'It sure was broken last year. 778
Everyone saw it. But now it doesn't look like it 276
was broken.' That is a very strange thing about 173
this Pipe that my children have, here. It was
broken, but when they opened the Bundle again,
it was all right. That's very strange."

Running Wolf and Heavy Shield are remem- 793
bered as Owners of our Pipe during the Old Days. 778
One of its former Owners, White Horn, John 551
Many Chiefs, gave me the following list of the
Bundle's Owners as far back as he knew them: [115]

1. Lizard Shoulder
2. Eagle Arrow
3. Frank Red Crow
4. Red Beads
5. John Cotton
6. Red Leggings
7. Bumble Bee
8. Arthur Healy
9. Wings
10. Bob Black Plume
11. Crow-Spreads-His-Wings
12. John Many Chiefs
13. Laurie Plume
14. Willie Scraping White (Wolf Old Man)
15. Bob First Charger
16. Frank Red Crow
17. Jim Red Crow
18. Stabs Down
19. Adolf Hungry Wolf

Arthur Healy is the earliest Owner still liv- 793
ing. He was just a young man when he received 778
the Bundle. It was a gift when he married the
daughter of its former Owner, old Bumble Bee. [584]
Healy transferred the Bundle to old Wings, who
died not long ago.

Wings took over our Bundle sometime in the [858]
1920s. The minipoka of his father, Day Old Man,
he joined the Pigeon Society when he was only [575]
ten years old. At fifteen he became a member of [561]

[p. 155-B]

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793

Eagle Arrow. The eagle-bone whistle and the feathers are his Medicine. (Glacier Studio)

---

the Brave Dogs. At the age of thirty-five he joined 793
the Horns. 778

For several years Wings worked on his [575]
brother's farm and then on the reserve's agency
farm. Because the agent liked Wings, he was [561]
often given pleasant jobs like driving to town in a 793
buggy to pick up mail and groceries. Eventually 778
the agent decided to set up Wings on a farm of
his own. Wings chose a vacant piece of land on 657
the reserve and became a "homesteader" (an option [464]
still open to members of the band). The
agent loaned him eight good horses, a wagon, a [426]

six-strip canvas tent (many of our People still 793
lived year-around in tents and tipis back then), a 778
plow, and enough food to get him started. [657]

By the time Wings vowed to take our sacred [426]
Pipe, his farm was operating well, and he had
already paid off the agent's loan. But after he [342]
made his payments for the Bundle, he didn't have [432]
enough horses left to haul a wagon. Besides, the
wagon itself had been included as part of the payment. [511]
For him, the sacrifice had been considerable.

The next Owner of our Bundle was Bob [551]
Black Plume, also known as Apikayi, or "Skunk."
He was given the name by his grandmother, who [553]
used the Power of that animal in her doctoring. [755]
He was a regular leader of our sacred ceremonies
until recently, when he decided to give all his [797]
devotion to the Full Gospel Church.

Bobtail Chief was the leader of the ceremony
during which our Pipe was transferred from
Laurie Plume, or Otter, to our Old Man. The [431]
Old Man kept it for ten years, then gave it as a
present to his son-in-law, Bob First Charger. The [765]
Old Man was then mourning the death of his
wife.

SikskiAki was first in the presence of the Pipe
when our Old Man had it. She was just a little [852]
girl when Grandma AnadaAki and her husband, Ben Strangling Wolf, took her along to the Old Man's spring Thunder ceremony. Although SikskiAki was then quite young, her memories add to the spirit the Bundle now has for us.

THE DIFFERENT-PEOPLE PIPE

One of our remaining Medicine Pipe Bundles has 778
been with our People since the year 1833. Some
ethnologists have called this Bundle the Gros
Ventre Pipe and even the Long-Time Pipe.
Among our People it is known as *NamaTappi-*
Achkuineman, or the "Different-People Pipe." It [177]
was brought here from the Mandan tribe.

Our head chief at the end of the Buffalo

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Our head chief at the end of the Buffalo 778
Days was Red Crow. Before him our head chief 175
was Red Crow's uncle, Pinukwiim, or "Seen- 484
From-Afar." He was so named because he often
traveled great distances to visit people of other
tribes. There is a story that he led a party of men
as far south as Mexico, a journey that took about
a year. Pinukwiim brought back the Different-
People Pipe from one of his visits to the Mandan
People, who lived far to the east in the area of
present-day North Dakota.

Pinukwiim and his wife boarded a keel-boat belonging to the American Fur Company for part of their trip east. They left Fort McKenzie in present-day northern Montana, in the spring of 1833, after the ice broke up in the Missouri River. The company was shipping its winter trade of [439] hides and furs and was eager to have the trade of the Blackfoot divisions, in whose country Fort McKenzie was located. It was to the company's advantage to have an influential man like Pinukwiim riding one of their boats.

They passed through the dangerous country of the Assiniboine tribe in order to reach the fur company's Fort Union at the junction of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. Our people and the [648] Assiniboines are traditional enemies, but a brief peace had been brought about by the fur company before Pinukwiim's journey.

At Fort Union, Pinukwiim and his wife met [648] a party of Mandan People, who invited them to their earth lodge village. They were treated with [177] honor and respect during their stay. The Mandans gave them each a Powerful holy Bundle when they prepared to return home. His wife was given a sacred buffalo headdress from a Mandan women's society. This headdress was later taken [575] into our own Motokiks Society. Pinukwiim was given the sacred Pipe we now call the Different-People Pipe in memory of the Mandans and their earth lodges.

The return trip took thirty-four days. The German explorer Prince Maximilian noted in his journal that he saw the Blood couple in a Hidatsa

[p. 157-A]

earth lodge village earlier in the summer, and that 778
"the man was well made and both were very 175
neatly dressed." 484

About twenty years later Pinukwiim again
visited the Mandans. By then he was head chief
of the Bloods. A trader recorded in his journal [292]
that he was "splendidly dressed (in) a magnificent
bonnet of war-eagle feathers falling to his
feet." He must have been a most courageous man
to wander in such style through the country of his
enemies.

After Pinukwiim, the earliest Owner we can 793
recall is Old Spear Chief. He transferred the Pipe 778
to old Long-Time Squirrel and his son, Many
Grey Horses. From them the Pipe went to Steel,
then to Weasel Moccasin, and then to old Plume.
Long-Time Squirrel took the Pipe for a second
time, before it went to Mark Old Shoes in 1950.
He transferred the Pipe to Jim White Man Left,
who then transferred it to the Old Man's later
partner and roommate, Big Nose. At the Sun [425]
Dance Camp the Bundle was ceremonially stolen
from Big Nose's lodge while no one was there. It
was transferred to the children of Many Grey
Horses, who still own it.

THE CREE MEDICINE PIPE

Another of our remaining Medicine Pipe Bundles 778
is known as *Assinai-Achkuineman*, or "Cree Medicine 721
Pipe." The sacred Pipe in that Bundle was
captured from a camp of Cree People during a
battle. That battle took place sometime around
1880 and was one of the last fought between the
Crees and our People. This is the way it happened:

After a Cree raid on Blood camps, One Spotted Horse led a war party of Bloods and Piegans in retaliation. He is remembered today by the name One Spot.

Some distance east of the present-day city of 778
Edmonton, the war party located a small Cree 726
camp and attacked in broad daylight, overpower-

[p.157-8]

ing the Crees. Those who escaped sought shelter 778
in the nearby coulee and river bottom. They left 726
everything behind in their camp except their
women and children.

The invaders rounded up the Cree horses 778
and looted the camp. One Spot's partner, Many 727
Mules, saw the sacred Pipe wrapped up and hanging from a tripod. As he approached it, One Spot
called out, "My friend, don't touch that sacred
thing. Those Crees have a lot of Power that may [829]
kill you if you take their Medicine." Startled,
Many Mules left the Pipe and went on to look for
other trophies. Then One Spot went over to it, [782]
said a prayer and took the sacred Pipe for himself,
calling out, "I am One Spot of the Bloods."

The war party had captured many horses, clothing, and other goods. A large victory dance was held when the party returned. They had not lost a single member. One Spot cradled the sacred Pipe in his arms while others danced with their captured goods. But he left the Pipe on a tripod outside of his tipi; he did not want to risk the safety of his family by bringing the Cree Medicine inside.

A few days later, One Spot asked several holy 778
men, old Medicine Pipe Owners and Beaver 783
Men, what he should do with his new sacred [789]
Pipe. They advised him to go through a purifying
ceremony to remove any bad Spirit the Crees
might have cast upon it from a distance. A bunch [824]
of sage was gathered and mixed with buffalo [237]
meat, a traditional sacrament believed to have the
Power to remove bad Spirits from anything. The
sacrament was rubbed all over the Pipestem and
One Spot's body while all the Old Men prayed.
After that, One Spot kept the Pipe inside his tipi.

In order to take this sacred Pipe into our 778
Medicine Pipe Ways, it was necessary to have it 425
transferred to an Owner. Because One Spot had
fulfilled his purpose by capturing the Pipe and
bringing the party safely back home, he decided
to give it to Many Mules. The basic materials for
a Medicine Pipe Bundle were collected, and Old

[p.158-A]

People made up the accessories and prepared the 778 ●
skins. Since no one knew the Pipe's Cree songs, 425
our own Medicine Pipe songs were used for the traditional Blood ceremony. People who in the past had been given the rights for such sacred objects as topknots, tripods, Owner's necklaces, and so forth, were called upon to transfer those rights to the new Owner and his wife.

It has been said of the Cree Pipe that new Owners were never captured with it, and that the
Pipe was always taken to fulfill vows. Because [729]
some of our People never lost their fear of the Power of the Crees, the Cree Pipe was not transferred often. The sacrifice payments were always less than for our other Pipes.

A history of its past Keepers is not well 778
known. One former Owner was Round Nose, 793
who transferred it to Joe Young Pine. After him, it went to Charlie Wolf Plume. Among recent Owners were Jack Hind Bull, then Jim White Bull, and then Hind Bull's daughter, Mrs. Bill Heavy Runner. She gave the Pipe to old Bob First Charger. After his death it was transferred to the partnership of young Joe Chief Body and his adopted daughter, the present Owners.

Around 1910 several Bloods, including Dog 177
Child and Sun Calf, came upon a Cree camp.
They asked the Crees if anything was known 171
about their old Pipe. One of them, Shot Many Times, spoke Blackfoot fairly well and was familiar with the Pipe. He said that his People received their first sacred Pipe from Sun. He had only heard about a few such Pipes, and their Owners were always brave men and holy leaders. At times their duty required them to unwrap the sacred Stem and walk between the lines of a battle in order to offer the symbolic "Pipe of Peace" to the two fighting groups. Many bloody battles were ended this way, but an occasional Pipe-bearer did not live to see the peace.

Shot Many Times also described some Cree customs with sacred Pipes. In daytime the Pipes were hung outside on tripods, and daily incense

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 159]

[p. 158-8]

was made for them. The Owners ate from 177
wooden bowls and were treated with special re- 171
spect by their People. When the sacred Pipe was
smoked—before a war party left on a dangerous
mission, or when an offering of peace was being
made—each smoker took only four whiffs, even if
the tobacco was no longer lit.

Shot Many Times sang a few Cree songs for the Pipe. The Bloods found them to be much different from our own Medicine Pipe songs. One of the war songs included these words: "I sing to the Sun. Give me a man of honor to kill."

In 1916 an anthropologist named Alanson Skinner studied the Crees and wrote about their sacred Pipes: "There have been three pipes among the Cree, but there are only two now, as the Qu'Apelle River band (some ways east of Edmonton) sent theirs to the Bloods to make peace, and the latter still have it." This statement indicates that there was probably either a great misunderstanding, or else wishful thinking on the part of the Cree who gave the information to Skinner.

THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE PIPE

Besides the four Medicine Pipes we open every 778 ●
spring to celebrate the return of Thunder and the
good seasons that follow, there is one more Medi-
cine Pipe Bundle, which is rarely opened. Keepers [789]
used to carry this Bundle's Pipe to war so that its
Spirit would give them the Power of success.
Since the end of the war days, the Bundle has [852]
been transferred to the children of those who
wanted its Power. Thus, it became known as the
Children's Medicine Pipe Bundle.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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This Bundle has the distinction that its 778
sacred Pipe, though fully decorated, is only the
length of a normal pipestem. In the Old Days,
there were several short Pipes, but only two remain today among all our divisions, and only this
one is considered to have been a true war Pipe,
the other having never been to war. Originally, [533]
seven songs were sung for the opening. But during recent transfer ceremonies, only two of the
original songs were sung; the others had been forgotten and were replaced by our usual Medicine
Pipe songs.

George First Rider said that some of the 778
Pipe's wartime Owners included Atsitsina's 173
father, Natosina; Over-Designed Tipi; Striped
Bear; and Big Wolf. From them he learned this 539
story of its origin: [115]

*A man had only two wives. He was successful,
but he didn't have many horses. He had one real
good horse for buffalo hunts. When he went on
a buffalo hunt, he killed many and gave much
meat to the People. If he was asked for something
he would give it. His name was gradually putting [536]
him into higher rank because he was very generous. But he didn't gain anything of real value
from his raids on the warpath.*

*One time when it was raining continually and the wood piles were all soaked, he went on a buffalo hunt. To enjoy the adventure of the hunt more, he didn't join hunting parties but went alone. When he brought home his meat, he was all soaked. He told his wives, "Don't bring the meat inside; unload it outside and give some to the People." Then the wives brought in the meat they were going to keep. They brought it in to
dry. It is usual to dry the meat a little, so that [252]
when it is sliced it will not slip out of your hand. Fresh meat is slippery, and would cause the women to cut themselves with their knives. And the meat is tasty when it is cut dried. If the meat is sliced fresh, the flavor seeps all out.*

Now he told his wives, "Build a fire with that big-sized wood. I am tired from riding and drowsy

[p. 160 A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

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from being wet. Take the children out. Go someplace so I can sleep. So they built a fire and laid some bigger wood on top. A half-dried wood was laid right on top. The women went out and they weighed down the door flap with a log so that nobody would go in, knowing that the door was shut.

As he was dozing off, he heard a voice singing. After a moment he heard it again and sat up. He saw the fire was burning low, so he raked up the fireplace and rekindled it. There was a lot of half-dried wood that was not yet burned and he pushed it into the fire. Then he lay down, facing the wall as before. Again, he heard the voice singing. There were words in the song, but he didn't get the words. He sat up and listened, but when he looked about, no one was singing. He opened the door slightly and looked out, but no one was there, either. He went back and raked all the unburned wood into the fire and as he lay down the voice sang. This time he could make out the words. He had never heard the song before. "My Pipe is holy. My Pipe hears me. My Pipe is my Medicine."

The voice was singing in the fireplace, so he sat up and looked at the fireplace. The voice sang, "My Pipe I give you. My Pipe I now give you."

As he looked, a Worm stuck its head out from the half-dried wood. Worm was wiggling because the fire was burning the wood toward where he was. "This is the one that is singing," the man said to himself.

After a while, Worm said to the man, "I am giving you my Pipe." The man replied to Worm, "Why are you worried? Nothing is going to happen to you." Then the man picked up the wood with Worm on it and he went out. As it had rained for a considerable time, there was water in hollow places. He doused the wood in the water and went south along the river. When he came to an opening in the forest he found a good spot in a growth of big trees. He stuck the wood into a pile of dead trees and gave the wood

[p. 160-B]

some of his fine-cut tobacco. "Oki, here is a smoke," he told Worm, and went home. 173 539

When his wives returned, they found weapons and moccasins but not their husband. 778 In earlier times, if a person went out to look after his horses on a rainy day, he went barefoot so as not to spoil his moccasins. The wives said, "Here are his moccasins, and here is his knife, and he didn't take his bow and arrow. Maybe he went out for a while."

Soon the man returned and told his wives, "I am tired. I will sleep here alone and tomorrow we will invite some people."

In the morning his wives boiled some meat [787] and he went out and invited seven Old People. They came in, they sat down, and they ate. When they got through, he told them, "Oki, you Old Men, I will tell you a story and you will tell me what is to be done."

The man then told his story of how Worm [787] had sung to him and given him a Pipe. He told them, "Last night I slept alone. I burned incense. As I slept I saw the Pipe. It was given to me and I heard the songs clearly. It was an ordinary smoking pipe, only it was decorated with feathers at the bud. Oki, Old Men, make your decisions on what is to be done."

So the Old Men thought. After a time, each one said, "Let it be done this way," or "Let it be done that way." One of the men was an important Medicine Pipe Man. He advised, "This pipe will be decorated at the bud with flared feathers strung together and then it will be a Medicine Pipe. But it will not be taken as the regular Medicine Pipes are taken."

The first person to take the Pipe wasn't the man who had the vision. A young married man took it first. [425] The man who had the vision knew the songs, so he transferred them to the first Owner of the Small Medicine Pipe. The young married man provided food and the Small Medicine Pipe was transferred to him.

The young man didn't have his Pipe very long when the man who had the vision stole it and

went on the warpath with it. When he returned 539
successfully with it, another young man took the 778
Small Medicine Pipe in a transfer. After that, it 173
was regularly stolen to be taken on the warpath.
When they returned they brought it home with [721]
something stolen in the raid—a horse or a rifle.

So that is how our sacred Bundle was used. 778

It is believed that no one who wore the sa- 789
cred Pipe on the warpath was ever injured. It was taken along in its cloth covering. Just before the start of a battle, or before the bearer went into an enemy camp, it was taken out of its covering and those who were in its company prayed and sang with it. The bearer then tied the sacred Stem in his hair.

The Children's Pipe has had many Keepers 778
since the end of the war days. Most recently, it was transferred from the children of Stabs Down to the children of Adam Delaney, who is the new leader of the Horns Society.

ANOTHER SMALL MEDICINE PIPE

At one time there were at least three Small Medicine Pipes among our People. The Children's Medicine Pipe is still with the Bloods, and another Small Pipe is now among the North Piegans. The third one was obtained and sold by Mrs. Walters to some museum in the United
States in 1941. Atsitsina remembers this story of 539
its origin: 778
173

There was a Blackfoot by the name of Mid-
dle Calf. He was so brave and Powerful that he al-
ways went on war raids by himself. One time, he [787]
was coming back home with a bunch of stolen
horses when he had a dream. In his dream an
Old Man told him, "I am the one who has been
giving you Power. I am now going to give you my
strongest Medicine. It will allow you to reach [789]
very old age. You must give it to your children
to take care of, so that they can grow old too."

[p.161-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Then the Old Man showed Middle Calf how to make the small Medicine Pipe. 539 778 ●

When Middle Calf got back home he made a stem just like for a regular pipe and he made it look fancy with eagle feathers and beads and arrowheads. He coated it with incense and with real paint, and he painted his children for it. 173

They used to take this Pipe to war, just like the Children's Pipe. Only they sold this Pipe to the white People down in the States.

In the notes of Mrs. Walters is a letter Percy Creighton wrote her dated July 24, 1941: 778 [212]

> *At the Sun Dance saw a head dress, Buffalo with trailer, also a 'war pipe.' There are two small pipe bundles on Blood Reserve—used on war trails carried 'tied at back of head.'*
>
> *A regular pipe bundle is about 3–4 feet long; these little ones about 14 inches. With it is a bag of paint, charming medicine, 4 eagle feathers quilled, a string of 'pony' beads, at the end a flint arrow head, 2 eagle claws fringed between, and beaded pipe stem covered with buffalo hide and quilled on 3 sides, the lower handle is covered with muskrat fur—bound with mixed feathers—[the Bundle includes] owl, coopers hawk, falcon feathers, a pair of blue bead bracelets, small bag of incense, a deer hoof rattle, a bone flute, smudge stick, and case of rawhide fringed.*

In 1906 the anthropologist Clark Wissler made this comment about the Small Pipe:

> *There is a small pipe among the Blood, regarded as very powerful in war. It has four songs, one of which is a typical medicine-pipe song while the others are quite different. In the presence of the enemy this pipe was smoked by the party carrying it, the songs sung, and the pipe tied in the owner's hair. The first Blood to own it received it by transfer from a North Blackfoot. Recently [1903] it changed hands for six horses and other property.* [721] [789] [435]

Wissler also mentions in a footnote to that story that the Dakota (Sioux) "had similar pipes for the same purpose." [171] [P.162-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

SOME OTHER MEDICINE PIPES WE USED TO HAVE

778 [439] As late as 1960 there were still ten Medicine Pipes on the Blood Reserve. Half have since been sold to museums and private collectors. Although our Pipes are much sought after with large sums of money, the collectors show little interest in the spiritual history of these Bundles. When they display the Bundles, any accompanying information is generally anthropological in nature and often spiritually misleading. In one case, a sacred Stem is displayed next to a collection of regular pipes inside a glass case labeled Indian Pipes.

The Alberta Provincial Museum has seven or more Medicine Pipe Bundles, none accompanied by thorough documentation that might give future students an idea of the true Spirit which once was with them. Some are accompanied by no more information than the last Owner's name.

To complete my words about our sacred Pipes, I will tell you what I have learned about some of those that no longer belong to our People.

OUR UNCLE'S PIPE

778 793 Just a few years ago, our uncle, Atsitsina, became a Medicine Pipe Owner, perhaps for the last time. He had hoped to keep the Bundle for many years, but someone made a vow to take it. Atsitsina arranged to take it back after the vow was fulfilled, but the last Owner quietly sold it and it was quickly taken far from our reserve.

This particular Bundle, which never had a distinct name, had been owned by Atsitsina's dad, Natosina, for many years during the Buffalo Days. Natosina stole the Pipe from old Iron, who took it back again after Natosina's term was over.

[p. 162-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

Later, it belonged to Grey Broad Head, who once owned the Long-Time Pipe as well. Next in line was his brother, Running Antelope, then Charlie Eagle Speaker, and then Harry Spear Chief. Albert Chief Calf, who is known by his father's name, NinnaOnesta, or Chief Calf, had the Bundle for a long time. After NinnaOnesta, the Bundle went to Jack Eagle Bear, from whom Atsitsina stole it in the Old Way. He told us the story of how he stole it: 778 793 778 425

Oki, my brother, Jim Low Horn, and I went to Lethbridge one time to buy groceries, and to get some intestinal meats from the butcher there. As we drove along I asked him, "In the Old Days, how did people steal Medicine Pipes?" [262]

He said he knew exactly how it was done. He said, "I won't tell you how it was done. I will show you. You have been wanting a Medicine Pipe in your old age, so we will just go and get the one that used to belong to your father."

He told me to drive to Jack Eagle Bear's house, where my dad's Pipe was. When we got there all we saw was just a bunch of kids playing. Jim asked them, "Where is Long Mane?" That was Eagle Bear's other name. They said, "He went to Stand Off. He just left. He will be gone for some time."

We went into Long Mane's house. The Pipe was hanging up in there. The children all came and looked. There was a place for incense, and the sweet pine needles were there. Jim told me, "Take some of those pine needles. Use them on your feet and rub your body with them and put them in your pockets and put some in your mouth and spray them on the Pipe." I did what he said, then I took down the Pipe. The children were all just looking at us. Jim told me, "Go and put it in the car." Then he told the children not to tell their father who took the Pipe.

When we got back home my brother said, "That is how it is done. Now you have stolen a Pipe. Very few people have done that. They were scared to steal Pipes." He told me that I

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would be brought to trial before the Owner and his society. He said that I would have to pay a lot more on the Pipe because I had stolen it. 778 425

Some time passed and I heard people say that Long Mane's Pipe was stolen. They didn't know yet who it was. Then Bob Black Plume came to my house, and he told me, "They have found out you stole that Pipe."

Then Long Mane sent word for me to go to his house. When I got there, he said, "You stole my Pipe. In the spring we will have your trial. You set the date when you will be prepared for the trial." I said, "I am ready to take it any time. I have all my payments ready." Then he asked me, "How do you stand? How much do you intend to give me so that I will let you out of the trial?" My brother had given me five ten-dollar bills. I gave them to Long Mane and he said, "That will do for a start." Then he measured my feet and my wife's for the moccasins they would make for us. He said, "Just say when, so I can tell my comrades, the Crazy Dogs, because it's their Pipe too." [They had helped with the payments during his transfer.] 778 432 [575]

As soon as the days were nice, I sent word to him to come up and transfer the Pipe to me. When the day came he set up his tipi by my house. I had my Pipe transferred to me at my home. That's the right way if the transfer is not during the Sun Dance. All the Crazy Dogs came. Laurie Plume led the transfer ceremony. I paid really good on the Pipe. All my relatives came and helped me.

So that is how I stole my Pipe. I'm the only one still living who stole a holy Pipe; just me, Willie Eagle Plume.

STEVE OKA'S PIPE

While mourning over the loss of his wife, Steve Oka found no comfort in the Medicine Pipe their friend Mike Eagle Speaker had given the couple as a present a long time before. No one from the reserve made any effort to claim the Pipe. (Sacred Bundles are usually cared for by someone else 778 [768] [425]

[p. 163-B]

when there is a death in the Owner's family. 778
Often a former Owner takes the Bundle back and [768]
later has it transferred to himself.) So Steve Oka [425]
sold the Bundle to Hugh Dempsey for three hundred
dollars. Dempsey took it for the Blackfoot [439]
collection in the then-new Glenbow Museum in [432]
Calgary.

The Bundle's former Owner, Mike Eagle [435]
Speaker, was one of the first from the Blood Reserve [873]
to obtain a college degree. He once told me
that he originally got the Bundle because of a vow [782]
made during a time of need in his family. Because
the Power of the Bundle helped his family overcome [425]
their trial, Mike felt he had been repaid for
his material investment, and for that reason had
given the Pipe to its next Owner, accepting no
payments.

Mokakin said that this Pipe originally came 778
from the North Blackfoot People. The first Blood 793
man to own it was Sun Calf, a partner of old Red Crow. After him the Owners were Hungry Crow; Rides-at-the-Door (the holy woman and her late husband); Gordon Bird; Morning Bird; Camoose Bottle; Joe Eagle Ribs; Mike Eagle Speaker; and then Steve Oka.

WILLIE MILLS'S PIPE

One of our former Medicine Pipe Bundles is 778
listed in the collection of the Provincial Museum 439
as the "Willie Mills Pipe." Mills was the grandson 177
of the Negro interpreter, Dave Mills (Young
Scabby Bull). Like Steve Oka, Mills sold his Pipe [144]
while mourning the loss of his wife. He sold it in
1966 to the white man of the Alberta Provincial [768]
Museum.

Mokakin and Atsitsina, both of whom had sacred Pipes at that time, told me that they used to dread this white man's visits. Mokakin said, "That guy, he never takes no for an answer. He come back and he come back, no matter what I tell him, he always come in with his big smile. Even nobody trusts him with it. He smile, and

pretty soon he don't smile no more when I tell 778
him I'm not interested in his money. As soon as 439
he knows something is wrong in our house, he 177
comes again."

When his offer to buy sacred Pipes was first accepted by old Willie Mills, the white man wrote to his superior at the Provincial Museum:

> *Among the Indians, when ownership of the* [435]
> *bundle is transferred, payment is made to the amount of $1,000 to $1,500. There are very few of these and they are difficult to obtain as the Plains Indians consider them to be sacred and extremely valuable. . . . Today there remains only 5 on The Reservations in Canada and the United States, and 6 in museum collections in the U.S. and Canada [far from true; there were many more]. . . . These bundles are very old and valuable, the originals are never duplicated and vary in age from*
> *80 to 200 years. The market price for this type of* [435]
> *bundle is $1,000 if complete. This particular sacred pipe bundle . . . is approximately 150 years old . . . contains 105 items.*

The "market price" he lists was set by himself and, like the value of all good investments, it
rose rapidly after he wrote his letter. He was able [435]
to buy the Bundle for $700, which he thought
was quite a deal, since Willie Mills gave "goods to [432]
the value of $1,100 for this bundle when ownership was transferred to him in 1953." Mills had [793]
gotten the Bundle from his father, Harry Mills, who had been its previous Owner. Before him it was owned by Nelson Rabbit; Brown Chief Calf; Mark Wolf Child; Big Sorrel Horse; Iron; and Calf Shirt, who had the Power with Rattlesnakes.

A BAD MEDICINE PIPE BUNDLE

One of the Bundles that our Old People actually 778
remember being made up during their lifetime is the one that Lone Invitation Caller was directed to make. That Bundle became known as the Bad

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Medicine Pipe Bundle. George First Rider's 778
father, Dog Child, had this Pipe for a short time,
and of course, George has a story to tell about it.

This Pipe was a man-made Pipe. It was con- 778
structed by Lone Invitation Caller. It was a Black- 276
Covered Pipe, constructed in a different way, like 531
a Water Bundle Pipe [a Beaver Bundle Pipe]. 237
Eagle tailfeathers strung together like a fan were
attached to the Pipe. [The war Pipes that we call
Black-Covered Pipes are basically like Beaver
Pipes; neither has a fan of eagle feathers and both
have Stems covered all over with eagle plumes.
This Bad Medicine Pipe had a fan of eagle feath-
ers and was placed inside a black covering.]

But the Pipe was useless. It was then called the Hairlock Pipe.

After Lone Invitation Caller had constructed 778
the Pipe, he gave it to his friend Bull Limper 425
(Spear Chief). Lone Invitation Caller didn't
perform a miracle with the Pipe, he just trans-
ferred the Pipe at the home of Spear Chief. It
takes four days to transfer a Medicine Pipe, but
Lone Invitation Caller didn't transfer his Pipe
in the proper manner.

Before winter came, Spear Chief's wife died. 778
Then he realized that the Pipe was a fake, so he 784
cut the tails from the beaver pelts and sold them.
A little while later Spear Chief died, and his son,
White Leggings (Harry Spear Chief), kept the
Pipe. White Leggings took sick and he almost
died. Then he gave it to Little White Weasel
Calf [Dog Child, George's father]. *But I told him,*
"Put that Pipe away, it's a fake!"

So the Pipe was taken across the U.S. border, and it was there for a year. Nobody ever bought the Pipe because it was newly made. Then it was brought back and Little White Weasel Calf gave it to Little Eagle Ribs [Joe Eagle Ribs]. *Right after Little Eagle Ribs took the Pipe, Little White Weasel Calf's wife died, and pretty soon he did, too. Little Eagle Ribs took the Pipe, and before it was transferred to him, he died. His*

[p. 165-A].

stepson [Sam Hairy Bull, who sold Eagle Ribs' 778
Beaver Bundle to Edmonton] took the Pipe. The 784
boy got drunk and gave the Pipe to Calling Last
for some liquor. Calling Last found out that the
Pipe was a fake, so he went and sold it in Browning, Montana. And that was the end of it.

A BAD PIPE FROM THE GHOSTS

Our People fear the mystery of ghosts. They be- 778
lieve that ghosts are able to make living souls go 775
along with them to the Sandhills, where all ghosts
of Blood People are thought to dwell. One Blood
man went with the ghosts and returned with a
Medicine Pipe they had given him. This story has 778
become a popular legend among our People. Here 539
is Mokakin's version: 773

This Medicine Pipe had the name Shaggy Medicine Pipe because it was all covered with eagle plumes that stuck way out. The Pipe was so new, the plumes weren't flattened from being wrapped for a long time.

Oki, this took place a long time ago—I don't know how many years. A man came back home from his war trail and found that his wife was already dead and buried. He had loved her very much and he became very lonely for her. Every night he went up on a hill and cried and mourned. One night a ghost came and spoke to him. "If you want to visit your wife I can take you to her. You've got to bring some tobacco for an offering.
But don't bring any weapons or anything made [775]
out of metal." Ghosts don't like metal. The man went home and took off his knife and his rings and he picked up some tobacco. Then he went back up the hill.

The ghost took the man a long ways through the dark, over hills and across rivers. Finally they came to a big open place where there was a big tipi camp. The ghost stopped in front of one of the tipis and told the man to go inside and wait. Inside, another ghost was sitting at the back. The

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ghost told him, "Yes, you will see your wife, but don't touch her or even kiss her." 778 539 773.

The man was told to look outside the tipi, where he saw his wife walking. He wanted to go over to her, but the ghost told him he could only look. When daylight came everything disappeared and he was alone sitting in a field. He felt pretty lonesome. Then he remembered his offering of Kinnikinnick, so he took it out and said, "Here is your smoke." Something grabbed the pouch from his hand and soon he saw a cloud of smoke next to him. The smoke gradually began to outline people and the tipi in which they were sitting.

After the ghost-man finished his smoke he said, "Man, I have pity for you, so I am going to help you. First, I'm going to let you take your wife back home with you. But you've got to remember four things when you take her. First, don't look back when you leave here; second, don't ask her any questions; third, don't touch her until you take four sweat baths with her; and fourth, never call her a ghost. The man remembered what they told him. Then the ghost-man said, "Now, I'm also going to give you my Medicine Pipe. We're going to open it for you right now and you are going to see it and learn the ceremony." So the man watched and listened to what they did.

When the man left the ghost camp, his woman walked behind him. He didn't look back or say anything to her. After a little while he built a sweat lodge and they both went in it. He saw that his wife's body was just a skeleton.

They went on and on, and then the man built another sweat lodge. This time he saw the outline of his wife's body, but it was all covered with maggots.

On and on they went some more, then he built a sweat lodge for the third time. This time he could recognize his wife's body, but there were still maggots crawling on it.

When they got on top of the hill by their camp, where he first saw the ghost, he built a sweat lodge for the fourth time. When it was

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finished his wife's body sat up and she came back 778 ●
to life. They held each other and he kissed her. 539

After the man and his wife were home for a 773
while he began to make up the Medicine Pipe that the ghost gave him. For several years his wife took care of the Pipe and they lived pretty good. The man was happy to have his wife back and he treated her very well. Then, one night they had a lot of guests in their tipi and his wife was cooking some food. Just when it was ready to eat, she knocked it over and spilled it all in the fire. The man lost his temper and shouted at her, "What's the matter—can't you do anything right, you ghost woman!" His wife jumped back on her bed and covered up her head with her shawl. The man told her to get up and clean the spilled food. When she didn't get up, he went over and pulled her shawl off. Underneath the shawl there was only the skeleton of his wife.

Not long after that the man gave up his [784]
Shaggy Pipe to somebody else. Then he died. The one he gave the Pipe to also died. Some more people had the Pipe, and each time they died when they got it or soon after they gave it up. Finally a chief took it to see what he could do. When he died, the People said, "This Pipe came from the ghosts and everybody that has it becomes a ghost, so we better give it back to the ghosts." So they buried the Shaggy Pipe with the chief and they never made it up again. Everybody talks about it since then.

THE BLACK-COVERED PIPES

There was once another kind of Medicine Pipe. 778
These were covered with dark-colored cloth and accompanied by a few accessories in a rawhide bag. They were used to inspire spiritual power for an individual or for a society in times of war. The People did not look to these Pipes or their Owners for everyday spiritual help.

There used to be many of these Black-Covered Pipes, but none remain with us today. Most of their individual origins and ceremonies

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778 have been forgotten, but we can surmise that they originated either in the dreams of men who were successful on the war trails or were captured in battle from enemy tribes, most commonly Crees, Crows, Gros Ventres, and Assiniboines.

778 Atsitsina told me this story about one that was captured by a Blood man: 539 173

721 *Oki this story is about a Black-Covered Pipe. My father's friend, Crow-Parts-His-Hair, captured it. My dad and his friend went on a raid against the Eastern Crees. [The term used here by Atsitsina was* Pinapasinai, *literally, "downstream People." It could mean the Assiniboine, Hidatsa, or some other tribe to the east of us.] They went into the enemy camp at night to look for horses when Crow-Parts-His-Hair saw it hanging above a tipi door. He cut the thongs and took it down. Then they got some horses and returned home safely with the Pipe. All different kinds of fine people [successful people] had it. We don't know where it finally went to.*

778 These war Pipes were kept covered with black cloth so that they would not reflect Sun's light and reveal the Owner out on the war path. At one time, buckskin coated with sacred black paint was used to cover them. Among the Pipe's accessories were one or more *Iniskims,* sacred stones, fixed up in such a way that they could be tied into a person's hair. Such Iniskims were worn in battle either by the Owner or by someone who had borrowed the Pipe for battle. The Pipes were usually carried on the bearer's back, suspended from a belt worn over both shoulders. Sweetgrass was used for incense. The few Black-Covered Pipes that survived past the war days were treated like simple versions of our regular Medicine Pipes; they were transferred and opened to the same ceremonies, but without the many details of the Bundles.

[439] One of the last Black-Covered Pipes was transferred to Frank Red Crow in 1939, so that he could sell it to Mrs. Walters. For twenty years

it had belonged to a man named Small Eyes, or 778
Gros Ventre Boy, as he was also known.

According to Mrs. Walters's notes, this Bun- 779
dle contained no bird or animal skins. Its main
contents were the sacred Pipe wrapped in cloth 276
and a rawhide bag filled with paints and other 531
accessories. Part of a red shawl covered these 237
things. The sacred Pipe was "covered with beads, furs, and feathers." Its mouthpiece was bare of decoration and showed the careful work and smooth, glossy finish it received from its maker. Most of the Stem was fully covered with fluffy eagle plumes. A number of spiritual decorations were suspended from the Stem. Most outstanding of these was a "layer of eagle feathers, each quill reinforced with a strip of rawhide, wrapped with quills, and tipped with a bit of weasel fur and human hair." A tiny Iniskim was attached to the base of these feathers with a thong. Fastened securely at another point along the Stem was a tiny bead-edged sack, probably containing some previous Owner's personal Medicine. Six bunches of fluffy eagle plumes hung from the Stem by strands of blue-green beads. Also attached to the Stem was a buffalo tail, decorated with strips of weasel skin, pieces of red cloth and porcupine quills, and a long tassel of horse hair, decorated in the same way.

The rawhide case was made of elk hide in the [415]
old-style boat shape. It was rectangular and its upper corners ended in angular peaks similar to the forward point of a boat. The bag contained a calf skin with the hair still on. Wrapped in a bed of shedded buffalo hair in the calf skin were nine Iniskims. One Iniskim had been carved to look
like a man. Also in the bag were the remains of a [417]
feather originally worn by the Owners, a wrapped-up Iniskim taken on war trails, a bag of black paint and a paint stick, a bag of red paint, two pieces of stone remnants of former Pipe-bowls, and a rawhide-covered piperest. This piperest was about four inches in diameter and contained part of a buffalo chip. It was covered with five rows of old pony beads and sacred paint. The bowl of the ordinary smoking pipe, which was used during the ceremony always rested on this chip.

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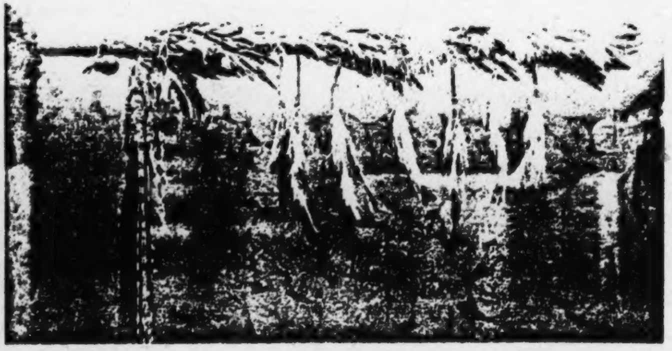

Seizers Society Pipe on display at the Alberta Provincial Museum. It formerly belonged to the Bloods.

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ordinary smoking pipe, which was used during the 778
ceremony, always rested on this chip.

Another Pipe once belonged to the Catcher's Society. It was last owned by the Old Man's step-
father, old Scraping White. It was inherited by [428]
his son, Harold Chief Moon, who sold the Pipe to [439]
a collector from the States.

A Black-Covered Pipe from the Seizers So- [432]
ciety was sold to Mrs. Walters by Percy Creigh- [212]
ton. He sent this note along with it:

> *The pipe belongs to a man named Never Sits* 778
> *Down, the same man who made the Never Sits* 789
> *Down shield* [the most famous shield among our [714]
> People—several variations of it have been made over the ages, and we will see one of them later]; *he was a great medicine man. He made this pipe and carried it when on the war path. When the enemy is in sight, he takes his pipe, and makes ceremony with it. That allures the enemy from their watchouts, and it's easy for him. With all his undertakings* [he] *always gets away with plenty of horses from his enemy. When he died, his friends of the same age put the pipe as the head article of this Society, called the Seizer's, and the pipe is called the "Seizer's pipe." Now the society is done away with.*

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Iniskims: The Sacred Buffalo-Stones

In the Old Days, there was a sacred article sure to 778
be found in every household, which everyone
learned the songs and simple ceremony for in [184]
early childhood. This sacred object was called the
Iniskim, the sacred buffalo-stone.

Iniskims are stones whose odd shapes help to 778
inspire thoughts about the Powers of the Uni- 782
verse. A man preparing to go on a hunt or a
woman in need of spiritual support would take
the Iniskim and, holding it between the palms,
pray to Earth and other Spirits of nature the
sacred rock represents. Some of us still pray with
Iniskims.

Any stone kept in a sacred way can be an 778
Iniskim. Odd-shaped stones and fossils are the
most common. The odd-shaped stones usually re- [823]
semble persons or buffalo; the fossilized shells inspire thoughts about the Holy Power of the Universe. The latter took on special significance when our People learned that the vast prairies were once under water.

The Iniskims in Beaver Bundles, Medicine Pipe Bundles, and sacred Tipi Bundles were collected by our People in the very long ago. Some of these old Iniskims were passed along with their Bundles or separately, and are still among us
today. The Iniskims kept on the family altar or [301]
worn on a necklace are not so old. Most have been found recently by members of the family.

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Few old Iniskims of this kind still exist, as they 778
are usually buried with the persons who find [769]
them.

When a spiritual-looking stone was found, it [793]
was brought to a holy man or woman, who
blessed it with a covering of sacred paint, sang the
ceremonial songs, and, after thus endowing it,
awarded this new Iniskim to the finder.

Iniskim necklaces were commonly worn, [301]
especially by children. At ceremonies, our Old
Man wore a bead-decorated one given to him in
childhood by his grandfather, Owl Boy. He instructed [237]
us to keep Iniskims on our altar at camp,
and while traveling to wrap them up in a layer of [415]
matted buffalo hair and keep them inside a rawhide
bag. Such bags are usually square, with long
fringes of buckskin along the sides, and decorations
of colored geometric designs. These bags are
usually large enough to hold most of a family's
sacred articles—incense, paints, necklaces, feathers,
smoking mixtures.

The Old Man used to keep at his house a [353]
little earth-filled box that sat between his stove
and rear wall. It was his altar for making incense.
Inside it were several small Iniskims, each resting [237]
on a little cushion of buffalo hair. Some of the
stones looked like standing persons; others resembled
buffalo. One was simply a smooth, round [531]
pebble. All were covered with sacred red paint.

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Let me tell you the ancient story about Iniskims as I learned it from the Old Man. 539
773
778●

THE FIRST INISKIM

In the long-ago, before the People had horses, they sometimes starved when they were unable to move their camps fast enough to keep up with the moving buffalo herds. This story takes place during such a famine. [731]

Three sisters were married to the same man. One day they were out gathering firewood. The youngest sister was carrying a large load of wood when her carrying strap broke. Each time she stopped to fix the strap it broke again. Her sisters went back to their lodge while she tried to fix her strap for the fourth time. As she bent over to fix the strap, she thought she heard a voice singing. She looked around but could see no one. Yet the voice seemed to be coming from very near by. She became frightened and got up to leave, but the voice called out to her. Then she noticed in the direction of the voice an unusual-looking stone sitting up on the ground near her pile of wood. She went over to take a closer look and saw that the stone was sitting on a little bunch of buffalo hair. The voice began to sing again; it came from the stone:

You—woman—will you take me?
I am Powerful!
Buffalo is our Medicine.

The young woman reached down and picked up the stone. In those days the People had no pockets, and she was not carrying her miscellaneous pouch. She put the stone beneath her belt next to her skin and she went home. She did not tell anyone what had happened.

That night, she had a dream. The stone came to her and sang its song again. Then it told her, "I have come to you and your People because I pity you. My Power is able to communicate with the buffalo and bring them here. I have chosen you to bring me to camp because you are humble and I know your thoughts are good. You

must ask your husband to invite all the holy men 539
to your lodge tomorrow night. I will teach you 773
some songs and a ceremony which you must show 778 ●
*them. If you do this then I will have my Power
bring back the buffalo. But you must warn your
People: my Power is always announced by a strong
storm, and when it first arrives it will look like a
buffalo, a lone bull. You must tell your People
not to harm him. The rest of the herd will follow
as soon as he has passed safely through the camp.*

During her dream the woman was taught several songs she had never heard before. The Iniskim told her that he had many relatives about the prairie, and that all of them were in contact with the same Power as he. He told her that any of the People who wished to have good fortune from this Power should look for one of his relatives and bring them home and treat them with respect.

*When the young woman woke up she wondered what to do about her dream, for she was
quite shy of her husband. Only the sits-beside* [595]
wife takes part in the husband's ceremonial functions, never the wife who sleeps closest to the door. When the husband went outside, the young wife told her older sister about the stone and the dream. The sister said, "I will tell our man what you just told me. If your dream comes true, then you may have my seat next to him. But if not, I will only pity you for what you will have to suffer."

*When the husband learned of the matter, he immediately sent out invitations to the camp's holy men. In a short while, they gathered in the home of the young woman and were served a small portion of berries, and broth made from scraps of leather. They were excited when they heard why they were invited, although one or
two got up and left. Our Old People were always* [787]
skeptical of someone who claimed to have been called upon in a dream and given a Power.

With the approval of the holy men who remained, the husband asked his young wife to sit at the head of the tipi and lead the ceremony

that had been shown to her. She had a tiny piece 539
of fat, which she mixed with sacred paint in the 773
palms of her hands. While she covered the stone 778
with the sacred paint she sang one of the songs:

Iniskim, he says: buffalo is my Medicine.
Iniskim, he is saying: I am Powerful!

The men then knew that it was not an ordinary stone, but a sacred stone. They were anxious to see if it really had any Power. The woman then rubbed the Iniskim over her body four times and prayed at great length. Then she sang another song:

This Iniskim, my man, it is Powerful!

During the song she handed the Iniskim to her husband, sitting beside her. He rubbed his body with it and prayed, while his wife continued to sing the sacred songs. The ceremony went on in that way until the Iniskim had gone all the way around the gathered company. By that time most of the men were able to sing one or two of the songs.

Before they left, the woman told them about the warning in the dream. A crier was sent around the camp telling the People to tie down their lodges and prepare for a big storm. They were also told not to harm the single bull that was to show up in the camp after the storm. Most of the People followed the advice, but a few laughed and said it was only the crazy dream of a woman.

It was long after dark when the weather began to change. Most of the People had gone to sleep. Only the husband, his wife, and some of the holy men stayed up and continued to sing the Iniskim songs. A breeze started to blow, rustling the covers of the tipis. Before long the breeze turned into a wind, and the tipi covers flapped loudly against their poles. The wind continued to get stronger, and suddenly the People were all awakened by the cracking sounds of a big cottonwood tree as it was blown down. The unfastened tipis of those who disbelieved the woman were blown down and their contents hurled away. While the People prayed for safety, they heard loud hoofbeats and heavy breathing in the

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darkened camp. It was the lone bull wandering through the camp. No one dared to harm him. 778 773

In the morning the storm stopped and there was a large herd of buffalo grazing beside the camp. The People were able to bring down as many as they needed, for the animals just wandered around without alarm. The People cried with happiness for having real food again. They were anxious to replace their worn-out bedding and robes, and to fix the holes in their tipis and moccasins. Everyone paid their respects to the young wife, who now occupied the place next to her husband at the head of the tipi. Everyone brought a tiny offering of buffalo meat or fat and placed it before the sacred Iniskim, which was sitting on a little pile of fur inside of the cleared-earth altar at the back of the tipi. 539

Ever since then our People have had the Power of the Iniskims.

Matted buffalo hair wrapper containing the many Iniskims for the ancient Black-Buffalo Painted Lodge, at rest in the Provincial Museum. 778

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A DOCTOR NAMED BEAR HAT

756 *Bear Hat had two sacred helpers. They were*
[237] *curlews—large, long-legged birds with big beaks.*
The curlews were not alive; they were stuffed
[281] *curlews, stuffed with very dry ground dung and*
painted with sacred yellow paint. Bear Hat kept
● [778] *these curlews, some yellow paint, and some sweetgrass in his sacred bag.*

726 *Bear Hat was wounded in a battle the day after a night when horses were stolen from the camps. This is how it happened:*

[231] *The People felt they were being watched, so they had been on the alert. They kept their horses close to the camps by tying their legs together. The legs of two gentle horses were tied together —the right leg of one horse tied with a long rope to a picket. Some were hobbled. When there was no danger, a horse was hobbled in a way so that it could walk while grazing, but not go astray.*

Four aggressive young men were called to watch the horses. They hid behind woodpiles. It is strange how they did not see the horses herded away, but it was said that it was raining, and the young men might have curled up in their blankets and slept.

When the young men woke up with birds singing in the morning, they looked around and saw that one of the horses tied to a picket was missing. They examined the rawhide rope that had tied the horses and saw it was cut with a knife. They called out, "Horses are taken!" The People awoke and scrambled out to discover that some of their horses were missing.

Immediately, they began tracking the thieves. As they followed the trail, they discovered horse dung, which was still warm. So they knew the thieves were not far ahead.

Today, the new generation would say that it is midday or noon, but the People of the past would say, "Sun has laid still." It was at this time that the pursuers came upon the thieves, sitting at a fresh fire by the river bottom. They were

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726 *Crees and they were panic-stricken. They ran into the bushes, leaving the stolen horses behind. In the chase one of the Crees fired at Bear Hat and shot him in the chest.*

727 *After the Crees were massacred, the pursuers found Bear Hat, blood coming from his mouth, slumped over on his horse. "I am hurt," he told them. Some rode quickly back to camp, announcing the victory over the thieves and that the horses were recaptured, and reporting that Bear Hat was injured. They brought a travois to carry Bear Hat back to camp, and when they returned, the People, seeing Bear Hat's condition, did not celebrate their victory dance. But Bear Hat insisted. "Nothing has happened to me yet. I am not dying. So have your victory dance."*

And so the victory dance was celebrated, with the scalps and the hands and feet that the pursuers had cut off the Crees in the massacre. The People sang: "My wounds . . . I don't feel them."

Even Bear Hat, the bullets still in his body, joined in with these words.

Night came, and then morning, and Bear Hat 727
was still alive. His wife took the curlews from 755
the sacred bag and faced them toward the wall,
away from where Bear Hat lay. She then asked
among the People for seven men and seven mar-
ried women still without child, all singers with
good voices. The men sat in a row toward the
center of the lodge, facing north, and the women
sat behind them. The man sitting at the head took [534]
Bear Hat's yellow-painted drum with the curlew
picture drawn on it. Drums having supernatural [778] ●
powers were offered by the People to the six other
men.

The wife then pulled Bear Hat to the center of the lodge, leaving him on the bare ground, his feet toward the fireplace. She took the two curlews in her arms, and after walking around the lodge, clockwise, in the direction Sun travels, she put them down on their bellies facing Bear Hat and covered them with a yellow-painted cloth.

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tionally as padding during menstruation; it 824
was said to keep the skin from chafing. [841]

Horses with back sores can often be seen rolling in patches of sage to treat themselves.
Tops of this sage used to be brewed to treat [757]
heartburn and mountain fever.

SILVERWEED (*Potentilla anserina*): The roots 824
of this vinelike plant, known as "garters," 752
were chewed and applied to sores on children's bodies, after swimming. When the children dried off, the sores also dried, and the scabs could be brushed off.

SILVERY LUPINE (*Lupinus argenteus*): This 824
plant, called "wolf turnip," has mildly hairy
leaves that were used in several ways. They 757
were brewed and drunk for coughs and for 824
gas pains, causing the stomach to expel the gas. A person with painful hiccups can be given a mouthful to swallow while stretching
the neck and plugging up the ears. The 232
leaves are boiled and sprayed on horses' sores 824
where flies gather.

SNOWBERRY (*Symphoricarpos occidentalis*): 824
A common shrub with white berries called 941
"white weasel eyes," this plant's yellow roots were the base of a decoction made to stop the heavy flow of a menstruating woman.

SQUAWROOT (*Perideridia gairdneri*): The 824
"double root" was used for medicine as well
as for food. It was chewed and swallowed for 757
sore throats. A strong brew, made for kidney ailments, could also be poured into the nostrils of people and horses to treat catarrh. The chewed root also lent itself as a poultice for swollen parts of the body.

SWEET CICELY (*Osmorhiza chilensis*): 824
Known as "smell root" and similar names, 757
this plant's brew treated coughs, colds, and
pneumonia. It was force-fed to mares in 232
winter to prepare them for foaling.

SWEETGRASS (*Hierochloe odorata*): We call 824
this plant *sepatsemo*, or "fragrant smell." [137]
This, our most common incense, was added [778]
[782]
[515]
[757]

[p. 188-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

to many medicine mixtures because of its sacredness. 824
Boiled in water, it made a hair [778]
wash; chewed, it would be applied to swellings. [782]
It looks much like other grasses, but can
be distinguished by the reddish color near its [778]
base. [515]

VIOLET (*Viola adunca*): Called "blue [757]
mouth," its leaves were chewed and used as a
poultice; it could also be made into a brew 824
for a child having difficulty breathing. 752

WESTERN MEADOW RUE (*Thalictrum occidentale*): 827
This plant was named "Gros Ventre 824
scent" because it was most commonly found in
the country of that tribe. Used as a perfume, 302
the leaves could also be powdered and placed 232
in horses' noses to make them long-winded.

WESTERN WILD PARSLEY (*Lomatium simplex*):
This is the "big turnip" that was used mostly 824
as food. As a medicine, the root was 752
chewed and placed as a poultice with a 757
heated cloth on bloodshot eyes. This poultice
also treated sores in the mouth and ears, as
well as earaches and swollen ears. A brew was
made from it for chest pains.

WHITLOW GRASS (*Draba verna*): Because the 824
stem of this plant rises from a circle of small
leaves, it is called "center grass." The roots 747
of this plant were made into a bitter drink to
bring on abortion.

WILD BERGAMOT (*Monarda fistulosa*): This 824
plant is called "singly young man." The blossoms 757
could be brewed to make an eyewash,
or else both leaves and blossoms were brewed
together for stomachaches.

WILLOW (*Salix*): The great variety of willows
are generally called "what they bring," referring
to their ceremonial use during the Medicine 824
Lodge sweat baths. The deep roots of [757]
these bushes were cut into pieces and dried, [232]
and from that a brew was made for hemorrhage,
difficult breathing, dandruff, and
bloodshot eyes in people and horses. Boiled 515
with kidney fat, the mixture was used as a 826

[p. 188-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

monies. Food was cooked in other tipis and brought to them at mealtimes. Every morning the members brought out their ancient sacred bags and Bundles and hung them from several long wooden tripods set up behind their lodge, to the west. 575 [796] [778] ● [417]

SOCIETY TRANSFER CEREMONY: 1891

As a non-member, it would be improper for me to say much about the activities of the Horns during our encampment. However, Robert Wilson recorded the public activities of the Horns Society transfer ceremony of 1891. The events he witnessed were basically the same as those that took place in our camp. 123 127

An enclosure had been built in the middle of the space inside the large circular camp. This enclosure was round and about 40 feet in diameter. It was constructed of travoix, lodge poles and lodge canvas. The travoix, 18 in number, were set up in pairs resting together at the top. These nine pairs were placed at equal distances from each other in a circle and between each pair was tied horizontally a single lodge pole. The poles were about 3½ feet from the ground and over them was thrown lodge canvas thus making a continuous wall or shelter for the inmates who had spent one night there. Between the two most easterly pairs of travoix, the pole and canvas had been omitted which left a means of egress and exit for the crowd of men, women and horses that thronged the place. 575 796 346

Sitting with their backs to the wall inside the shelter, and forming except at the entrance an unbroken circle of men, sat the 18 old members of the Society in company with their assistants [called Partners], and some old men who acted as instructors. In front of each old member a staff was stuck upright in the ground. Nine of these were long poles, 10 feet or thereabouts, with 10 575 796 432

[p. 204-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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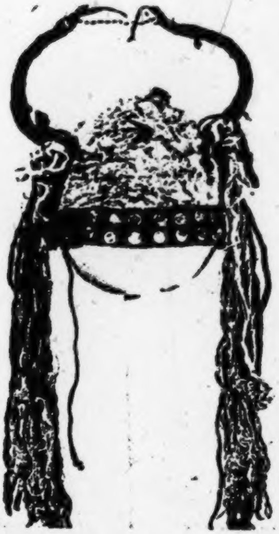
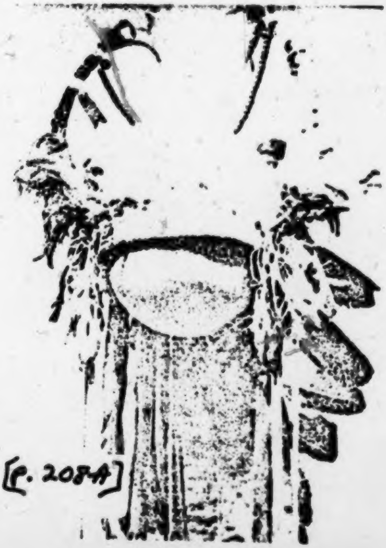


A headdress of the Horns Society on display at the Alberta Provincial Museum.

A horned Medicine headdress on display at the Alberta Provincial Museum.

575
778 ●
292



[p. 208A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

575
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● 778
561

Members of a young men's society, possibly the Pigeons, outside a Medicine Lodge around 1880. The tipi in the background has a Medicine Pipe Bundle tied over its doorway. (Ernest Brown)

[p.214.B]

also probably took place with others, like the 535
Crows and Piegans. The most important Grass 439
Dance items were two feather belts, or "Crow
bustles," which were transferred just like other [292]
Medicines. They are still among our People at [778]
this time.

Two aspects of the Grass Dance Society did [425]
not endure very long among our People. One 535
concerned the eating of dogs, which was a custom 575
among those who originated the dance, but was 177
despised by most of the Bloods. The other concerned
the method of joining the society. Old [262]
members would elect new members, rather than
bringing them in by transfer. As an exception, [424]
memberships were transferred among those owning
important pieces of dance regalia. But
eventually it all became a social affair, without
memberships of any kind.

Grass Dances were held either outdoors or in 535
dance houses, which were special log buildings.
Atsitsina tells this story of one place, down along [345]
the Bullhorn River, called Black Place to Dance.

I have been to dances on a lot of different 535
reservations. . . . We have different songs for 533
different kinds of people who come to the Parted-Hairs Dance [Grass Dance]. We will have a song and dance for a very brave man, also for a person who got wounded; for a person whose horse got killed in battle; for a person that got beaten; for a scared person; for a person who has had many wives; for persons that gave many presents; and one for a person who has cut a horse from in front
of an enemy's door. The last song was usually for [655]
those who were wounded in battle; they are the ones who lead the others out of the dance house after reenacting their war experiences.

Those long knives—some of the members carried 535
long knives [swords] originally taken from 626
the enemy. A person that doesn't want to dance
will get slapped on the leg with the long knife. [411]
But if they get slapped too hard then they are [431]
given a present. . . . And there is a whip. Once
it was used to whip Crow horses. We got it in a [721]
raid and we used it for getting people up to dance.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

535

[292] Bloods dancing at Fort MacLeod during the visit of Sir Wilfred Laurier in 1910. The courthouse at the rear is still standing. The dancers wear many sacred articles: headdresses; shirts; feathers; and shields. (Glenbow Foundation)

[778]

[854] Men and women doing the Circle Dance, also called the Long-Tail Dance. It was a forerunner of today's Round Dance, the native version of a "slow dance," during which the dancers join hands and arms. Two of the women carry babies in their shawls.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

291
142
301

Dog Child and his wife, the mother of George First Rider, in 1939. (Esther Goldfrank)

159

took them both for my grandfathers. I know all 869
the Horns Society Bundles. At one time or
another they were all transferred to me: the 852
Bundle with a Rattle, the Associate Staff, the 778
Leader's Headdress, the Yellow-Ochred Staff, 425
the Swan Staff, the Staff with an Armband, the 159

[p.234-A]

159
Lighter's Staff, and the Blackfoot Rider's Staff. 852
[George only painted for some of these Bundles.] 778 ●

In one day I took four Medicine hats. My face 425
was painted and wiped and then repainted again, [302]
four times, as I went through four ceremonies in
one day. [He means that when he was young,
four different Medicine headdresses were transferred
to him in one day. Thus, his parents spoiled [855]
their only child in a socially acceptable way.]

My father's name was Dog Child. My mother's 551
name was The Only Handsome Woman; her 553
other name was Catching Another Horse, but she 159
was never called by that name. She was one of
three sisters, and her mother said she was the
only handsome woman. So that became her
name. My father's name used to be Singing
Amongst, but he changed that. My name was
given to me from the war deeds of my uncle,
Striped Wolf. He was the first one to ride a horse
taken from the enemy. So I got the name First
Rider. I didn't have the same name with my
father. [Most of our People today carry the names
of former relatives as their inherited family
names. But they also have one or more personal,
Indian names by which they are referred to in the
Blackfoot language.] 159

I was born with long hair. My mother used 856
Indian perfume—boiled cedar needles—to wet [302]
my hair. That is why I got long hair.

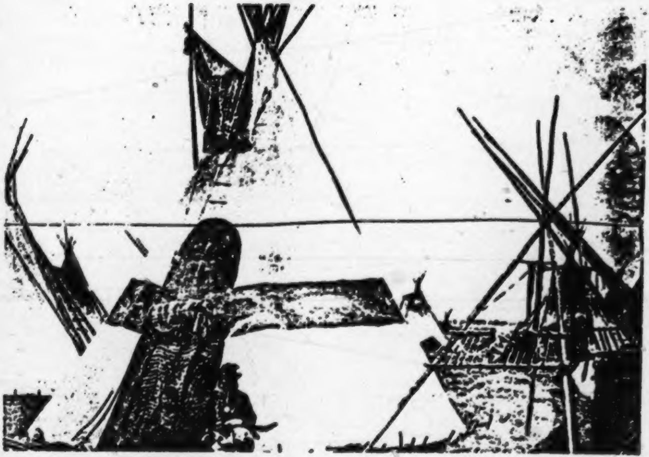
I must have been about five years old when I [824]
was able to go riding on my own. 159

When I was a little boy I was taken to the [857]
Holy Lodge. I had two grandmothers [older female [852]
relatives, not necessarily biological grandmothers].
They each one gave me a Sun Dance necklace, [602]
my childhood property. I must have been eight [431]
years old when a horned Medicine headdress was
given to me.

When I was thirteen years old I started riding 883
racehorses. I was sixteen years old when I started 526
to learn bronc riding. But soon my father made 159
me quit. He said, "There is no future in it. It is [829]
the white man's life. An Indian will compete in a

[p.234-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



312
417
778●
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Red Crow and his head wife in a Blood camp in the late 1800's. Some people today question the showing of sacred bundles in photographs, but the people of the past did not have such concerns. Red Crow's Medicine Pipe Bundle hangs over the doorway of his lodge. The ends of the Shawl are pulled back to expose parts of the Bundle on each end. At that time he was owner of this painted tipi design, known as the Single Circle Lodge. It now belongs to the South Piegans. To the right is a frame made of travois poles, which could be used as a rack to hang things from or as a frame for a sun shelter. (R. N. Wilson) [829]

[p.244-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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● 778
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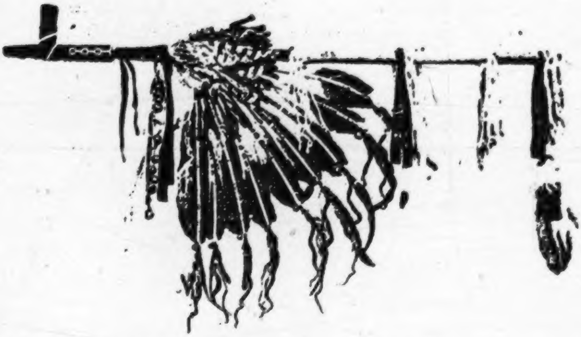
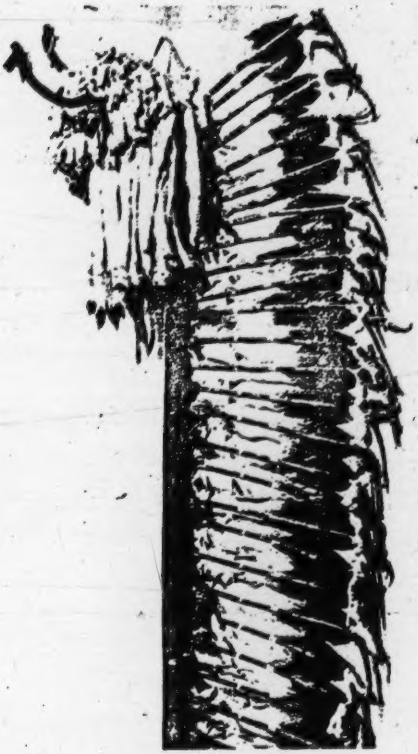


A sacred Pipe, possibly from Red Crow's Medicine Pipe Bundle, which he owned in 1892. The Bowl is of the type made by eastern tribes; the sacred Stem may have come with the Bowl from one of those tribes. (R. N. Wilson)

[P.245-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot-NF6
Blood

778 ●
292



Sacred headdress belonging to Red Crow in 1892. (R. N. Wilson)

river, White Calf and Eagle Head with a few 726
men went out upon a scouting trip. After they 159
had been gone two or three days, they returned
flourishing a scalp. They had discovered a Cree
village and at some little distance away were a [727]
man and a woman. The man escaped, but the
woman, who was heavy with child, fell into the
hands of the scouts, who killed her.

[p. 253-B]

Bears, owner of the Beaver Medicine Roll, to join
us in it, and pray for our success and safe return. 782
He was very glad to do that, and, after we left for
the south, he mounted a horse, near going down 726
of Sun of every day, and rode all through the
camp, shouting the name of each member of our
party, and calling upon the People to pray for us.
That in itself is a powerful aid to a war party. It
sustains them, gives them courage. Each evening,
the warriors think and say to one another: "Right
now, our Sun priest is riding about in camp, praying
for us, asking the People to pray for us. It is
good, it is powerful. We must deserve their
prayers."

Many youths wanted to go with us, to wait 702
upon us, and so learn the ways of the warrior. I 883
selected one of them, a good hunter, a good shot,
a youth named Wolf Plume. He carried my
Thunder Medicine Pipe, my shield and my ropes.
[Atsitsina thinks that instead of a Thunder
Medicine Pipe, specific to our Sacred Bundles, his
father was carrying a small war-pipe.] When we [787]
made camp, and I went off by myself to rest, to
sleep, and try to obtain a vision of that which was
ahead of us, he brought me food, water, coals for
my pipe, made me comfortable.

We started out on foot, travelled only in the 726
night-time. We crossed Bear River [Marias
River] straight down from Sacred Red Rock, before [782]
which we stopped to give it a few presents, [778]
and ask it to pity us, to aid us in that which we
had set out to do. We crossed Milk River [Teton
River] just below the butte for which our far-back
fathers named it the Breasts [because of
their appearance] and, just below the mouth of
Point-of-Rocks River [Sun River], crossed Big
River [Missouri River]. Yes, right where now
stands that town of many houses [Great Falls],
there we stopped that early morning, to rest and
sleep until night should come again. Our shelter
was a small grove of cottonwoods and willows
along the river-bank. We had no meat, and were
very hungry that morning. On the plain, well out

horses tied close to them. And then I saw riders 726
going away from the camp, driving before them a 787
herd of horses. I awoke. Sun was nearing the
middle of the blue. I lay there until my helper [252]
came and called me, and then joined my companions,
all of them up and broiling meat at a little smokeless fire. My helper gave me some meat, and, as I ate, I told my vision. All agreed with me that it was a good one; that its meaning was that we were to have good success and get many horses from an enemy camp somewhere ahead.

We heard a raven making its hoarse cry. It came from the north and rested upon a branch of a dead tree under which we were sitting. Again and again it gave its loud hoarse cries, looking down at us, and off to the south. My companions
looked up at it, looked at me. As I was a sacred- [793]
pipe man, I sang the raven's song: "Wind, it is
my element, powerful is the wind." [533]

And then: "Buffalo I am looking for. I have [778]
found them. I have found them upon the ground. The ground is my element. It is powerful." [The last words are from an Iniskim song; Iniskims were part of most war-pipe Bundles, but not sacred-Pipe Bundles.]

The raven listened to my singing, looked down at me, turning its head sideways, looking at me first with one eye, then the other, and when I had finished, it gave four cries, spread its wings,
and went flying on to the south. That was an- [777]
other sign that we were to have good luck. We were impatient for the coming of night, so that we could go on southward.

When the new day came, we arrived at the 726
north end of the Bad Mountains [Crazy Mountains], and stopped at the head of a small river, Bad River [Shields River], that flows down the west side of them, southward into Elk River [Yellowstone River]. Some time before the coming of the next day, we neared the junction of the two rivers, and saw fresh horse-tracks in a dusty buffalo trail that we were following. That meant that we were probably near an enemy camp. The far

[p. 259-A]

side of Elk River was Crow country. We went up 726
onto a near hill that was well grown over with juniper and other brush, and there awaited the coming of day. It came, and to the south of us, where Elk River comes from the mountains out into the plain, we saw rising the smoke of many lodge fires, of a big Crow camp, of course.

Leaving me alone on watch on the hill, my [342]
companions went down into the timber bordering
the river and built a war lodge of poles and brush, [372]
and, when it was completed and a small fire of dry bark burning in it, I went down into it, Wolf Plume taking my place on the hill. I called upon Black Elk to assist me, and together we burned
some sweetgrass, purified ourselves in the smoke [793]
of it, and, with the prayers and songs belonging to [183]
it, went through the complete ceremony of my
Thunder Medicine; praying each of us, as the [782]
pipe went the round of our circle, for success [276]
against the enemy, and safe return to our People.
[This is the common procedure with a war pipe. [778]
A regular Medicine Pipe would not be smoked at such a time.] That done, we rested there for the remainder of the day, keeping good watch upon the country from the hilltop, but failing to see enemies anywhere about. There were plenty of buffalo between us and Elk River; more herds were on the other side of the river. The Crows, we thought, must be making their killings of meat very near their camp.

Came night, and we went on down to Elk [501]
River, built a raft of driftwood, placed upon it our
weapons, clothing and various belongings, sacri- [782]
ficed to the underwater people some small presents, praying to them that we might safely cross their element, and so took to the water, holding onto our raft while swimming. We easily made the other shore, some distance downstream, dressed, and went on, following up the valley of the river. Morning had not come when we heard, far ahead of us, the dogs of the camp answering the howling of the wolves about it. We did not want to go on and raid the camp; we wanted first

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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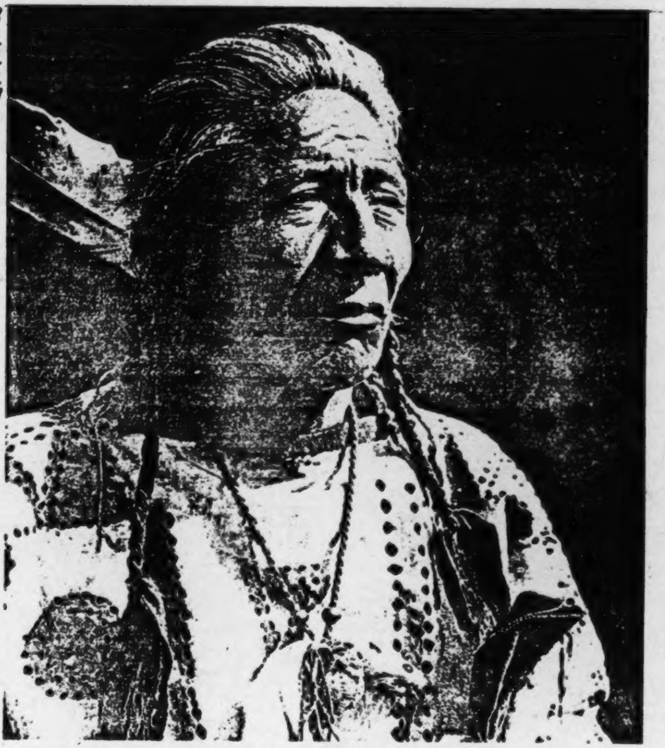

Weasel Tail, around 1910, wearing his sacred shirt and his Weasel Medicine, which helped protect him on his war trails. (Pollard Photo)

MacLeod. He was one of the group that escaped 159
from that stockade and sought sanctuary in the [727]
States among their Piegan relatives. Unlike Bird
Rattler, however, Weasel Tail returned to his
Blood People after the escape was officially forgotten.
He stayed on the Blood Reserve until his
final years, when he again moved south to the
Piegan Reservation. He died in 1950, at the age of
ninety-one.

Weasel Tail attributed his Power to several 778
visions and Medicines. Among them were his own 787
personal sacred helpers, the otter and the kingbird. 726
He carried parts of both with him wherever
he went. When he went on raids and battles he [237]
usually wore a small bunch of sage hen tailfeathers [714]
that had once belonged to his father. His
grandmother had saved the sacred feathers upon
the death of his father, and given them to him
when he was old enough to go to war. Another [292]
Medicine he wore to war consisted of a wolf cap
and robe, given to him in a dream.

Eagle Child taught Weasel Tail how to paint 531
his horse for battle. He told him, "This you will 789
do to prevent the bullets and the arrows of the
enemy hitting you or your horse. You will paint 231
the horse's right shoulder and right hindquarters 822
with red dots. Why? Because when you shoot a
bullet through the flame of a fire, the flame is not
injured, not even touched by the bullet; and red
paint represents the color of the fire flame. You
will paint the horse's left shoulder and left hindquarters
with white clay spots. Why? When you
shoot a bullet or arrow through the smoke of a
fire, the smoke is not injured or touched; therefore,
the white dots upon your horse represent
smoke, and that gives you the power of smoke,
you and your horse, even as the red dots give you
the power of fire flame, to be unhurt by the bullets
and arrows of the enemy."

Before leaving on their journey, the members 726
of a war party usually met in front of their [533]
leader's lodge and sang songs. One of Weasel
Tail's favorite songs for such occasions had these

[p. 267-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

361
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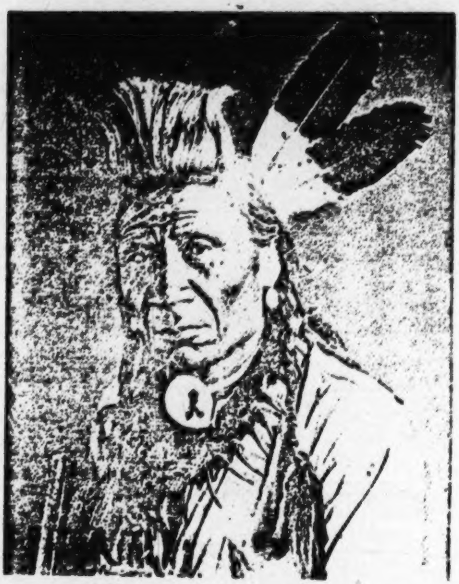
531
714
237

Weasel Tail ready for battle. His face is painted and he carries his Medicine shield, rifle, and coup stick. He often wore [411]
an eagle feather in his hair. He is also wearing his sacred shirt, designed with paint and perforations and said to be impenetrable by bullets or arrows. And in fact, he lived through many battles to tell about them. His horse's tail is tied up [771]
in the war party style, and is symbolically painted: the hands represent enemies killed by Weasel Tail in hand-to-hand
encounters, while the white spot on the hip shows where one of Weasel Tail's horses was once hit during battle. At the [789]
left is his Yellow-Star Tipi, with his wife standing outside. (Glenbow Archives)

[P-268-A)

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood



142
302
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292

Weasel Tail dressed for adventure. He was famous for [177]
wearing the front of his hair roached in the style of the
Crow People, with whom he lived for some time. His [778] ●
Medicine skin hangs at the bottom. Around his neck he
wears the claws of a grizzly bear that he had killed with [411]
a large dagger. (Glacier Studio)

[P·268-B]

arouse it, and rode back home as fast as he could. 586
When Cree Man arrived at the camp, Calf Shirt 593
asked for the snake. Cree Man began to shake 825
and cry. He was afraid to touch the snake again
lest it bite his stomach. Calf Shirt told him to spit 789
some more of the plant on his hands and on the snake's head, after which Cree Man was able to pick up the snake. Calf Shirt put it into a white sugar bag.

Cree Man returned to his home with his wife, but he was unable to sleep for several nights. He continued to have nightmares about rattlesnakes. Calf Shirt sent some sacred paint to him and told him to keep using rattlesnakes for his Power, now that he knew how to handle them. Cree Man just wanted to forget the whole experience.

Calf Shirt used his Rattlesnake Power to 756
doctor various ailments. One of his specialties was 842
sterilizing women. Among his doctoring articles
was a buckskin snake that was painted black and [237]
had a green glass bead attached to the head and a
small bell to the tail. He would lay this snake next [531]
to a woman's body, sing his song and give her some kind of Medicine, and the woman would never have children again.

Oddly enough, however, he did not have the 756
Power to doctor rattlesnake bites. One time he 752
was careless with the one that he carried with him
and it bit him. His relative, old Weasel Head, [759]
paid a good horse to a deaf old woman who was able to doctor Calf Shirt until he was well.

The Old Man said that Calf Shirt was 756
famous everywhere, but that few people came
very near him, because they feared his snakes. He 231
always kept one in a cloth or buckskin bag inside [554]
his shirt, by his stomach. The Old Man said, "If he came and sat down at a dance or gathering, everyone around him would get up in a hurry and sit somewhere else. We always wondered what he fed his snakes."

Calf Shirt's Powers taught him to design a 756
sacred tipi. It was painted blue and had rattle- 778 ●
532

snakes drawn around its sides. John Red Crane 756
was one of the later owners of this tipi. 778

Calf Shirt was the son of Spotted Bear, and 532
he was noted for his bravery during the war days.
I have not heard of any stories in which he took 756
his rattlesnakes along to war. In 1870 it is recorded 721
that he led a war party that killed seven
Crees, and during which he captured a pipe-tomahawk.
Seven Persons Creek, in southeast Alberta,
is said to have been named for this incident.

There was another Blood named Calf Shirt 622
who is sometimes confused with "Rattlesnake 156
Calf Shirt." This other one, sometimes referred to 273
as "Mad Calf Shirt," is thought to have been the
strongest and meanest Blood that ever lived. He
was a minor chief who kept his People in line by
beating them up and occasionally killing them.
His terrible temper was all the worse because of
his fondness for liquor. He had two wives, and [593]
the older one was the only person who could control
him at all. Sometimes when he was drunk she
would grab him by the ear and tell him, "Listen
to me, you old man!" His younger wife once tried
to keep him from fighting by offering him a kiss,
but he almost bit her lip off.

Mad Calf Shirt met his end at the hands of 177
Joe Kipp and some others operating a whiskey
trading post by a place called Left Bank, some
ways east of Fort MacLeod. Calf Shirt entered
the trading post late one night in an awful mood,
demanding more liquor. The traders mixed
strychnine with the brew and expected to see him
drop to the ground. Instead, he became even
more violent, threatening to kill those who were
near him. Someone hit him over the head with an
axe, from behind, but the handle broke and the
axe only bloodied his head. The traders then fired
several shots from close range into Calf Shirt.
That ended his fighting. They dragged his body
down to the frozen river, chopped a hole in the
ice, and stuffed his body through. The next morning 763
his wives went to look for him and found his
body lying down, outside of the hole. They began [533]

him a feather from their own Medicine or from a Medicine Pipe Bundle or something that they had. He tied them all together and kept them for good luck. 714 [789] [726] [431]

BIG WOLF

The name *Makwi Ena* means "Wolf Chief," but was translated as "Big Wolf" and written that way on the agency records. After that the People began calling Wolf Chief by the English name Big Wolf. He was an experienced warrior and a leader of holy ceremonies. He once owned our Long-Time Pipe and is thought to have been the last man who knew the proper ceremony for it. According to him, that Pipe had a complete set of its own songs; they resembled sacred tipi songs and could be sung only by former Owners of the Pipe. The Long-Time Pipe was never opened by anyone other than a former Owner until its sale to the Provincial Museum. 793 [551] [778] ● [276] [533]

Big Wolf was the first father-in-law of our Old Man, who told me this story.

Oki, at this time, my father-in-law, Big Wolf, was called Hind Man. He and some others started traveling at the time of changing weather, just before summer. It was raining and snowing, and they went on horseback. They rode along until they came to this big road. He told two of them to go and check the road to see if anyone had been moving along it, for the tracks might lead them to a camp to raid. 726 793

It was raining and snowing so hard that the two men waited in some bushes for a while, until the storm cleared a little. Then they saw a single rider going along the road with a travois attached to his horse. One of the men hurried back to the rest of the party to tell them that it looked like a man coming back from Where We Buy [trading post]. Before they all got back to the road, the man was gone out of sight. They went up on a hill to look down the road and they saw three men

[p. 273-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

342
793
417

[778] [302] [741] Black Plume and his wives in 1892. A Medicine Pipe Bundle hangs over the doorway of his lodge and other Medicines hang from the tripod at the rear. He is wearing his hair in a topknot, as befits a Medicine Pipe owner. The old horse was his favorite war horse, which he originally captured during a raid on an enemy camp. (R. N. Wilson)

[P. 275-A]

mixed up some of his songs. For some years he 793
kept a Beaver Bundle, which was later sold to [156]
Mrs. Walters by the man he transferred it to. He
was Keeper of the Black Seizer's Society Pipe. He [778]
also owned a Medicine Pipe Bundle at one time, [425]
and from his friend, Robert Wilson, obtained the
famous Weasel Medicine Robe that once belonged to Red Crow.

Black Plume had two wives while he was a 793
young man. They were Long-Time Gun Woman 595
and Black Horn. The latter was the mother of
Dick Soup and Bob Black Plume. In his later years, he was married to an older woman for a short time, and then became the husband of Pretty Wolverine Woman, former sweetheart of Medicine Pipe Stem, whose romance led to the death of that young man along with her former husband, Charcoal. She lived with Black Plume until his death, around 1940.

Black Plume is said to have gone on about 793
ten war raids. On one raid, he joined three of his 721
friends to form one of several Blood parties that retaliated against the Crees for breaking a recent peace treaty. The Crees had raided the Blood camps in the summer of 1883 and made off with some eighty horses belonging to Head Chief Red
Crow. Black Plume and his group located a Cree 793
camp out on the prairie just before daybreak. 726
They decided to take cover in a grove of trees and wait for nightfall. During the day some of the horses from the Cree camp wandered out to where they were, and the men immediately noticed that many of them were from Red Crow's herd. Each man captured one of the horses and headed back home.

When they arrived at the Blood camps, the 793
Mounties were already waiting to arrest the 727
raiders for horse stealing, which was by then [177]

"against the law." But when it was learned that 793
all four horses had been stolen from Red Crow, 727
the Mounties were forced to give up the arrests. [177]
Red Crow was so happy the Crees had lost some of his horses, he let each man keep the one he had brought home.

MANY MULES

Many Mules was another member of the group 793
that went on some of the final war parties and
lived well into this century to tell about it. He
belonged to the Fish Eaters band. In 1910 Many [595]
Mules was still living with his two wives, Medicine
Strikes and Crow Woman. Among the [778]
Medicines he owned was the famous Never-Sits-
Down Shield, which he got from the South Piegan [425]
chief, Curly Bear. The writer Apikunni recorded 114
the following stories that Many Mules
told him in the 1920s.

I went on many war trails and counted coups 721
on two Crees, two Kalispells, one Assiniboine, 793
and one Crow, all of whom I killed. I also captured a woman from the River People on the west side of the Rocky Mountains.

I once had a very narrow escape from the 726
Crows. We were a very small party, only five of 793
us. From the big camp of our People, then on Bow River, we went south to raid the Crows. After traveling many nights, we at last found a Crow camp. It was on Bighorn River, a little way up it from its junction with Elk River [the Yellowstone]. Night Light was showing all of herself; we could see almost as well as though it were daytime. We went into camp to take the good buffalo horses and war horses that were tied close to the lodges of their owners. I got four of them out without arousing the sleeping people. A little way from the camp circle, I mounted one of them, leading the others down the valley to meet my companions.

Ha! I had gone but a little way when I came

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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142

Many Mules. His Medicine Power is tied to his head. (Glacier Studio)

[778]●
[301]

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726

almost face to face with six riders. One of them spoke to me. He was a Crow. No doubt he said, "Who are you?" For answer, I aimed my rifle at him and pulled the trigger, but there was only the click of the hammer. The cap was a bad one. At that, I let go of the ropes of the three horses I was leading and rode as fast as possible for the timber bordering the river, the six Crows following, shooting at me. At the edge of a big patch of willows, I sprang from the horse and ran into the willows. My enemies surrounded it, firing into it, yelling loudly, and so awakened the People in the big camp. Many of them came running, eager to fight. I thought that they would soon have my

[p.276-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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Heavy Shield. The scarf on his head was his trademark; it was a Medicine Power he got from his father, whose name was also Heavy Shield. (Glacier Studio) [778] ●

[425]

[551]

Tough Bread, wearing an iron necklace. (Glacier Studio)

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[p.278-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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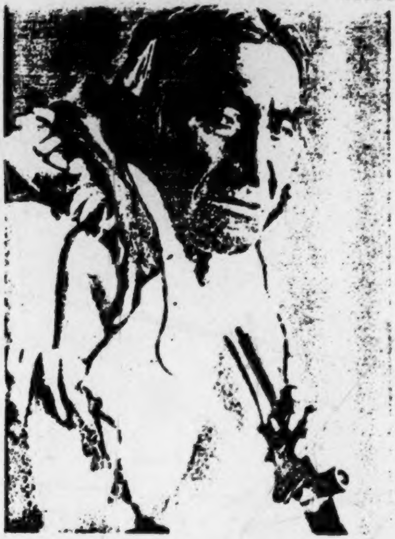

Running Sun, with the type of pipe carried along on war parties. (Glacier Studio)

Striped Wolf, with the feathers of his Medicine bird, a sage hen, tied to his hair. (Glacier Studio)

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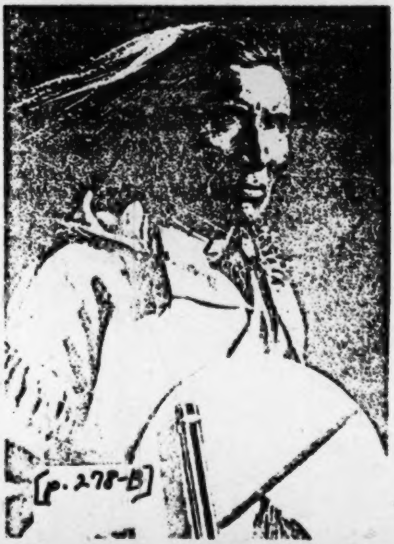

[p. 278-B]

through the edge of his shirt; neither had gotten 721
hurt. 608

Now this is strange: one's name was Striped [553]
Wolf and the other's Striped Bird—just about
the same name. They exchanged names. They
shook hands and kissed, and became like brothers.
All the Gros Ventre's relatives gave Striped Wolf [431]
a lot of presents—money, blankets, and other
things. They remained good friends until they
died.

THE HANGING OF CHARCOAL

Charcoal's days ended in 1897 at the age of thirty- 682
nine, on the gallows at Fort MacLeod. Before his [551]
death, Tsako, as our People nicknamed him, became
the most wanted man on Canada's western
frontier.

Wilson wrote of Charcoal as a participant in 778 ●
a Nighttime Ceremony and recorded that he had 425
owned a number of Medicines for which he sang
songs: painted lodge and flag; painted lodge; Sioux
sword for the Grass Dance; Horns Society; Mountain-Trim
Tipi; Soldier's Society Pipe; Weasel-tail
buckskin suits; Dogs Society; and bear knife. This [411]
last sacred article was a huge dagger with a handle [237]
made from a bear's jawbone. It was sought after
and owned only by Powerful warriors. During the [796]
transfer ceremony for this knife, the new Owner
was forced to strip and roll on a bed of thorns. At [785]
the end of the transfer the former Owner would
hurl the sacred knife at the new Owner, who
could have it if he survived and caught it.

Charcoal had two wives. One was faithful to 682
him, but the other, Pretty Wolverine Woman, was 837
fickle and wild. Although she had been married to
Charcoal for about five years, everyone in camp [595]
knew that she and a young man named Medicine
Pipe Stem were lovers. They had been seen together
while she went out after water. Charcoal's
relative, Eagle Bear, had talked to her several
times and warned her that her husband could
punish her for her actions. Charcoal was known [411]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 280-B]
[p. 279-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

walked alongside the riders. East of Magrath we 726
made camp in a grove of willows and Calf Robe rustled up a two-year-old heifer for us to eat. We spent the day making dried meat over a small fire in the bush.

Calf Robe and I were sent up on a hill as scouts during that day, and we soon spotted a lone rider coming our way. He looked to us like a scout, so we went down to distract him from finding our camp. We told him that we were hunting antelope and had just seen a couple in a direction away from our camp. Since nobody in his right mind would walk so far out on the prairie—on foot!—to hunt antelope, the scout knew what we were up to. He said, "I hope you have a good warpath. Myself, I will go and see about those antelope." We hurried back down to our party and all packed up and headed east, in case the scout came back with Mounted Policemen. The next morning we did not stop until daylight.

Our second camp was made in the brushy part
of a small coulee. Crazy Crow was the youngest [883]
member of our group. He was little more than a boy, so he was asked to go and rustle up some water. But he was afraid to go off by himself, so I volunteered to go. Crazy Crow had acted foolishly on the whole warpath, and we were all sorry
that he had come with us. I found some water in [415]
a little slough and carried it back in a water bag [237]
that we had made by peeling the tripe from inside the stomach of the two-year-old heifer, leaving the outside part as the water bag. None of us overdid our drinking of that slough water from the stomach bag!

The next night we traveled all night through rain and dampness. We went by the place where Bad Head was killed and we got as far as Writing-on-Stone by the next morning. We sent Prairie Chicken Old Man to scout around for police.
They watched that place because they knew that [778]
any war parties in the area would go by that [782]
sacred stone to pray and leave offerings. Since no
police were in the area we made our camp by the [777]

[p.290-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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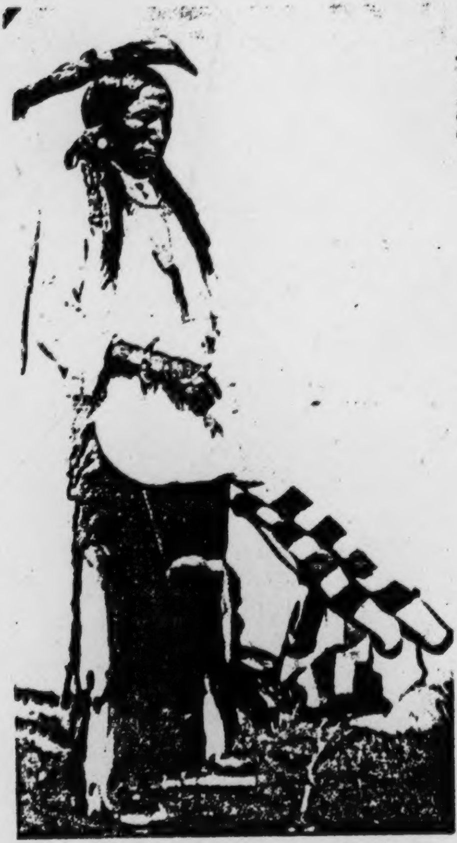

Young Pine wearing his war Medicines. On his head is [778]
the stuffed body of a raven, which was given to him in a
dream. Another dream Medicine, the skin of a blackbird, [237]
is tied to his hair lower down. Around his neck he wears
an iron necklace, obtained in trade, and an Iniskim neck- [787]
lace with a piece of cottonwood punk attached for incense. [439]
Around his wrist is a bear claw bracelet.

[824]

[p.297-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

fire, and pretty soon the water was boiling. Then 722]
we put the blood-filled paunch into the boiling 252
water for a little while, until we figured the blood
soup was ready to drink.

By the time we made our next camp we were 727]
out of spare moccasins, and a couple of us, including
myself, were actually barefooted. We
stopped at a place near present-day Shelby, Montana.
There we found a stray cow that we shot
and butchered. I still had some sinew with me [292]
for sewing, so we each made ourselves a pair of
crude moccasins from the raw cowhide. We
didn't stay in this camp very long, because we
wanted to get back across the line into Canada,
in case the soldiers were still on our trail. We
moved north until we got near the present town
of Sunburst. There we made a good camp and [727]
had a victory celebration. One of us would sing
while the others would dance. We painted ourselves [533]
for victory with black charcoal from our [535]
fire. We didn't know at the time that the soldiers
were still on our trail and that the Mounties were [302]
looking for us, as well. We were traveling at
night again, so that we wouldn't be seen by scouts
or ranchers.

The next day we made camp back at the Pine
Tree. We slept there and had another small victory
celebration. From there we had an easy ride
back to the Blood camps. It was daylight when we
reached the Lone Fighters band. When the People
there heard our story they all painted their
faces black and we had a big victory celebration.
They gave me a good pair of blue pants—mine [291]
were very dirty and torn—and a white blanket
coat and even some bullets for my rifle. I felt [431]
much better after I got cleaned up and put on
the fresh clothes.

In the afternoon I left and rode down to my
uncle's camp. When I got close to it, I began to [533]
sing the victory song, and Running Wolf came
out to meet me. I told him the story and gave [431]
him the scalp, and the People in his camp had a
scalp dance and celebration, too. My uncle later [778]

[p. 299-A]

did a ceremony with his Beaver Bundle and put 727
the scalp inside. I don't know what became of [778] ●
that scalp, because when I got his Beaver Bundle,
many years later, it was not there anymore. I still
have that Beaver Bundle.

Unfortunately, the war party did not end as 727
well as it seems at this point. Red Crow soon
showed up in the camp and talked to my uncle 657
and then both of them talked with me. Red Crow 177
said that the Mounties were looking for us and that it would be best if I turned myself in. I went with Red Crow, and he took me to the agent, whose name was Pocklington. The Mounties had a two-wheeled Red River cart, like the Crees used, and they chained me into it for my trip to the stockade at Fort MacLeod. As we crossed the Kootenai River [Waterton River], the high water almost knocked the cart over and I thought that I was going to be drowned. Somehow we made it across safely. Young Pine and his partner also turned themselves in, and soon joined me at the
stockade. The interpreter there was Bear Child [191]
[Jerry Potts], and he tried to scare me by telling me that I was going to be sent to the prison in Sasketchewan. He told me that I was crazy for going on a war party, since everyone knew that we were gone and the police and soldiers were all looking for us.

We were in the MacLeod stockade for about four weeks, during which time they gave me the job of waiting on the tables in the dining room. Finally they took the three of us to the courtroom. The Indian commissioner was there, and some Mounted Police officers, and Red Crow with some other chiefs. The agent stood up and spoke for us and the judge decided that there was no evidence to keep us in jail. They weren't sure about the killing, or who did it, and none of the horse owners had complained to the authorities about their losses. They gave us some rations and sent us back home.

The next day we had a really big victory 727
dance at the Blood camps. There was so much
excitement and shooting that some of our horses stampeded out of the camp.

[P 299-B]

excitement and shooting that some of our horses 000
stampeded out of the camp. I became a member 796
of the Crazy Dogs Society at that time. I stayed 177
with my relatives at my uncle's lodge until the 657
Medicine Lodge ceremony, when we had a lot
of trouble with the Mounties. The Mounties [575]
wanted to arrest Calf Robe again, because he had threatened them with a gun the first time they arrested him. Calf Robe decided to make up for not fighting in the battle with us, so he fought the Mounties in the Medicine Lodge, and the Mounties got beat up pretty bad. And that is the end of my story.

THE FIGHT IN THE MEDICINE LODGE IN 1889

The incident in which the Mounties tried to arrest Calf Robe inside the Medicine Lodge is talked about by our Old People as "the time we had a war with the Red Coats." Some of our People thought that the Mounties came to stop our men from performing the self-torture ceremony.

Two men underwent that ceremony in 1889, Heavy Head and Tough Bread. However, the Mounties did not arrive until the day after this took place.

Here is how Grandma AnadaAki remembers 796
her stepfather Heavy Head's story of his self- 785
torture and what followed:

My father said that he went through the [292]
torture barefooted and without any clothes except a breechcloth. They cut him in the tipi where the holy woman stays. He said that other men were usually cut in the Medicine Lodge. He said that somebody told him to ask for deep cuts, so that
they would not cut very deep. They painted him [302]
all over with sacred white clay, and designs were [778]
painted on his face with red paint and black
paint. They tied sage around his wrists and his [824]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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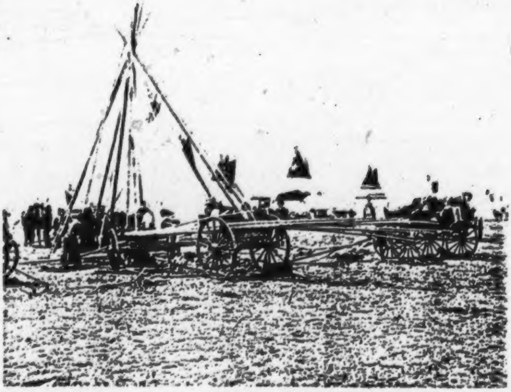
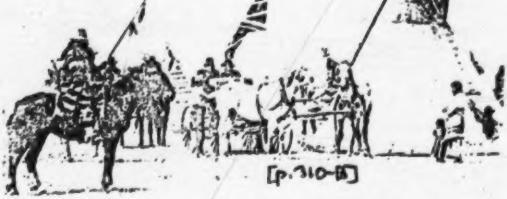


Setting up the circle camp at Lethbridge in 1912. The Blood Buffalo-Painted Lodge is at the center.

493
342
● 778
[425]

Yellow-Painted Lodge of the head chief, in the center of the camp. An Otter Flag tops the tipi, although this was not an Otter Tipi; flags could be transferred without the tipis. Seated in the carriage are the two head chiefs of that time: Ermine Horse, or Blackfoot Old Woman; and Crop-Eared Wolf.



[p.310-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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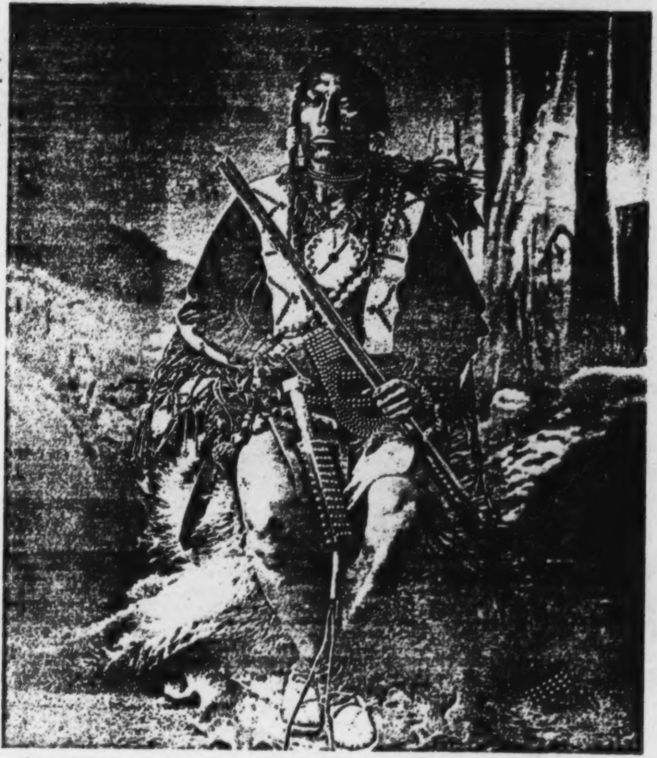

[778]
[914]

An unidentified but typical Blood warrior around 1885, at the end of the war days. His fine flintlock rifle is decorated with brass tacks, as is his horse whip, which doubled as a war club, his wide belt, and the large knife case in front. His war Medicine consists of a bandolier made of large seeds to which is attached a bunch of hawk and owl feathers. (Ernest Brown)

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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Nick King and the famous One-Horn Headdress. This photo was taken just before he left for overseas duty with the Canadian forces during World War I. The headdress was considered a very powerful war medicine, so Nick King took it apart, packed it inside of its rawhide container, and took it with him to the war in Europe. It is not known that he actually wore it in battle, but it is said that someone in Europe took a great liking to it, for he did not bring it back to the Blood Reserve. (Glenbow Archives) [701] [648] [415]

[p.320-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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142
778 ●

Rides-at-the-Door in 1951. His widow is today the only holy woman left on our reserve. He is wearing his Sun Power necklace. (Phillip Godsell)

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778

Percy Creighton, or Chief Little Dog, as he often signed his name. He is wearing the famous Half-Red Medicine Headdress, burnt in the fire at the old dance hall, in which he was killed. Creighton was caretaker of the hall. (Arnold Lupson)

[p. 322-A]

21: Hungry Wolf   F-4,5   (ca. 1972) 1977 .   NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

SUN DANCE ENCAMPMENTS OF THE 1940s

A series of photographs taken by Arnold Lupson
Courtesy of the Glenbow Archives

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796

● [778]
[432]

Bobtail Chief leads the capturing party back to the ceremonial tipi during the transfer of the Long-Time Pipe to Henry Standing Alone, who is being carried in a blanket. Behind Bobtail Chief are Iron, Morning Bird, and Crow-Spreads-His-Wings. The last man is John Many Chiefs.

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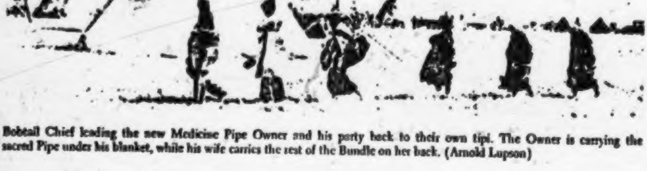

[778]
[432]

Bobtail Chief leading the new Medicine Pipe Owner and his party back to their own tipi. The Owner is carrying the sacred Pipe under his blanket, while his wife carries the rest of the Bundle on her back. (Arnold Lupson)

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

793
292
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346

A holy party passing the Center Pole of the Motokiks on their way to the unfinished Medicine Lodge. The man in front is Day Rider, whose wife was the new holy woman of that year. She is the second lady, bending over, with the sacred White Elk Robe. The second man is Crow-Spreads-His-Wings, whose wife is at the rear. The third man is Rides-at-the-Door, who is carrying a scalp from the Natoas Bundle—it is symbolic of the People's victories in life. His wife is behind him. At this time she is the only holy woman among our People. [778] ●

796
346

[illegible]ing the Center Pole.

[p.327-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

a church. Every morning and every night he made 869
incense. He asked for life in his prayers. He prayed
for all of us. . . . At the beginning of summer he [782]
would be really happy when he first heard thun-
der. That is when he opened his Bundle. He [778]
would butcher a cow and use it to feed those who [796]
came to the ceremony. We had a good life be-
cause our home was very holy. [574]

Jim Shot-on-Both-Sides is the present head chief of the Blood People. The Bloods have had five chiefs from his family over the past hundred years. His father, old Shot-on-Both-Sides, was the son of Crop-Eared Wolf, who was the adopted son of old Red Crow, who was the nephew of Pinukwiim. All of them were head chiefs. 622

Except for one two-year term, Jim Shot-on-Both-Sides has been head chief since the death of his father in 1958.

The Old People still respect me the same 622
way they respected my father. I don't know about 554
the young people. For instance, when we went
down to Ottawa, they put me first in everything.
Before every meeting began I was asked to pray. [782]
We had meetings at different places and I prayed
at each of them. I prayed so that we would get
what we went for.

[p. 332-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

The last wife of old Shot-on-Both-Sides, 622
Long-Time-Pipe-Woman, was our chief's stepmother.

My real mother died when I was about ten or eleven. Her name was Drums-in-the-Water, and she belonged to the Knife Owners band. The only member of that band who is still living is that old lady whose father was the Negro interpreter, Dave Mills. My mother's brothers were Willie Wadsworth and old Weasel Moccasin.
Nowadays I've got all kinds of relatives on the [144]
reserve, full bloods, half-breeds, and Negroes.

His father had many sacred Medicines, in- 622
cluding the Long-Time Pipe and Backside-to-the- 778
Fire Pipe. He belonged to the Horns nine times. 425

[575]
I was very young when things were first trans-
ferred to me, before I went to school. When I [431]
went to school I gave away my weasel-tail buckskin suit. Bob Big Sorrel Horse transferred it to me. I think he transferred a horned Medicine headdress to me also. When I went to school I just gave them away. I was crazy. I should have kept them. I just gave them to my friend, Leo Crazy Bull. I didn't transfer them. He never did go to school.

The last thing that was transferred to the chief was the rights to the famous One-Horned Headdress. The original, lost in Europe during the First World War, was given to him by Big-Faced Chief, a North Piegan. Bear Shin Bone
painted him for it. He also had the Children's [575]
Medicine Pipe once, and he belonged to the
Pigeons Society twice. He said that he would like [533]
to attend our Nighttime ceremonies if he ever gets [424]
enough sacred songs to do so. At this time he is only allowed to sing twelve songs.

I think the Old Indian Way is good for 829
young people. That is why I am helping the Horns 771

[p.333-A]

time." He went on his most notorious raid with 721
the late Henry Standing Alone. They were discovered [784]
trying to steal horses and a gunfight followed,
but no one was seriously hurt.

NinnaOnesta transferred his last Horns 778 ●
Bundle during the Sun Dance last year. He said 575
he had had it for thirty-two years. He has also
been a member of the Horns Society five times.
"Being a Medicine Pipe Owner and belonging to
the Horns both brought me a lot of happiness.
They are both the same to me. You can see how [855]
many children and grandchildren I have around
me. They were all raised safely because we took
good care of our holy things. We raised our kids
by them."

All winter long he looks forward to the return 796
of Thunder. "I really enjoy Medicine Pipe 778
ceremonies. I wait with happiness for Thunder to
come so that I can get ready for the Pipe dances
again. I really feel good going to them." He
owned one Medicine Pipe Bundle for "many
years." He said it was "the one that crazy Black [439]
Plume kid sold to that white man that's trying to
get all our holy things away from us."

NinnaOnesta and his wife would like to see 829
the Old Ways kept up properly by the young.
"These young people that are trying to follow the
Indian Way. It is very good. There is nothing at
all wrong with it. It is very good for them." Asked
if he had any advice to offer to young people, he
replied; "If one of them will come to me for advice,
I will tell them how to live. But no one has
come to me, so far."

BOB BLACK PLUME

Apikayi, or "Skunk," is a short, little man in his 793
mid-seventies who has a smile and handshake for
anyone who passes him. Some of our People refer
to him as "the preacher," because he is involved
in all sorts of religious affairs, from Horns Society
to Full Gospel and the Catholic Church. Perhaps [291]
to suit that title, he is usually well dressed in a

[p.334-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

treat me good. Some from Gleichen [North 793
Blackfoot] asked me to lead the Medicine Lodge 558
ceremony that they were going to give down here 156
last summer. I told them that I would, because 829
my relatives on both sides took part in Medicine
Lodge ceremonies in the Old Days. One time I [578]
was in a restaurant in town and Wolf Old Man
[our Old Man] came in and saw me. He came
over and asked if it was true that I was going to
lead the Okan. I told him it was. Then, right in [784]
front of everybody, he told me that I had no right
to lead that ceremony and that I didn't know
enough about it and might hurt others who were
taking part in it. But that isn't true. I know most
of the songs from it and I know what to do to
lead it. He's just mad because his brother [Crow-
Spreads-His-Wings] used to lead them and he
studied for a long time before he could do it.
I can open a Beaver Bundle, too, even though I
never had one. My father had one and my wife's
father [Tough Bread] had one and I learned the
songs from them.

The reason my songs are different from every- [533]
body else's is that I had a different Teacher. Most
of the ones who lead the Medicine Pipe cere-
monies learned their songs from Heavy Head, but
I learned them from Tough Bread. I'm the only
one still living who learned them from him, so
I'm the only one who sings them that way.

The reason why I sell my things is because I [425]
believe in the Old Ways. In the Old Days, when
the Old People were asked for something holy [778]
they always gave it, they never held back, and
I am the same way. The white men sometimes [439]
want the holy things much more than an Indian
will want it, so I let them have it to make them
happy. The Crow Beaver Bundle that I sold was
not being used any longer by the People. My
sons sold the Medicine Pipe and the Horns So-
ciety Bundle. They didn't ask me about it before
they did it, so I am not to blame for that. I always [782]
pray for my family and for anyone that needs my
prayers. I am not stingy with them. The Creator

[p. 335-A]

lot of young people are thinking about trying to 000
join in."

Mark was greatly disappointed when the 778
Long-Time Pipe was sold to the Provincial Mu- 432
seum. His brother-in-law, George Long-Time
Squirrel, wished to become Keeper of the ancient 829
Pipe, so he sent Mark to see John Red Crane,
because the two were related. Mark said, "It sure [439]

796
535
292

Mark Old Shoes, in the center, as the head Weather Dancer during the Medicine Lodge ceremonies. In the foreground is the Old Man, who was then his Teacher for the sacred duty. On the other side of him is old Heavy Head, dressed and painted just as he was some sixty years earlier when he underwent the self-torture. Each Medicine Lodge dancer must dress the same way as first instructed by his Teacher. Thus, the Old Man and Mark are both wearing shirts, with blankets wrapped around their waists. (Mark Old Shoes Collection) [869]

was hard for me to go back to my brother-in-law 778
and tell him that he couldn't take the ancient 432
Pipe because that white man was going to take it 829
to Edmonton." He added, "It was just as hard for
me when John Red Crane asked me to drum for [439]
him at the transfer. I didn't believe in it at all, [796]
but by the rules of our Old Ways, I couldn't [533]
refuse. He was my relative and I knew the songs.
I lost my son not long after that. Just about [784]
everyone who was at that transfer suffered some
misfortune soon afterwards, especially John."

Mark's father-in-law was old Long-Time 778
Squirrel. He died while he was still Owner of the 425
Different-People Pipe. At that time his son was
not prepared to take the Pipe, so Mark's mother- [768]
in-law asked him if he would take it, since it could not stay in the home where a member of the family had died. So Mark and his wife took it to their home, and had it transferred to them during the following Sun Dance.

Mark is the Weather Dancer as the result of 535
a relative's dream. A woman named Prairie 793
Chicken Calling was visited by a holy man while 787
she was sleeping. The holy man pointed into the distance and asked, "Do you recognize that man over there?" The man was Mark, dressed as a Weather Dancer. The holy man said, "I am telling you that if that man becomes the Weather Dancer and devotes himself to his duties, he will have a long life."

The woman told Mark about her dream. She
said, "Please pity me, relative, and do as my
dream instructed." Mark spoke to the Old Man, [425]
who was then the Weather Dancer. The Old
Man agreed to transfer his rights during the next [424]
Sun Dance. Mark has been Weather Dancer at
three Sun Dance ceremonies so far. He said,
"That's the most Powerful thing that I have, [886]
now. It's my life, and I will live by it so that I can reach old age."

[p. 336-B]

house; the white people were standing all around 535
them watching. [541]
I always look forward to going to any kind of
dance, even though I can only hear the drums [177]
and bells. I remember just what it looked like
in the Old Days, and I always get up and pretend
that I am dancing like when I was young again.
My grandchildren sing Indian songs and drum
and I get up and dance every night.

DAN WEASEL MOCCASIN

Dan Weasel Moccasin has worn his hair in two 302
braids all his life and is often called "Braids,"
although his actual name is Yellow Horse Rider. [551]
He parts his hair down the middle, instead of to [553]
one side as was our usual custom. It is not proper
to ask someone questions about personal habits, [576]
but it is known that Yellow Horse Rider keeps his
hair long for holy reasons.

His father, old Weasel Moccasin, was a 858
member of the Knife Owners band and the
Horns Society. His mother was a member of the
All Short People band. Yellow Horse Rider was [425]
their minipoka, and the usual favorite children's
sacred articles were transferred to him. [778]

When he was seven, old Heavy Shield gave 858
him a Medicine Lodge necklace. A Piegan holy
woman named Handsome Gun Woman gave him 852
another necklace during a Sun Dance ceremony. 778
While he was young he also had the topknots 425
from both the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe and the
Cree Medicine Pipe. Later he was given the rights
to the sacred Lynx Tail Headpiece from Calling
Last's Beaver Bundle. He never transferred it to
anyone else, although Calling Last left it in his
Bundle when he sold it to the museum.

Around 1943, Yellow Horse Rider took the 778
Children's Medicine Pipe with his daughter, 425
Eleanor. His father gave up his fine buckskin out- 852
fit and seven good horses for it. They kept the [435]
Pipe for five years before giving it up to John Red
Crane.

585 *me some. Then she gave me the rawhide container*
[431] *to put my toys in.*

I got very lonesome after I was there for
585 *three days. There was a lump in my throat. I*
593 *wasn't thinking of my mother. I was thinking of*
[152] *my father, because I loved him the most. A person*
asked me, "What is the matter with you?"
I told her, "My necklaces are too tight, that is
why I am crying." So she tied them looser. She
knew that I was lonesome and longing for my
parents. She said, "Both of you will go down,
you will go to see your mother." I was anxious
to go, so we went.

When we came to the top of the ridge I saw my home down in the valley. I was really happy. I didn't even greet my mother. I jumped on my father and was hugging him. I was so glad to see him. We slept there, and in the morning we started coming westward.

593 *After two years, the mother of the one that I*
592 *married went up west. . . . I proved myself, and*
now what kind of fingers I have for all the work
602 *I did? I started cooking right then. I was nine*
years old when she went up west, and the other mother of my husband, his real mother's sister, she was very mean to me. That is why I am not mean to my daughters-in-law, because this woman was very mean to me. I used to carry two big buckets of water, and she never fed me any bread. Before I went to sleep I used to steal some bread and I went to bed with it and ate it. My husband used to get mad at me because the crumbs were all over the bed. There, I told you the story plainly, just the way I know about my marriage.

Mrs. Wadsworth and her husband took an
● 778 active part in the Old Ways of our People. For
several years they had the Backside-to-the-Fire
425 Pipe. The Pipe was transferred to them while
they were living on the land east of Stand Off. The ceremony was held inside of the Upside-Down-Buffalo-Head Tipi, which was given to them by old Shot-on-Both-Sides. Natosina helped with the pipe transfer. He sang the songs for them to wake us by. [P. 341-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Pipe transfer. He sang the songs for them to wake up by. 000

MRS. FRANK RED CROW

Mrs. Red Crow, who is known as Singing-in-the-Water, is the sister of Ponah and the widow of Frank Red Crow; her father was old Iron. She was born in 1902 and spent much of her life married to Frank's uncle, Francis Red Crow. She became a widow, then married Frank some time after his wife died. 115 [587]

Mrs. Red Crow says she always had respect for the Old Ways, but she never cared to have sacred things transferred to her. One time, when she and Ponah were still quite young, their grandmother put up a Medicine Lodge:

Nobody made a vow to cut up the hide, so our dad, Iron, told everybody, "My daughters, they can do it." He came and he told us to come up to the front with him. I didn't want to but he made me. While they were getting the things ready I saw that no one was watching and I just ran away as fast as I could and found a place to hide until they were finished. 796

Before she married Frank Red Crow she had lived a fairly modern life, without following most of the Old Ways. She didn't know Frank very well but thought that he was very faithful to the Old Ways. She didn't know anything about him selling sacred Bundles to Mrs. Walters during the 1930s. 593 [439]

She learned about his selling holy things quite by accident—literally. Not long after their marriage they loaded their truck with camping gear and headed for Great Falls, Montana. Frank brought along an ancient-looking rawhide container, which he wrapped in cloth and laid on the front seat beside him. She did not ask what was inside. Not long before Great Falls, while driving in the dark, they ran into some livestock on the 593 439 778 ●

[p. 341-B]

highway. Their truck was quite damaged, al- 593
though they escaped injury. The driver of a pass- 779
ing auto offered them a ride. They took most of 439
their equipment and crammed it into the cab, to
lock it up.

The next day when they returned to their truck, they discovered that someone had stolen everything. This made Frank quite upset. So she asked him what was inside the old rawhide container. He told her that it had contained the flag and other sacred articles for the ancient Mountain Sheep Painted Tipi, and that he was going to be paid well for it in Great Falls. That made her quite upset and she told him so and got Frank to agree not to sell any more sacred things.

Apparently, Frank and his previous wife had 439
made quite a business of selling Indian things. When she first married him, one wall of his house was covered with shelves containing all sorts of craft materials—beads, shells, hides, dyed porcupine quills, and even sacred paints. His first wife was an excellent craftsman who could reproduce most any item and make it look quite old.

Mrs. Red Crow gave us the woman's collection of odd-shaped stones from which Iniskims could be made. She also showed us a bag of shells, some of them already strung up and painted as Medicine Pipe Owners' necklaces. She said that Frank told her he used to help Robert Wilson with his picture-taking during the Sun Dance En-
campments. Later he admitted that he sold two [432]
Bundles that had been transferred to him—a Sol-
dier's Pipe that he got from a man called Small [778]
Buttocks, and a Crow Water Bundle (which was somewhat similar to our own Beaver Bundles) that he got from Gros Ventre Boy.

In his old age, Frank Red Crow joined the 554
sacred ceremonies in a sincere way and had the
respect of his People. He adopted his little grand- [858]
daughter Agnes as his minipoka, and taught her about some of the Old Ways.

Ponah once asked us if we ever wondered 778
why the shawl covering our sacred Pipe Bundle

looks so clean and new. When we said yes, she 778
told us this story: One time Ponah was visiting
the Red Crows. She knew her sister was always a
good housekeeper and never liked to see dirty
things around. When the Red Crows had gotten
their Pipe, the old shawl covering it clearly
showed its many years of protecting the Bundle.
So during this visit, when Ponah noticed her sister
washing what looked like the Bundle's shawl, she
went to look at the Bundle and saw that an ordinary
blanket was covering it. "You must be [784]
crazy," she told her sister. "Do you want us all to
drown in a big thunderstorm? You're not supposed
to wash holy things like that!" Poor Mrs.
Red Crow felt very badly. She had never been
told such a thing.

Now she holds sacred duties as the Scabby 793
Bull for the Motokiks, a position transferred to
her a few years ago by Doreen Day Rider, the
previous Scabby Bull. [425]
[424]

MRS. ROSIE DAVIS

Mrs. Rosie Davis is the oldest person on the 165
Blood Reserve.

I don't know how old I am. Nobody ever told me the exact year of my birth. People usually say that I am one hundred years old, and they are probably right. I was still a little girl when the 1877 Treaty was signed.

I was born in Fort Benton. My mother mar- 582
ried a white man named Smith, who worked on
a Missouri River steamboat out of Fort Benton.
We lived there when I was young; my father 648
would come to see us between trips. My mother's
father, Iron Pipe, took my mother and me up to
the Blood Reserve so that we would be registered
on the band rolls for the signing of the 1877
Treaty. He told my father he would try to send
us back down to Fort Benton somehow.

When the treaty was finally settled, my grand- 586
father could not find anyone to accompany us

[p.342-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

His father took the three oldest children back East and put them in school in Winnipeg. Charlie and his older sister were given to relatives on the reserve. His mother's brother, White Buckskin, took him and raised him in the Old Way, although he looked very much like his real father. Charlie's father came after him several times, to take him away to school, but old White Buckskin would always see him in time and sneak out a back window with Charlie to hide him in the brush. 736

Charlie and Rosie took on the care of the Long-Time Pipe in their old age. They had it "for four or five years," according to Rosie, and she still regrets giving the Pipe up to John Red Crane, who sold it to the museum. She said, "I would have never given it to that man, but he said he made a vow, so there was not much that I could do about it." 778 ● [425]

Charlie Davis never joined the Horns Society because old White Buckskin told him, "Your wife lives like a white lady, so you had better not join the Horns with her. She might do something wrong." 575 186

Rosie Davis wears glasses for reading but she gave up doing beadwork just a couple of years ago. She said she likes to read all kinds of books, but that some writers are "too far-fetched." She just got through reading *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, and her conclusion was that she "liked it real well, but it was sad and pathetic." 523 517

[p. 343-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Back to Wintertime

OUR NIGHTTIME CEREMONIES

It is late winter now, not long before Thunder 796
returns and the season of outdoor life and holy ceremonies begins again. But even during winter we have come together to pray and sing our holy songs in Nighttime ceremonies two or three times each month.

Ach-kanotsisi—"All-Smoking-Together"—is 796
how our People announce a Nighttime ceremony.
People devoted to our Old Ways are invited to [533]
someone's house to sing the songs of the sacred [778]
articles transferred to them during their lifetime.
The sponsor of the ceremony provides a leader, as [425]
well as plenty of tobacco and food. In exchange, [782]
he and his family will receive strength by hearing
each participant sing sacred songs and say prayers [574]
for their benefit.

The Nighttime ceremony is commonly 796
referred to as a Big Smoke, or Sacred Smoke. During 533
the night-long ceremony, each participant
counts coups—he calls out the Medicines he has [778]
owned and sings the Medicines' songs. Usually each person sings sixteen songs recalling experiences with Medicine Pipe Bundles, Beaver Bundles, Horns Society, Medicine Lodges, sacred tipis, sacred necklaces and headdresses, and other society memberships and Bundle transferrals. The singing of all these songs is a summary of the holy life of our Old Ways.

According to the Old Man, who was a leader 796
773

[p.345-A]

of these ceremonies, the All-Smoking Together 796
began very long ago. 793
His Teachers, men like Natosina and Big Wolf, told him that the first participants in these ceremonies were holy leaders of the formal summer ceremonies. They used to gather regularly during the wintertime to rehearse all the songs of their Bundles and to discuss the plans for the next Medicine Lodge ceremony. The Nighttime ceremonies developed from these gatherings and from dreams of some of those participants.

Joe Gambler told a story about a Nighttime 796
ceremony to the Provincial Museum:

Big Smoke: People will make a vow to it. [782]
They think it is holy. A person that is going to die will say, "I will put up a Big Smoke so that I may survive," and he will not be sick very long and he will get better.

A person who had many Sacred Bundles will [778]
participate. A person who never had many Bundles will not participate, except the two orderlies, who give out the pipes for smoking, burn the incense, make the fire and serve the food, and the orderly who cuts the tobacco and gives out the
smokes. These three don't sing, the rest will all [583]
sing.

There are lots of People who will officiate, [793]
such as Wrapped Up [Albert Chief Calf], Brown [Brown Chief Calf], Wolf Old Man [our Old

Man], and Skunk [Bob Black Plume]. Those four 796
people are the shamans of the Big Smoke. When [793]
people make vows they will say to the one who
will officiate, "Pray for my child so that he or she [782]
may get better. I will treat you very good."

To make the incense altar, a part of the [778]
ground will be scraped clean and Earth will be
added on top, and at one end a pillow-shaped [237]
thing will be placed and a piece of manure will
be laid on it. The little pipe is laid on this piece [276]
of manure, and there is another large piece of
manure on which some pipes are laid. The pipes
are given to the singers who will pray with them
and then they will sing.

The ceremonialist [leader] will select who will sing and how many songs they will sing.

Big Smokes are held at my house. Big Smokes can be held in any place where people can sit conveniently, as long as there is a stove in the house, as we use the hot charcoals for burning the incense.

The one that made the vow and prepared the [782]
Berry Soup will sit with the ceremonialist. The
one that made the vow will take his shirt off and [302]
he will be painted on the face and body with the
paint. He will take the pipe that is to be handed
out first and he will offer it to the ceremonialist.
The one that made the vow will give a smoke to
the ceremonialist and the ceremonialist will pray
for him in return for the pipe.

The one that prepared the Berry Soup will not sing. He will just sit at the back. He will be called the Holy Sitter.

After the ceremonialist finishes his facial 796
paintings he will take the rattles and rattle them 533
four times and then give one to each of the four
singers. The first man will then start. He will [782]
pray, he will not sing. When he gets through [534]
praying, he will sing. He will say, "I made an
offering at such a place," and he will give four
accounts.

The four men will sing about their most important sacred Bundle. They will sing of a

sacred Bundle that they depend on [for spiritual 796
strength]. That is how the participants will com- 533
plete their singing in the first round.

After this they will sing a second round—that will make eight songs. They will sing of the miscellaneous Bundles, like tipis, that were transferred to them. First they sing of the Medicine Pipes, the Horns Society, and if a person owned a Beaver Bundle, he will sing of his Water Pipe Bundle [another name for a Beaver Bundle]. They also sing of their tipi designs, and Sun Dance necklaces, and Medicine Pipe necklaces, Weasel Tail suits, Medicine headdresses, All Brave Dog Society. They'll sing of all their miscellaneous Bundles that were transferred to them. That is why the singing takes so long.

Robert Wilson attended several Nighttime 796
ceremonies during the 1890s. Those differed in 114
some details from the similar ceremonies of today,
as well as others of the same period. Most of our [778]
Medicines were then still with us and numerous [425]
people had owned enough Medicines to sing at
least sixteen songs. Today, only a few have owned [177]
enough Medicines to sing four rounds of songs,
and most of these have never learned to sing all of
their own songs, so they ask the leader of the
ceremony for help.

Here are Wilson's observations.

NOTES ON SACRIFICIAL CEREMONY

Feb. 26

One Spots Lodge, 15 people in the lodge, 796
nearly all men. At the usual spot in the lodge was [778]
*the altar, made in shape of a mound of clay about
4 inches high, an elongated cone. Opposite the
door and in front of the altar was a space afterwards occupied by Old Moon [Ki-soum, or Sun,
who was the leader of this ceremony]. Between* [237]
his seat and the altar was a pile of cow chips and [824]
*spread on top of them was a lot of wild sage, two
eagle feathers, and some little paint bags. Incense*

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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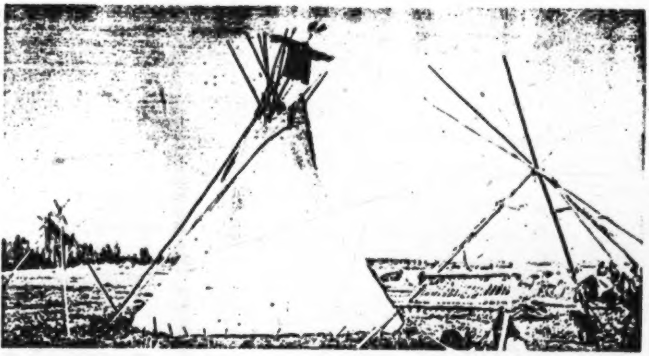

[575] The offering in place over the tipi while the ceremony is held inside. A Horns Society Bundle hangs from the tripod at the rear. (R.N. Wilson)

[p. 349-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

prayed that the weather would be mild, which it 796
was, on the day of the ceremony. There was snow
on the ground from a few days before, but the air
was barely cool enough for freezing.

The ceremony was to have been held seven [765]
nights before, but a sudden death among the Old
Man's relatives meant that he could not attend
any public gathering for four days. He told us that
everyone's good Spirits would be back if we set
the ceremony for seven days later, which we did.

I wore my blanket coat for the ride over to our relative's house, where the ceremony was held. We had driven over there earlier that morning to drop off mattresses for seating, dishes for cooking, the foodstuffs, and our blankets and other things needed for the ceremony. We fastened the offering to the house wall outside the place where the Old Man was to sit and pray later that night.

It was still daylight when we arrived at the house where people were going to gather. No one had arrived yet. The offering swayed in the breeze that often blows from the mountains. The prairie between the house and the mountains, perhaps half a day's ride away, was a patch-work of farms and ranches. The light covering of snow reflected differently, depending on whether the fenced sections of land were for pasture or crops, and whether they were plowed at the end of the last summer or left with their stubble standing.

The house was an older one, made of milled [342]
lumber. A few relatives were inside, to do the
cooking and to lend their help, should it be
needed. The room was crowded with many bags [353]
and boxes of food. Another room was crammed
with furniture, leaving the room where the ceremony
was to be held cleared of all furniture—
only mattresses covering the floor along the walls.
Two of the canvas linings from our tipi hung on
the wall to lend the room some atmosphere.
None of the relatives took a direct part in the [779]
ceremony, so none had gone inside this room for [784]
fear of disturbing its sanctity.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

I began my preparations by pouring some 796
fine earth from a paper bag onto a small board. [778]
This was to be the incense altar. The layer of dirt was the thickness of two hands and "mirror-shaped," as the Old People call a rectangle. At the end closest to the Old Man was a higher ridge of earth, which caused the complete altar to look like a made-up bed with pillows.

The Old Man arrived with his brother, Mike [276]
Yellow Bull, who cut the tobacco and filled the pipes. After a brief glance in the ceremonial room, he asked, "Everything is not yet ready?" I answered, "Almost." He asked me to get him a chair so he could sit and have a smoke while I finished the preparations.

I leaned some bunches of man-sage against [237]
the head of the altar and placed two pieces of
dung next to them. On the brass-studded tobacco [824]
cutting board, I placed some prepared bearberry
leaves and commercial tobacco. Then I brought [276]
in the Old Man's bag of ceremonial articles and arranged them in place. I laid the wooden incense tongs to the right of the altar and some braids of sweetgrass to the left. I also put down two sharpened willow sticks for lighting the pipes, and a long piece of wire for cleaning the stems.

I guided the Old Man to his seat in the ceremonial room. It is not proper for anyone to sit [576]
until the leader has assigned each person a place. The place to the right of the leader is for the

[p. 351-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

142
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302
114

Our Old Man and me.

---

sponsor of the ceremony, who sits very quietly 796
and humbly listens to everyone's prayers which
are for the benefit of himself, his family, and the [576]
one for whom he vowed the ceremony. We call
this "sitting holy." If the sponsor of the ceremony
is a participant who sings his songs, then he asks
some relative to take his place next to the leader,
for it is not proper to sing while sitting holy.

Atsitsina arrived and the Old Man directed
him to a place on his right. Atsitsina helped start
the second part of the ceremony by reciting four
spiritual offerings made in the past. The partici- [555]
pant with the bravest war coup would sit at the
far left and recount four brave deeds, when that
part of the ceremony was reached. My seat was [554]
next to the Old Man on his left. As a Medicine
Pipe Owner, this was my seat of honor. [576]

The Old Man inspected the altar and ap-
proved it. He arranged before him the sacred bags [778]
from his paint outfit: one contained the black
paint, another contained the sacred red earth, and [237]
a third contained pieces of kidney fat.

[p. 352-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

to remind us of the Powers of Earth and all that 796
grows upon it. When the ball was ready, he 788
turned toward me and dropped it into my cupped [782]
hands. I rolled the ball between my palms and
then brushed it, slowly, twice down each side of [783]
my body, while praying to ask that the cleansing
Spirits of the sage purify my body and replace any
evil in it with the natural goodness of the Earth.
When I finished, I passed the sage sacrament to
the person at my left, and so it went around the
room. More incense was made, and then the [782]
young helper was instructed to go out and bring
in the offering. He covered himself with his blanket [292]
for this sacred duty, and went out to bring in
the holy object from its quiet, sacred resting
place.

The object represents the Spirits who are 796
with us, in our life here on Earth. Fastened to it 782
are symbols that recall to everyone the Powers of 778
the Universe. For instance, the frame of the offering
is made of two willow sticks tied together in [924]
the shape of a cross; the willows represent trees [823]
and bushes, as well as the material from which we
build our sweat lodges; and the cross the sticks are
tied in stands for the junction of the four sacred
directions, which is the place where we stand,
each of us, no matter where on this Earth we are.
Fastened on top of the cross, the willow stick tied [772]
to form a circle speaks for the roundness of our
Sun, our Moon, and our Universe, the sacred
circle in whose honor we arrange our lodges and
our camps. Fastened to the circle are seven black- [237]
and-white eagle feathers. Seven is our sacred [801]
number, as there are seven moons in each season,
and seven stars help us tell time at night and
remind us of all the other stars in the nighttime
sky; the feathers are black-and-white to remind us
of day and night, good and bad, life and death.
Bunches of sage are tied to the ends of the arms [824]
on the cross because sage is pure and holy in the
prairie-life of our Old Ways, and represents the
sacredness of all the plants on Earth. Black and
red pieces of cloth are tied to the arms of the
offering with buckskin thongs; the thongs remind

[p.354-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood
[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

us of the animals that supply us with meat and 796
hides, just as the feathers remind us of the birds 782
that fly, and the cloth represents the life of the 778
People on Earth, red being for holiness and black
for victory. It is the People's gift to the Spirits of
nature.

Outside, the helper said, "Hoi"; he took 796
down the offering and stood toward the east, 782
holding it in his hand. The Old Man began a 533
song whose words tell that the sacred offering will
be brought in, in a holy way. After the song,
everyone was quiet. Then we heard the signal
from outside again. The Old Man began the same
song again, everyone joining in this time. Four
times we sang, each time the helper standing at
one of the four directions to let all the Universal
Powers have a symbolic look at the offering before
it was brought inside. In Sun-wise direction he
went around the house, and before the fourth
song ended came inside and handed the offering
to the Old Man.

The Old Man prayed with it, giving it a 796
spiritual welcome into the midst of our gathering, 302
then put it down. He rubbed kidney fat between 788
the palms of his hands, and took some sacred red
earth. The young man sitting holy took off his [778]
shirt and kneeled before the Old Man. The Old
Man sang the song for the red paint, while cover- [533]
ing the boy's face, shoulders, chest, arms, and
wrists with it, smearing the last over the boy's hair
in ceremonial blessing.

He wiped the red paint from his hands and
took the black paint pouch and a fresh piece of
kidney fat. Singing the song for the sacred black [533]
paint, he dipped two fingers into the pouch and
mixed the powdered charcoal with the grease in [778]
his palms, as though he were washing his hands
with a bar of soap. With his blackened thumb he
put a mark on the boy's temples, and his nose,
then traced a black circle all the way around the
boy's face, over the red paint. He also put black
circles around the boy's wrists. The Old Man
then told him to turn around in a Sun-wise direction
to bless him with the offering, rubbing it

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 355-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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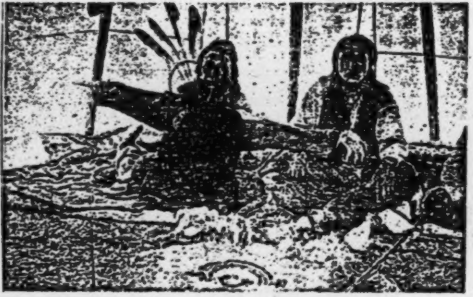

Wilson's photo of his recorded "sacrificial ceremony," taken in the 1890s. The sponsor of the ceremony is holding up the sacred offering. The leader sits next to him. The altar in the foreground is different from the altars we make for this type of ceremony today. In the center is an earth-painted symbol of Sun, a crescent Moon, Sun Dogs on each side, and Morning Star above Sun. Bunches of sage lie on the ground. The incense tongs and paint bags lie next to the leader.

[p.355-A]

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

of a willow stick. He then blew offerings of smoke 796
to the Spirits who dwell in the Above, in the 788
Below, and on Earth. Everyone was very quiet,
for the Old Man was symbolically smoking with 276
the Powers of the Universe. He blew smoke in various directions until all the tobacco in the bowl had been smoked.

The main part of the ceremony was now 796
ready to be started. Incense was made, and the 788
Old Man held four rattles over the sweet smoke.
He shook the rattles, to prepare the Spirits for 533
singing, then passed them to the man who was [534]
farthest to the right. The others sang a song while he prayed and told about one offering. In the same way, each of the four men sang four rounds of the song and called out four offerings.

The four men prayed for the other partici- [782]
pants, calling each one by name, and their families. As each one heard his name, he placed his [201]
hands on his chest, signifying that he was taking the prayers to his heart.

When each man finished praying, he sang his 796
first four songs, representing the most Powerful 793
Medicines transferred to him during his lifetime. 778
Atsitsina and I were the only participants who
had not belonged to the Horns; our first songs 533
were for our Medicine Pipe Bundles. Medicine Pipe Owners were allowed to sing four songs for the Bundle they were keeping. Beaver Bundle Owners could sing as many songs as they wished for their Bundle. All others were allowed to sing only one song for each sacred thing that had been transferred to them, even if that object had a great many songs.

As a current Medicine Pipe Owner, a special 796
ceremony was held at my turn to sing for the first 793
round. A blanket was spread to the left of the 783
altar. The Old Man sat to my left on the blanket. 533
A coal was deposited at the rear of the altar and I held a pinch of sweet pine needles over the hot coal, the Old Man's hand on top of mine. He began with a prayer, then sang four Medicine Pipe songs, slowly lowering my hand with the in-

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

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Singing the Medicine Pipe Songs: Makwi Api and me.

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cense during the beginning of the first one. We took the sacred smoke and symbolically purified ourselves with it, while we sang of the holy Bundle that had given its Spirit to both of our lives. 796 793 783 533

After everyone had sung his first four songs, we took another break. The first of four rounds was over.

The second round of songs began with the rattles over the incense like the first round. Most sang songs during this round for Medicine Pipe Bundles. One song was sung for the Bundle itself, another for the necklace or some such sacred article. After each man had sung his four songs, he told which sacred article they were for, who gave him that article, and whom it was finally given to. Some singers ended their round by saying that their holy object had been given to the white man by so-and-so, and it was now on display at such-and-such a place. 796 793 778 ● 533

Those who have sold our major Bundles, and 000

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21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

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Having a smoke after singing Medicine Pipe Songs: Atsitsina and me.

Those who have sold our major Bundles, and 425
are still alive to tell about it, seldom come to our 439
Nighttime ceremonies. When they do, they usu- 778
ally sing the songs for what they sold, though 796
others feel that this is sacrilegeous, that no one
can benefit from the Spirit of a holy thing that
was given away for money.

The pipes were smoked continuously during 796
the rounds of singing. At the start of each round, 276
the first pipe was handed to the one sitting holy,
who presented it to the Old Man. The Old Man [782]
held the mouthpiece to the Above and prayed for
the boy and for those for whom the ceremony was
held.

During the next break we ate some raw kid- 796
ney and a bit of kidney fat, a delicacy among our 262
Old People. There was talking and joking while 264
we ate.

The next two rounds of singing were just like 796
the first two, but the songs representing sacred 533
articles not so Powerful as those sung about at 778

[p. 357-A]

first. The songs were for Iniskims and Iniskim 796
necklaces, painted tipis, Sun Dance necklaces, for 533
the duties of Weather Dancers, for parts of 778●
Beaver Bundles, and for lesser societies such as
the Crazy Dogs and Pigeons.

The Old Man started the third round with a 796
song about the Power of birds. During the song, 533
he waved his right hand in the air to resemble the 201
sailing of a bird. Most of our songs used to have
symbolic hand and body motions to accompany
them, but few of our People still know these or
bother to use them when they are singing. But
the ceremony was not yet over.

After the last song of the fourth round, 796
someone brought in a bowl with tongue taken 788
from the sacred blood soup. The eight pieces were 782
used to ask for blessings. The one who was sitting
holy took one piece from the bowl; taking and [262]
holding up that hand, the Old Man called out,
"Oki, Natosi, Sun, this is for you. SikskiAki and
Natosina promised to feed you this when they
asked you to help AnadaAki, and now they are
fulfilling their promise."

He lowered the boy's hand and let the piece drop at the edge of the altar. They took up another piece, which was offered to Moon in the same way. They did the same with a piece offered to Morning Star and a piece offered to Earth Spirits.

The remaining four pieces were held up, one at a time, in the same way, as the Old Man called out, "Oki, Sun, this young man is going to eat with you so that this meal will be holy. Give him your strength and guidance." He then pushed the piece into the boy's mouth, and it was eaten.

After the Old Man did this with the four 796
pieces of tongue, the boiling kettle filled with the 788
sacred soup was brought into the room. It had
been boiling all night long, from the time the 252
tongues had been cut up. The sacred soup is a [262]
mixture of tongue, serviceberries, and blood. The
pieces of tongue are first boiled in water. Then
the blood is mixed with flour to form a smooth

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NP6 Blackfoot NP6
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A sacred gathering during the 1975 Sun Dance Encampment. At the right sits Laurie Plume, better known as Emonisi, or Otter. As a child he owned a sacred buckskin shirt decorated with weasel tails. Here he transferred the songs and rights accompanying this shirt to young Wolf Child. Next to him sits Many Grey Horses, the Owner of the Long-Time Pipe, and next to me is 85-year-old Tom Morning Owl. His mother was old SikskiAki, so he was Atsitsina's half brother. He also held sacred rights for a weasel shirt, which he transferred to me at this ceremony. The shirt is hanging between us. Atsitsina and Apikayi (Bob Black Plume) were the singers for the occasion. They used two drums from the Long-Time Pipe. With their passing the following winter, Laurie Plume became the last of the Blood elders able to lead the Medicine Pipe ceremonies.

[p.362-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

was the dance leader for the Horns Society and possessed the society's Headdress with an Arrow in Front. He had also been a minor chief in the tribe. 165

The Horns Society lost an important spokesman with the passing of Ray Many Chiefs. A tragic accident recently claimed the lives of two more important members of the Horns—Charlie Weaselhead, the eldest son of Mokakin and Ponah, and Hugh Calf Robe. Both men were accompanied by their wives, and each of them left behind ten children.

But before all these losses, the Horns were able to recover some of their important sacred Bundles from the Alberta Provincial Museum. The exact settlement has yet to be worked out, but the Bundles are with their real owners on the reserve. Another Alberta museum—the Glenbow—has refused to consider returning the important Horns Bundle which they bought in a 575 425 778

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 363-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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The Long-Time Pipe after its return to the Blood People. Its new Owner, Many Grey Horses, wanted this picture to be included in the book so that history would see the ancient Bundle as more than just a museum relic. The Owners are seated on the left. Barely visible is the wife of Apikayi (Bob Black Plume). He led the opening ceremony before his final switch to the Full Gospel faith and his death right after that. The ancient Bundle rests in the center.

[p. 363-A]

secret transaction from the widow of John Red 575
Crane, who had sold our Long-Time Medicine 425
Pipe. The Old Man's grandson, Harry Shade, 778
made a vow to become Keeper of that Horns Bundle. He and his partner, Jim Red Crow, have recently decided to follow Mokakin's advice and will ask older Horns members to remake the Bundle for them.

A most exciting event occurred last year, in 778
time for the Old Man to help celebrate. Our ancient 425
Long-Time Medicine Pipe came back to stay with our People. It happened this way:

Several summers ago the Bundle was brought 796
to the Sun Dance Encampment and ceremonially 778
opened. By tradition, the leader of the ceremony 425
should have been a former Owner, who would have known the special songs for it. But none are left among the People. Thus, White Horns led the ceremony in the best way he could. Many Grey Horses came and brought his drums, which had originally belonged to the Bundle. He himself was one of the drummers for the ceremony. At the end of it he surprised everyone by announcing that he was taking the Bundle back to his own home and that he would shortly have it transferred to himself and his wife. The white man

from the museum, who occupied the Owner's 796
place during the ceremony, had already offered to 778
transfer his rights if anyone wanted to take them. 425
He seemed pleased by the announcement of
Many Grey Horses. The transfer ceremony took [432]
place not long after. The payments included several
fine horses and many dry goods. However, the
white man had said nothing about all this to his
former employer—the Provincial Museum. When
they learned of the affair they rushed down to see
Many Grey Horses and used threats of law and
order to frighten him into returning it. They told
him that he would be allowed to have it for the
annual ceremony, provided he sign many complicated
legal papers first.

The following winter I had a vivid dream in 778
which I saw the Long-Time Pipe being brought 425
back home for good. I went to see Many Grey
Horses and his wife, and told them about the [787]
dream. They offered to accept the dream and to
follow its directions. Accordingly, SikskiAki and I
joined the elderly couple for a trip to the Provincial
Museum in Edmonton the following spring.

At the museum we were treated courteously. 778
Permission was granted for Many Grey Horses 796
and his wife to pray with the Bundle and to give 425
thanks for the return of Thunder. First, parts of
the Bundle had to be brought together—some
were on display and some were in storage. Many
Grey Horses then placed the Bundle on his wife's
back, while he carried the bags and other accessories.
Dressed in moccasins and blankets, we
made a colorful procession outdoors, where we

could pray directly to the Spirits of Nature. We 778
went around the museum building, stopping at 796
each of the Four Sacred Directions to pray. Some
distance behind us followed two of the museum 425
officials, while plain-clothes guards remained
farther away. After the fourth stop Many Grey
Horses and his wife took their Bundle directly to
our car. We explained our purpose to the amazed
museum officials, who made no effort to stop us.
Shortly we were headed south, joyfully bringing
the ancient Bundle back home.

Four times we stopped on the way home 778
with the Long-Time Pipe to make offerings of 425
sacred berries and tobacco. Many Grey Horses
prayed fervently that the sacred Bundle should [782]
never again leave our People. He asked it to stay
and help the People through these trying times,
and to remind them of the ancient Powers that
gave strength to our ancestors of the long-ago.

There was much joy among the People when
the news was heard—everyone was thankful for
the Bundle's return. Old Bob Black Plume came
out of semi-retirement to lead the ceremony for
its opening, as he has done each time since.
People from far and wide came to see the sacred
Pipe and to receive its blessings. Several hours
were required just to paint those who had come
for that reason. Surely here was physical proof of [782]
the spiritual Powers that dwell in the Land of the
Bloods—from the days of dogs, through the days
of horses, and into the age of modern cars and
airplanes, the Medicine Pipe has held the People
together.

This he refused also. As she looked about for something else, she happened to see a blanket. "That will not do, either," said the stranger. Then she offered her dress. "That is nearer the kind I must have," he said. Then the woman said, "Oh, well, I will put the meat on my belly." "All right," said the stranger. The woman then lay down on her back, and placed the meat on her belly. She was heavy with child. The stranger had a white stone knife, which he sharpened and began to cut the meat. Three times he cut the meat; but the fourth time he said, "I came near cutting you." The fifth time he cut the woman open. Then twin boys came out.

Thus the boys were born. They were twins. The stranger took one of them, put him down near the ashes, and as he did so said, "You shall be called Ashes-Chief." Then he took the other, stuck him behind the lining of the lodge, and said, "You shall be called Stuck-Behind." Then the man went away. He carried a small lodge, with the skin of the running-fisher, for a flag.[1]

After a while Smart-Crow returned from his hunt, bringing much buffalo-meat. As he came over the hill near his lodge, he saw no smoke rising from the smoke-hole. "Now," he said to himself, "I know what has happened. I knew that woman would invite the stranger in." When he entered the lodge, he saw Ashes-Chief lying by the fire. While he was looking at his wife's body he heard the other infant crying behind the lodge-lining.

Now Smart-Crow was very angry, and rushed out in pursuit of the stranger. He followed his trail and soon overtook him. As he came up, he said to the stranger, "Now I shall kill you." "My friend," said the stranger, "I will restore her to you." "I do not believe you," said Smart-Crow. "My friend, I tell you I will restore her," repeated the stranger. "I cannot believe it," said Smart-Crow. "My friend," said the stranger, "I will restore her to you." "You are a liar," said Smart-Crow. Then the stranger began to sing a song. The words of this song were as follows:—

"I am a great medicine [powerful].
Everything in the ground hears me.
Everything in the sky hears me."

When Smart-Crow heard this song, he believed in the promise of the stranger. Then the stranger took the bundle from his back, and said, "I give you this lodge and the running-fisher skin." The stranger set up the lodge. There were four buffalo-tails hanging to its sides. Two of these were cow-tails, and two were bull-tails. One of each hung in front, and

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[1] The medicine object for a painted lodge is often spoken of as a flag: *i. e.*, an emblem hung from a pole.

22: Wissler & Duvall E,I-5 (1902-1907) 1908
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534 up and danced, jumping up and down until the knife on his head struck the heart.[1] Then he cut the heart down. Next he cut through between the ribs of the fish, and let all the people out.

Again Blood-Clot said he must go on his travels. Before starting, the people warned him, saying that after a while he would see a woman who was always challenging people to wrestle with her, but that he must not speak to her. He gave no heed to what they said, and, after he had gone a little way, he saw a woman who called him to come over. "No," said Blood-Clot. "I am in a hurry." However, at the fourth time the woman asked him to come over, he said, "Yes, but you must wait a little while, for I am tired. I wish to rest. When I have rested, I will come over and wrestle with you." Now, while he was resting, he saw many large knives sticking up from the ground almost hidden by straw. Then he knew that the woman killed the people she wrestled with by throwing them down on the knives. When he was rested, he went over. The woman asked him to stand up in the place where he had seen the knives; but he said, "No, I am not quite ready. Let us play a little, before we begin." So he began to play with the woman, but quickly caught hold of her, threw her upon the knives, and cut her in two.

Blood-Clot took up his travels again, and after a while came to a camp where there were some old women. The old women told him that a little farther on he would come to a woman with a swing,[2] but on no account must he ride with her. After a time he came to a place where he saw a swing on the bank of a swift stream. There was a woman swinging on it. He watched her a while, and saw that she killed people by swinging them out and dropping them into the water. When he found this out, he came up to the woman. "You have a swing here; let me see you swing," he said. "No," said the woman, "I want to see you swing." "Well," said Blood-Clot, "but you must swing first." "Well," said the woman, "Now I shall swing. Watch me. Then I shall see you do it." So the woman swung out over the stream. As she did this, he saw how it worked. Then he said to the woman, "You swing again while I am getting ready;" but as the woman swung out this time, he cut the vine and let her drop into the water. This happened on Cut Bank Creek.[3]

"Now," said Blood-Clot, "I have rid the world of all the monsters, I will go back to my old father and mother." So he climbed a high ridge, and returned to the lodge of the old couple. One day he said to them, "I shall

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[1] This is regarded as the origin of a ceremony known as the "dance of the spirits of the dead," or "ghost dance." The knife tied on the head is said to glisten or give off light, like a halo (smoke), hence the name Smoking-Star.

[2] For a different rendering, see Grinnell, op. cit., p. 37. However, the swing is found among the Gros Ventre (Kroeber, op. cit., p. 87) and the Fox (Jones, op. cit., p. 103).

[3] Grinnell's version contains another incident. After this adventure, Blood-Clot is eaten four times by a cannibal. In each case the bones are restored to life by a little girl. After the fourth restoration Blood-Clot kills the cannibal (op. cit., p. 37).

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22: Wissler & Duvall E,I-5 (1902-1907) 1908
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539 the baby's forehead red. When this had been done, the baby ceased to cry.[1] This is the way children are kept from crying, even to this day.

Now Whirlwind-Boy would sometimes take the right hind-leg of the buffalo and paint one side yellow. Then he would go out and wander about the prairie, repeating to himself, "This bone says all the buffalo will go down the drive and over the cliff." Then he would throw the bone out in front of him. If it fell with the yellow side up, it would be as he said. At another time he would take a bone, lay a stick across it, and then drop a braid of sweet-grass. If the braid fell on the stick hanging, the buffalo would go over.[2] These things people do even to this day. When Whirlwind-Boy was a man and his mother very old, he said to her one day, "Mother, I think I shall go away before you die. I do not care to be here when that happens." His mother asked him not to go, but he was not easily moved. At last, however, he agreed to take her with him. So he called the people of the camp together and requested all to watch. He took his mother over to the top of a high cliff; then he went back some distance and became a whirlwind. When the whirlwind reached the place where the mother sat, she disappeared. No one ever saw them again.[3]

2. THE BLADDER STORY.

Once there was a very poor boy who lived with his mother. His father was dead. One day his mother was ill and was about to die, but the boy said, "My mother will come to life again." She had been gored by a buffalo and was almost dead. She had been gored in the head. The little boy said, "Give me a bladder." When it was brought to him, he blew it full of air. His mother was lying with her head towards him. He put the bladder on her head and placed some charcoal on it. Then he said to his uncle, "You must be ready to shake the lodge four times." Then he painted his mother, — a black spot on her right hand, one on the back of each wrist, and one on her forehead. On himself he made a circle at each place where he had painted a dot on his mother. Now the woman was dead. The boy took a calf robe with the hair-side up, and beat time on it as he sang,

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[1] At this point the narrator explained that a favorite game among children was the taking by the boys of a bone from the left hind-foot of the buffalo, and going among the girls to induce them to laugh. A boy would shake the bone near the girl's face, and in as comical manner as possible say, "I know you are going to have a lover! I know it! I know it!" Now if the girl laughed, it was a sure sign that she would be a bad [unchaste] woman. If she did not laugh, she would become a great medicine-woman, true, virtuous, etc. In a similar manner, girls would test boys, but with a bone from the left front-foot.

[2] The braid of grass hanging across the stick was explained as symbolising meat hanging up to dry, in turn the symbol of plenty.

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[3] This story accounts for some of the practices in the care of children. The navel-cord amulet for boys is in the shape of a snake; for girls, in the shape of a lizard or a horned toad. It was explained that the reason why Whirlwind-Boy picked out these forms was that these animals were never sick, and enjoyed long life.

796 Then the painted tongue is passed to the daughter. Now, each of the
women tears off a bit of the tongue skin and all hold up the pieces and
[782] pray. After the prayers, the pieces are placed in the earth and the tongues
are hung up to dry. First, the rope is taken up and a song sung. The
woman who made the vow, rises and ties one end of the rope to the tipi
pole on the north side and the other end to the tipi pole on the south side,
a little to the west of the fireplace. All the tongues, both painted and unpainted, are hung on this rope.

[824] During all these ceremonies there is no regular smudge. The smudges
are made with sweetgrass on the grass near the rear of the tipi. The
tongues are left to hang for two days before they are taken down to be
[262] cooked. When the tongues have been hung, all return to their homes, the
women taking the tongue skins with them for their relatives to eat, as
[778] they are considered to be blessed and supposed to bring good luck.

[777] After two days, all meet again in the same tipi. The two women who
796 went for the water place the tripods over the fire and while songs are sung,
252 the pot is passed to them with the red painted sticks. The two women,
each holding one end of the stick, go for water, praying on the way. When
they return to the tipi a smudge, over which they hold the bucket of water,
is made between the door and the fireplace. Then the bucket is placed
beside the smudge. While the others sing, the woman who made the vow
rises and first takes the painted tongue and then the others from where they
were hung. They are then placed on a buffalo hide and the woman returns
to her place. Four women sit down near the tongues; each one takes a
[533] tongue, one of which is the painted one. Kneeling and swaying their bodies
in time with the songs, they sing the buffalo songs. The painted tongue
is placed in the kettle first and a song is sung: "When buffalo go to drink;
it is powerful. Where buffalo sit is powerful (natojiwa)." Then the rest
of the tongues are placed in the pot which is hooked on the tripod over the
fire. Songs are sung and four sticks, about the length of the forearm, for
stirring the tongues, are placed where the tongues were first placed. One
of the cooks takes a pair of the sticks and stirs the tongues with them.
When removing the tongues from the kettle they are held between two of
these sticks.

796 Another song, called the song of rest is sung, and all rest for a time and
533 smoke. When the tongues are cooled, another song is sung, the two cooks
rise, and taking the pot, place it over the smudge place near the door.
To the singing of songs, the painted tongue first, and then the others, are
[262] taken out and placed on half a rawhide. The soup is poured into wooden
[415] bowls and distributed among those present. No tin cups must be used
in drinking this soup. While all sing, the woman who made the vow rises

and first takes the painted tongue and then all the others and hangs them 796 [533]
up as before. This ends the ceremony.

Two days later, the same participants are called together to the same tipi and the woman rises and takes first the painted tongue and then the others from where they were hung. A parfleche is brought and a buffalo song [533]
sung: "Buffalo I take. Where I sit is powerful." The painted tongue and then the others are placed on the parfleche. Wild peppermint is put [263]
in with the tongues, the parfleches are tied up and placed at the rear of the tipi. Sometimes tongues are dried in front of the tipi on a stage made by [251]
setting up two travois with a lodge pole tied between them.

The man and woman who lead the ceremony must not have any metal [823]
about them. Brass rings, earrings, and all such trinkets must be taken off. [301]
Nor must there be any knives in the vicinity. Even the knives with which [784]
the tongues are cut are taken out. No one must spit in front of him, but always close to the wall under the beds. If they do, it will rain. No water [821]
is brought into the medicine lodge and when water is brought, it is covered. The only time when it is permitted to eat or drink is before sunrise and after sunset. They must be given food by the instructors. The prayers in this [782]
ceremony are prayers for good luck for everyone in the camp.

This closes the preliminaries to the ceremonies leading to the sun dance 796
and may be designated as the cutting of the tongues. As in most other cases, 178
there seems to have been considerable variation in this procedure, both as to time and order. Certainly, for a number of years, it has been much abbreviated. As implied in the program, this ceremony may be performed on the first day. The gathering of tongues was dependent upon circumstances and after the days of the great buffalo drives was a matter of gradual accumulation. Thus, it was explained, that by necessity, the "cutting" was often repeated, though naturally with less ceremony.

The parfleches containing tongues are kept in the medicine woman's 796
tipi where they are "prayed and sung over" during the first and second days 178
of the program. The underlying thought seems to be that they are consecrated to the sun.

In the procession of the fourth day, the parfleches are carried behind the medicine woman by her attendants. In former years, these were the women who had promised "to go forward to the tongues." They are present at the ceremony in the medicine woman's tipi and may be said to be in attendance during the entire fasting period. At the time indicated in the 796
program, the parfleches are opened and the women in turn step out with 182
some of the dried tongue, face the west, and each holding up a piece, address the sun then nearing the horizon. They declare their innocence of adultery, as at the time of making the vow and cutting the tongues. They also

796 pray for themselves and their relatives after which they distribute dried
[782] tongue among them. Finally, there is a general distribution of tongues
among the people.

796 However, there is another aspect of their appearance at this point.
837 The Blackfoot assume that many women have at one or more periods of their
783 lives been invited by a man to commit the offence and that often the occasion
is one of great temptation or calls for great presence of mind and will power. Now, when addressing the sun, if so approached, the woman narrates the circumstances, naming the men committing the offence, and recounts the manner of her refusal. In naming the offender, they usually say, "I suppose he hears what I say." These women are also subject to challenge of their having committed adultery. It will be seen from this that the part they take in the ceremony is an ordeal for which most women have little liking and one which they will not undertake lightly. The Blackfoot, themselves, regard it as one of the most solemn occasions in the ceremony. So far as we could learn, no one now living was ever present when one of these women was challenged, but the naming of men who were guilty of improper advances was not unusual.

796 A retrospect of the concept of the tongues indicates that the entire
793 ceremony, or their association with the medicine woman and those who are
sexually pure, gives them a potency that may be acquired by eating. They seem most closely associated with sexual purity since they are less primary in the function of the medicine woman than in case of those who "go forward," the former being required to possess many virtues, the latter
[785] but one. While the medicine woman fasts and keeps to her tipi, the others
do not.

THE MEDICINE WOMAN.

We shall now give our attention to the medicine woman. As previously stated, she is in most respects the central figure in the whole ceremony, around whom centers its more serious and solemn aspects. On the fifth day, an elaborate ritual is demonstrated in her tipi, culminating in the
[778] procession to the dancing lodge. To this ritual belongs a medicine bundle
with accessories, known as the natoas, though the name is primarily that
of the headdress which the bundle contains. This bundle is transferred in
[432] the ritualistic way to the medicine woman by the ceremony and thus becomes
hers to care for and guard until used again at another sun dance ceremony.
The ritual and the bundle have been discussed in detail in Volume 7 of this
[292] series. In addition to the contents of the bundle, there must be a special
[301] robe of elkskin, a dress of the same material, and wristlets of strong elk
teeth.

796

teeth. A new travois must be provided for moving the medicine woman 793
outfit. Sometimes she herself rides on it. This travois is made by the [493]
past medicine woman, her attendant in the ceremonies.

As previously stated, the natoas ritual in the sun dance has for its 796
mythical basis the Elk-woman and the Woman-who-married-a-star, though 773
Scar-face, Cuts-wood, Otter-woman, and Scabby-round-robe are said to have made minor contributions. Versions of these myths may be consulted in Volume 2, part 1 of this series. The Woman-who-married-a-star is credited with bringing down the digging-stick and the turnip, together with the songs pertaining thereto (p. 61), also a wreath of juniper formerly worn in place of the natoas and the eagle feather worn by the man.

It is also interesting to note that the Crane-woman who transfers the 796
ritualistic attributes of these objects makes a formal declaration of her 773
marital virtue. In the case of Elk-woman, we have again the incident 778
of the Crane and the digging-stick where it is implied that the latter symbolizes the bill of the former. We are informed that many animals were present at this transfer, each contributing something to the regalia. We also find it suggested that the bunches of feathers on the natoas represent the horns of the elk, the elk robe and elk teeth wristlets further symbolizing that animal. In one version of this myth is the antagonistic implication that Elk-woman was not quite up to the standard of marital virtue. In the Cuts-wood myth the "going forward to the tongues" is accounted for. Scabby-round-robe is credited with adding the necklace and the arrow point to the natoas and Otter-woman with the wild cat-tail.

The following statement of an informant has a bearing upon this point:— [539]

> The natoas is said to have come from the Elk. It was first owned by beaver bundle men, but it was the custom for the medicine woman in the sun dance to borrow it for her ceremony. This continued for a time, but ultimately the medicine woman bought it and kept it in a bundle of her own. The feathers on the front of the natoas are said to represent the horns of Elk and the plumes at the sides, the leafy top of the large turnip. This is the same turnip which the woman who went to the sky land is supposed to have dug up. The digging-stick which accompanies the natoas also represents the stick with which she did this digging. Some of the songs in the natoas ritual speak of little children running about and this refers to the ball-like image on the front of the natoas, for this image is stuffed with tobacco seeds, which, as you know, are often spoken of as children, or dwarfs (p. 201). The broad band upon which the natoas is mounted is said to represent the lizard. All these things, it is said, were added to the natoas, one at a time, by some of the beaver men. So it came about that we have the natoas as it is.
>
> Now, as to the story about the Elk giving the Natoas the robe and the wristlets used with it. The objection is sometimes made that this first woman who ran away from her husband to join the Elk was not a true woman and that the facts are therefore inconsistent with the ideal of the natoas ritual. Yet, some of our people claim

796 773 778 [539] that the woman was true and that though she went away with the Elk it was merely for the sake of receiving the ritual and that this is evident because in the story it tells how she was able to hook down trees by her magical powers and it is not conceivable that she could do this if she had not been a true woman.

796 778 793 [785] The ceremonial transfer of the sun dance bundle really begins with the fasting of the medicine woman on the first day. Neither she nor her husband are supposed to eat or drink while the sun is visible, and then but sparingly. On the evening before, they are put to bed by the father and mother. The mother places the daughter on the south side of the fire and the father the son on the north side. They must remain in the same position until morning. Before the sun rises the father and mother go to the medicine woman's tipi, stand by the door and sing. They sing as they formally enter, the father raising up the son; the mother, the daughter. The man is taken out by the father and the daughter by the mother for the morning toilet. When they return a small amount of food is fed to the son and daughter, after which the father and mother take a little food and drink. This must be before sunrise. During the day the son and especially the daughter must sit quietly in their places with bowed heads and eyes cast down. [292] [302] She wears a buffalo robe, hair side in, painted red, covering her head as well as her body. Her hair is not braided, but hangs down freely except for a horizontal band around the head. The hair may be allowed to conceal the entire face.

796 The daughter must do nothing for herself. If she wishes to speak it must be in almost a whisper in the ear of the mother or other attendant, who in turn will announce the import, if necessary. A fire is kept burning in the middle of the tipi, the ears are closely drawn around the smoke hole, the door closed, and the tipi cover securely staked down at the edges. [237] Though this keeps the temperature high, the medicine woman cannot use a fan, but may use the skin of a muskrat to wipe the perspiration from her face and hands.

796 785 784 During the fasting period no noise must be made in the tipi. All the attendants must avoid unnecessary conversation and speak in a very subdued tone; utensils must not be rattled or struck together. Visitors may enter, but respectfully and quietly. No noises should be made in the vicinity of the medicine tipi and boisterous acts abstained from in all parts of the camp circle. If water is brought in the vessel must be covered. No one should spit in the tipi nor do the other things forbidden at the ceremony of the tongues.

796 [372] [784] Throughout the whole period there is a male attendant. He keeps the fire alive during the night and until camp is moved. He can only start the fire with an ember from some other tipi, striking fire in the tipi being strictly prohibited.

796 533 539 stuffed with tobacco seed. The song for the doll on the bonnet is: "Children are running about. They are running from us. They are running towards us. They are boys. They are powerful." The man says, "Give me the child," and makes the movement of reception. Another song is sung: "Child is crying," and the man imitates the crying of a child. The song for the little birds is: "Bird says water is my medicine; it is powerful," for the calf tail: "Man says calf tail I want," and for the arrow point: "Sharp points are on both sides." Then follows the song for the leather band which represents the lizard: "Yonder man, I am angry and mad at you." This song of the lizard refers to the prairie dog chief. The blue paint on the band represents water and the song for it is: "The blue waters are our medicine." The song for the feathers is: "Feathers I want." Another song for the plume on the feathers: "Red I want." This closes the evening ceremony. The man and woman are put to bed and all go home.

796 539 543 [484] This is the ceremony after the first sweathouse is made. Three more moves of the entire camp and three more sweathouses must be made. The fourth move and sweathouse is where the sun dance takes place. Nowadays, only one sweathouse is made for the sun dance.

796 It seems that the final camp is marked out by a society laying rocks around its bounds, according to which the arriving bands find their proper places.

796 778 At the fourth camp and on the fourth day, the natoas bundle is opened, or its formal ritual demonstrated. Early in the day another tipi is pitched before the medicine tipi and the covers are joined, thus enlarging the space and providing for a few spectators. A few men and women are invited to assist in the ceremony: the men use the rattles and with the women aid in the singing. The father and other men sit on the north side
[793] of the tipi, the former next the medicine woman's husband; and the other women sit on the south side, the mother next to the medicine woman. She directs the medicine woman and the singing of the other women. The ceremony opens at about ten A. M. with the first series of songs in the ritual.
[534] Three men hold a rattle in each hand, beating them upon the rawhide by a vigorous downward forward stroke, the seventh rattle is used by the father.

796 778 432 The ritual of the natoas will be found in Volume 7, pp. 215-220. Normally, this ceremony transfers the natoas to the daughter. She may, however, waive the right, in which case the bundle returns to the former owner. Yet, she seems to enjoy all the privileges accorded to one having been an owner.

Theoretically, no one can perform a transfer ceremony without having first owned the bundle in question. In case of the natoas, even now, a beaver owner is regarded as competent to conduct the proceeding, though he may never have gone through the ritual with his wife. This is consistent with the tradition that formerly the natoas was a part of the beaver bundle.[1] Yet, the conditions here are slightly different from those for other bundles in that the father must provide or is charged with the responsibility to see that a natoas is provided. Following the vow, either he or the son makes formal application to the owner of a natoas by the usual presentation of a pipe.[2] 796 778 432

When the daughter begins her fasting, the father has the natoas brought to her tipi. As a rule, the father's wife owns a natoas. Some informants claim that even should the daughter own a natoas, the father must provide another. On the other hand, the daughter can select the eligible natoas. In any case, the father furnishes the daughter with a dress and an elk robe for which he must be paid liberally.[3] [785] [124]

In conclusion, it may be remarked that anyone can make up a natoas, if he has a dream so directing him; also, if he owned a natoas that was lost or otherwise destroyed; if he gave it away, without receiving payment; or if it was buried with someone. Having owned a natoas and transferred it, he cannot duplicate it; should the new owner lose it, he may, if called upon, replace it; likewise, if buried, the surviving husband or wife could call upon him. In all such cases fees are given. When one transfers a medicine bundle and has been paid for it, he has no more right to it and cannot duplicate it on his own motion. Should one sell the bundle without the ceremony of transfer, the ritual remains with him and he can again make up the bundle; should one make the transfer and fail to receive the pay, or waive the pay, he can make it up again. The relatives of one buried with a bundle can call upon a former owner to make it up, after which it must be formally transferred to one of them. Men were sometimes killed on the warpath and their bundles lost; such were replaced as noted above. In every case these must be true duplicates; it is only a dream that authorizes new creations, or variations, however slight.

An interesting sidelight is thrown upon the idealized qualities of this woman's function by the following narrative:— 796 793

Once while a medicine woman was sleeping in the sacred tipi during the fasting, a nephew of her husband stole in and made improper advances. 837

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[1] In former times, the natoas and the medicine woman's costume were owned by a beaver man. When a woman gave a sun dance she gave a horse for their use. She just borrowed them. Later on, a beaver man transferred them, whence they became a separate bundle.— Tom Kiyo. [422] [778] [426]

[2] Should the woman already own a natoas and the transferrer (father) own one; the woman must say which bundle shall be used. She can use her own, borrow, or purchase of the transferrer.— Curly-bear.

[3] A Piegan informant comments as follows: The woman can either buy or borrow a natoas. In the olden times she often borrowed because the natoas, the dress, the elk tooth wristlets, and the robe were owned by a beaver man's wife. After a time, however, these were transferred to a medicine woman and were thus separated from the beaver bundle. [426]

796 Being a good and true woman, like all others who give the sun dance,
793 she spurned him. Next day she told her husband the whole story. He
837 was very angry. He was not satisfied with the confession she made, but
783 suspected that she must have given the young man some encouragement. So when all the medicinemen and women had come into the tipi to rehearse the songs as usual, he made a statement of these suspicions and as he had two wives, he proposed to have them change places.

[756] The medicinemen pleaded for the first wife because they believed her innocent, but the husband was obdurate. So the second wife was called in to take the place. Then the first wife said, "It was I who saved this man's life when he was ill. I made the vow to give the sun dance and he got well. I have suffered much in fasting, all for him. Now he disgraces me before all the people. But I will put my virtue to a test. If I am true, I have already acquired power."

[782] She filled a pipe, went outside and standing now on the east side of the
tipi, then on the south, the west, and the north, she addressed the sun.
[821] The day was clear, but soon after the woman entered the tipi, thunder was
[789] heard. A storm came down with hail and blew over many tipis. But in spite of these proofs, her husband was obdurate and the second wife went on with the ceremony.

796 Not long after the sun dance this same man became ill again. Finally, as
755 a last resort, he called upon the first wife to save him again. This woman
593 told him to call upon the other woman as he seemed to have so much faith in her. So he died and was properly punished for so unjustly treating his faithful wife.

THE PROCESSION TO THE DANCING LODGE.

796 In our account of the natoas ritual we told how the father, son, etc.,
778 emerge from their tipi. The file is headed by the father, followed by the
793 son, next the mother, then the medicine woman followed by women bearing
788 the tongues. The father and the son are muffled in blankets (robes); the latter walks with bowed head, leaning heavily on a staff and bearing over his head a wild rhubarb stalk.[1] The medicine woman wears the natoas on her head, an elkskin (often buckskin) dress and an elkskin robe, with the digging-stick on her back. For a staff, she uses one of the smudge sticks. The women in her rear bear parfleches containing the tongues, together with blankets and other ordinary objects. Two or three old men act as

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[534]
[824] [1] Scar-face is said to have made a whistle (flageolet) of such a stalk. The pith of the
[262] growing plant is sometimes eaten for food.

conductors, or flankers, keeping the way clear of spectators, etc. The 796
procession moves slowly and by stages. The four principal personages 778
in it keep their eyes upon the ground. The course is southward past the 793
entrance (east side) to the dancing lodge, around the south side, the rear [788]
of the shelter and entering from the north side. Here the medicine woman [346]
remains until the dancing lodge is raised at sunset, when she returns to her [262]
tipi and breaks her fast with berry soup. The father and the son go to a [343]
sweathouse after which their responsibilities also end. During the continuance of the ceremonies in the sun lodge, the medicine woman cares for the natoas bundle, now her property, until transferred to another, but is otherwise free to do as she likes. She usually remains quietly at home receiving guests and resting.

The part of the medicine woman is truly a sacrifice. She and her 796
husband must pay liberally everyone called upon for ceremonial service 793
directly connected with the tongues and the natoas ritual. They must
also pay a considerable amount of property for the natoas itself. To give [432]
the ceremony means the sacrifice of all personal property. On the other
hand, there is compensation, aside from fulfilling the vow. Her relatives [555]
are very proud of her since she is so virtuous. She is highly respected by her husband and family. In a measure those who "take the tongues" are also respected. The medicine woman may act as the mother in a future sun dance for which she will receive presents and she may eventually realize something by transferring the natoas to another. Should anything
go wrong during the ceremony, the weather be unfavorable, etc., people [783]
will look with suspicion upon her and say she must have lied in her confession to the sun. Should she become ill or have deaths in the family, the same charge will be made.

The Offerings of Cloth. After the procession headed by the father and 796
he is in position at the west side of the dancing lodge, offerings of cloth 782
and clothing are brought up by the people. A man making such an offering hands the father a filled pipe and the cloth. The father holds the pipe and offers prayers for the giver and lights and passes the pipe to other
old men sitting around. The cloth he lays in a pile. Then he paints the
giver: first the face is smeared over with red, then black spots are daubed [302]
on the cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, four in all. A black circle is marked around each wrist. Women bringing offerings and pipes go to the mother who prays for them and paints their faces red with a black spot on the nose and a black circle around the face. There is also a black circle around each wrist.

THE HUNDRED-WILLOW SWEATHOUSE.

796 As stated before, a sweathouse of special form is constructed on the
343 third day. This is said to have originated with Scar-face, it being the house
into which he was taken by the sun. About the middle of the day a society
[575] is sent out for the willows. These were usually those of the younger men;
the pigeons and mosquitoes. There is a belief, however, that in former
times only warriors could be sent upon this errand. These persons are
[823] mounted and return in procession, singing and circling the medicine woman's
[784] tipi in the direction of the sun, and deposit their willows at the west side
of the camp circle. They must not drink water while on this duty.

[575] An older society is called to build the sweathouse. They must not
[784] drink water while engaged in this operation and receive some of the tongues
after the ceremonies of the fourth day. Formerly, these men must have
[555] had a coup to their credit as a qualification and some informants claim that
the sum total for the society should have totalled at least one hundred,
the number of willows. The work begins some time before sunset by which
time the sweathouse should be completed.

[824] The willows are stuck into the ground in an oval and their tops bent
over and interlocked over the top. The ends point toward the east and the
west, an opening or door being provided at each. The willows are then
painted, one side red and the other black. Next, a hole is dug in the center
of the structure for the heated stones. In the meantime, a small heap of
stones mixed with firewood has been placed some distance to the east.
[237] A buffalo skull is painted with red spots on one side and black on the other.
Sagegrass is thrust into the nose and eye-sockets. Robes are then thrown
over the willows and all is ready for the procession from the medicine
woman's tipi.

796 The procession from the medicine woman's tipi consists of the father
343 and another man experienced in ceremonial affairs, the husband, the mother
793 and the medicine woman. They approach slowly and by stages, passing
[823] around the south side of the sweathouse to the north and then to the east or
[778] entrance. All keep their eyes on the ground. The husband walks with a
heavy staff; the medicine woman carries the natoas bundle with a smudge
stick.

The men enter the sweathouse, while the two women go to the west side
and sit down facing the east. The medicine woman is on the north side with
796 the bundle before her. After the men have entered, the fire is lighted and
343 some of the attendants (builders of the sweathouse) lift the buffalo skull to
the top of the sweathouse where it faces the east. Prayers and the usual

Four men are called upon to assist the father and son. As the latter 796 stand upon the pole, they encircle and screen them with their blankets 346 and join the father in singing. The songs call for good luck in erecting the [533] dancing lodge. The son does not sing. Four songs are sung. At the end of each the father blows a whistle while someone shakes the pole. The last time they jump off the pole. The son drops his blanket (some say the [782] father also, some add moccasins) painted black as a sun offering. Another blanket is handed him at once.

As soon as the men leave the pole the advancing raisers rush in, raise the center pole, put on the rafters, tie them with the rawhide strands and place brush all around to form the wind-break. This is accompanied by much shouting, but without shooting.

While the sun pole is being raised the daughter and mother stand watching it. They pray and make movements with the corners of their robes as though steering the rising pole. As it sways from side to side, they gesture as if righting it.

As soon as the pole is set, the natoas, robe, and moccasins are taken off the daughter by the mother. She may call on someone to do this and pay a gun or a horse for the service. The mother and other attendants then lead the daughter to her tipi where she resumes her ordinary routine.

The father and son go to a sweathouse where all the paint is washed [302] off. This is not the hundred-willow sweathouse and is the fifth sweathouse, [343] if it were counted. The two men go in and some sagegrass being handed to the father, he takes off the feathers tied to the son's hair, the hair necklace, and whistle. After the first opening of the sweathouse he takes the sagegrass and wipes off the black paint on the son and hands out through the west side of the sweathouse the necklace, whistle, and feathers which are to be taken home. At the same time, the two women are in the ceremonial lodge, the mother caring for the daughter.

When the men have completed the sweathouse ceremony they go to the medicine woman's tipi. The father and his wife wrap up the natoas and [778] place it in the badger skin. After this is done, they no longer have to [261] eat sparingly. This ends the ceremony of the medicine woman.

Early the next day she and her husband must obtain the cotton- 796 wood brush with which the booth for the weather dancers is made. Another 793 man digs out the place in the booth, making it the same as the smudge 346 place in the medicine woman's tipi, with the sod on three sides and creeping juniper on top of it. The fireplace is dug out to the west of the center post and is made as in the medicine woman's tipi. When going for and returning the brush, the woman rides one horse and leads the one dragging

WHITE DOG'S LAST TRAIL

721 Well, Many-Tail-Feathers finally did achieve his purpose, that of killing his and the Pikuni's enemy, White Dog, but not until several years had passed, and he failed to find and return to him the horses and mules of Lieutenant Beacom. On this last and successful war trail, went with him Bear Head, my good friend, and many a night I have listened to him tell of the events of that long journey to the camp of the Cutthroats.

"*Apikuni,*" he would say, "you remember how many times Many-Tail-Feathers had tried to kill his enemy. How he had once been close to him, had killed his horse, had shot White Dog in the arm, but never would his bullets kill him."

"I have heard that story many times; but tell it again, Bear Head. Tell all that happened to you and the others in the war party."

This, then, is Bear Head's story:

There were six of us, experienced warriors of from thirty to forty summers: Weasel Tail, Heavy Runner, White Antelope, Little Otter, and me, led by Many-Tail-Feathers who was both warrior and medicine man.

We set off down Marias River Valley on a well-worn trail. Some
[411] of us carried Henry repeating rifles of .44 caliber, the others, '73
Winchesters like mine. Each had his war sack, his war bonnet in a
fringed and painted parfleche case, plenty of cartridges, and a lariat
[778] for roping enemy horses.

Many-Tail-Feathers was the owner of the sacred elk-tongue pipe. It and the many other things that went with it—different kinds of animals, bird skins, buffalo stones, rattles, drums, and whistles—made a bundle that was a load for a horse. But certain very small parts of the bundle—sweet pine and sweet grass for incense, the feathered skin of a raven, some native tobacco, and a black stone pipe—he carried in a painted parfleche pouch at his back. We were, as usual, traveling on foot.

I asked Many-Tail-Feathers to tell us his plan for the raid. We would, he said, follow down this river to where, at the mouth of

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Black Coulee, it turned southward. Then keeping on due east, and 721 passing along the north foot of the Bear Paw Mountains, we would in due time strike Little (Milk) River, and somewhere along it, perhaps where it joined Big River, we would be sure to find the camp of White Dog and his Cutthroat people.

A long way for us to go. We would have to travel anyway eighteen nights in order to reach the enemy camp; that is, if we traveled twenty miles each day.

Our trail cut across the bends of the river, so we were sometimes traveling along the timbered bottoms and again out over the plain. The night was clear; an almost full moon was shining. After we had gone ten or twelve miles from the fort, we began frightening game resting or grazing along our way: elk, deer, antelope. Near and far wolves were howling, coyotes shrilly yelping. Good sounds they were. We had no fear of attack by the wolves or the coyotes.

When in the east the sky began to whiten with the first faint light of day, our leader told me to go on ahead and kill something. I was not long in finding a few antelope, killed a buck, and was butchering it when my friends came down to help me. We turned off into the thick timber and willows bordering the river, and over a fire, almost smokeless, broiled and ate our fill of the fat meat.

Our early meal ended, Many-Tail-Feathers named Weasel Tail to go up onto the rim of the plain and watch for the possible approach of any enemies until noon when he was to come in and waken me for the afternoon watch. With that our leader went off by him- [787] self, in quiet to smoke to the gods and pray them to give him, as he slept, a vision of what might be in store for us—whether of danger to be avoided or overcome, or of our safe advance. We others, after smoking a couple of pipes, put out the fire and slept.

The day passed uneventfully. Near evening we all got together for another meal of broiled antelope meat, Many-Tail-Feathers reporting that he had not been given a vision of any kind. Well, he, [778] because of his ownership of the sacred pipe, had great favor with the gods. If danger threatened they surely would have given him warning of it. Dusk came and we took to the trail again.

On our third morning out from the fort, we camped at the mouth

787 And said Little Bird Woman: "Oh, brother, after your fast, join
785 Seizers; they are the best clothed, best singers and dancers of all of
575 the warrior bands."

"No, you will join the Raven Carriers, they such always-successful warriors. My father, my brother were members of it," the mother said.

785 There followed some argument between mother and son over
787 which of the medicine men (Sun priests) should be asked to pray
[778] for his safety and success in his lone and strenuous fast. The result was that Fox Eyes brought in his horses, roped and led one of them before the lodge of Black Otter, owner of the sacred Thunder Pipe bundle, gave him the horse and said: "*Haiyu!* Oh, powerful, Sun-favored Thunder Pipe man. I am to undergo my lone fast. Help me. Pray for me!"

346 "Yes. Build a sweat lodge at once and I will join you in it," the old man answered.

Badger Woman, her daughter, and some of their women friends were already building the sweat lodge. In shape it was a semisphere, about ten feet in diameter; its frame, of willows; its covering, an old lodge-skin. In its center a small pit was dug; and lastly, in the near-by fire, some stones were set to heat.

783 Came presently Black Otter with his sacred pipe, a wooden bowl,
793 and a buffalo tail; and he and Fox Eyes went into the little lodge,
[778] undressed, thrust out their clothing, and naked sat. The women passed in the red-hot rocks, and with a stick Fox Eyes rolled them into the pit; lastly, the old man's bowl, filled with water, was passed
533 to him. He dipped the buffalo tail in it, sprinkled the rocks, and, as
782 dense steam began to fill the lodge, he sang the first one of his Thunder Pipe songs and then fervently prayed Sun to protect Fox Eyes, to give him success in the lone fast which he was about to endure.
[821] Followed more sprinklings of rocks; more songs; more prayers to Sun, Night Light (the moon), the Seven Persons (constellation of
778 Ursa Major), and Thunderbird. Lastly, with the sacred pipe in hand,
776 Fox Eyes prayed the Above Ones for success in his undertaking, for
782 long life and happiness for his family, and for all of the people of his tribe.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

The Theft of the Sacred Otter Bow-Case (Told by Bird Chief—James Bird)[1]

THE SUMMER OF 1846 was about gone when our little war party 721
returned from the far south—the Always-Summer-Land—with the 778
big band of horses that we had taken from the Mexicans. My brother-in-law, Mad Wolf, brought the sacred white-otter bow-case of his dead brother, Bear Head. I shall never forget that day of our return, [825]
our triumphant entry into the great camp of the Pikunis, for, seeing that Mad Wolf had recovered the sacred bow-case, the people went wild with joy, believing as they did that Sun valued a white otter more than any other sacred animal, even a white buffalo, and would therefore particularly favor the owner of the sacred bow-case and the whole tribe as well.

Briefly, the history of the sacred bow-case was that Bear Head and a Cree medicine man named Skunk Cap had one day discovered a white otter, rarest of all albino animals, and had simultaneously shot at it, Bear Head being the one to kill it. But Skunk Cap had angrily claimed that it was his shot that had killed the animal and in various and mean ways had tried to get possession of it. Bear Head, [281]
making of its white-furred, softly tanned pelt a beautiful bow-case, [782]
had publicly vowed that he would in due time sacrifice it to Sun, hang it to the center post of a sacred lodge that, in the Berries-Ripe Moon of every summer, the tribe built in honor of the great sky god.

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[1] Onetime engagé of the Hudson's Bay Company, died on the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, Montana, in 1902, in his eighty-ninth year. [115]

Condensed from *Boy's Life* (July, August, and September, 1935).

721 Not long after making the vow, Bear Head, his brother Mad
778 Wolf, and Skunk Cap joined a war party going to the far south to
raid the horse herds of the Mexicans. In a fight that the party had
down there with the Many Bracelets people (the Navajos), Bear
[764] Head was mortally wounded. Before he died, his grieving brother
[782] promised him that he would bury him with all of his possessions and,
in the following summer, come back for the sacred bow-case and
himself sacrifice it to Sun for the good of the tribe. So poor Bear
Head died, and with some difficulty the party got his body and belongings
up into a house of the ancient and vanished Cliff Dwellers
and came home with the horses that they had taken from the Mexicans.
Soon thereafter Skunk Cap left the Pikunis to go we knew
not where.

Came spring again, the spring of 1846, and from some friendly Gros Ventres visiting in our camp we learned that Skunk Cap had wintered with their tribe and had recently gone on to the Cutthroats (Assiniboines) to organize a war party of them to raid the Mexicans —the Gros Ventres being against going that far on raids.

Cried Mad Wolf upon hearing this: "Ha! Raid the Mexicans, that cowardly Skunk Cap. No! He is southward going to steal my brave, dead brother's sacred otter bow-case. We must be off at once, get there first, or he will do it." And that got our medicine man and wise warrior, *Pinukwiim*, to organize a war party to hurry south to prevent the theft. This was a war party that I was glad to join for I wanted to see the far-south country and its strange tribes.

Some fights we had down there, some men we lost, and at last
made camp one evening at the mouth of the canyon in which poor
[769] Bear Head's body lay. Not for anything, not for one hundred head
of horses would any of our companions have gone up to that place
of the dead, so, just before dawn, Mad Wolf and I set out to get the
sacred bow-case, should it still be there.

It was very dark in the narrow, high-walled canyon. We stole up it until opposite the great cave and its many ancient houses, and waited until dawn to see our way up into it. Then, climbing the narrow and dangerous trail, we heard the echoing thuds of falling rocks and sensed that there was someone in the cave. So there was. Skunk

Cap. Skunk Cap alone, tossing back the rocks with which Mad Wolf 721
had filled the doorway of the house in which his brother's body lay. 778

With quick and silent run, Mad Wolf seized the thief's gun, leaning against the wall of the house, and sickening was his fright, his pleading when he turned and saw us. And then he turned and ran, and Mad Wolf quickly fired and killed him, killed him even as he whined to us that he was the last of the Cutthroat party.

Said Mad Wolf as we entered the dusky house and saw the shrouded form upon the floor, the sacred bow-case upon the tripod above it: "Brother, I am here at last. Brother, I have come for you. . . ." What more he said I did not hear for I somehow sickened and turned and hurried out. Then soon he came with the sacred bow-case, and we filled the narrow doorway with the rocks and rejoined the party. A moon later we were back in our far-north lodges and enjoying a well-earned rest.

Came spring, the spring of 1847, and we set out from Musselshell [439]
River where we had wintered for Fort Lewis, there to trade our buffalo robes and furs for goods of the white men. So going, we camped, late of an afternoon, on Judith River, and Mad Wolf invited me to a feast in the lodge of his father, Lame Bull, with whom he lived. A number of guests came in, and when the pipe was going the round of us, talk was of the remarkably successful winter we had had—mild weather, practically no sickness, plenty of buffalo and fur animals close to camp.

Said Lame Bull, pointing to the sacred bow-case tied to a lodge pole at the head of Mad Wolf's couch: "My friends, it is because of that sacred thing, my son's recovery of it, that Sun has been so good
to us. Why, he will always love and care for us, his Pikuni children, [782]
for not far off now is the Berries-Ripe Moon when we build the great lodge for him, and my son will hang to its center post the sacred bow-case, it at last to be the great sky god's very own." To that all gave hearty assent, and the pipe smoked out, we arose and went our homeward ways.

Early next morning shouts of men and shrieks of women awakened me, and, hurrying out and joining a crowd before Lame Bull's lodge, I learned that, in the night, Mad Wolf's sacred otter bow-case had

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721 been stolen. None in the lodge had heard anyone enter or leave it. ●778 What enemy could have so quietly taken it? What enemy could have known just where it was in Lame Bull's ravens-painted lodge—so heavily painted with ravens that it was very dark inside at night? Apparently no war party had entered camp, for all of the fast, trained, and valuable buffalo horses that, for better safety, had been tied before the lodges of their owners for the night, were still there, and a hurried inspection of the herds grazing about in the long bottom proved that not a single horse of them was missing.

As I returned to my lodge to wash and dress and eat, the strange quietness of the camp struck me. For once there was no early-morning chatting and singing of the women as they went about their work; even the children, usually so noisy at their play, were quiet. The loss of the sacred bow-case was a terrible blow to all.

Mad Wolf, unkempt, drawn faced, came in to sit with me. Said he: "Bird Chief, who do you think stole my sacred bow-case?"

"Must have been someone of an enemy war party," I answered.

"No. No enemy war party was here, else some of our buffalo horses would be missing. But well you know that I have enemies right here in our camp. Two of them: Short Bow and Fox Head. One or the other of them stole it."

It was true that the two had long been at odds with Mad Wolf. They did not speak to him, nor he to them, when they met. In a fight between some of the Pikunis and a war party of Snakes, Fox Head had claimed, and still claimed, that he killed one of the enemy who had actually fallen to Mad Wolf. And in a night raid upon the Crow camp Short Bow had insisted that he had taken a certain horse that, as others of the party agreed, had actually been led out by Mad Wolf. But for all that I could not believe that either of them had stolen the sacred bow-case.

"It is not reasonable that they would take it for it could do them C184 no good. They could not keep it nor give it to Sun," I said. And my wife put in: "Mad Wolf, dear brother, they would not dare incur Sun's anger by stealing that which you have vowed to give him."

"The crazy-heads care not for Sun. They will do anything to cause me trouble. One or the other or both of them stole my sacred 721 bow-case and hid it," he growled, and with that left us. 778

At a secret council of chiefs and medicine men in head chief Lone Walker's lodge, Lame Bull told of his son's suspicion of the two, with the result that the whole tribe of us was ordered out to look for the bow-case. All up and down the long bottom, all through the cottonwood groves and along the berry-bushed slopes of the valley, two thousand men, women, and children searched for it, and without result. Then Mad Wolf was summoned before a second council of the wise ones and asked to agree that whoever could find the sacred bow-case should have the honor of giving it to Sun at the appointed time.

"What, let Fox Head or Short Bow produce my sacred bow-case and later on give it to Sun! Oh, no! No! No! he cried.

Long they pleaded with him—Lame Bull even tearfully. They said that the welfare, the future of the tribe for all time to come depended upon the recovery of the bow-case, long since promised to Sun. At last he gave in. But nothing came of a second thorough search for it, which, we later learned, had not been joined by Short Bow and Fox Head. Said Mad Wolf when our old-man informer had gone: "So that's how it is. They dare not bring my sacred bow-case from where they hid it for fear that I would kill them."

From Judith River on to Fort Lewis the Pikunis were a dejected, silent people. I wondered if they would ever get over the loss of the sacred bow-case. Day and night they were in constant fear of their [781] sky god's displeasure. We arrived at the fort to find the shelves of the trade room bare of goods, so no trading in of our robes and furs until the keelboats would arrive from Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone with fresh supplies. We went into camp just below the fort, and long and gloomy was our wait. It was the time of year when war party after war party of the Pikunis annually set out to raid enemy tribes; but now, fearful of Sun's displeasure, believing that he would not aid them, none would go. So, no more happy feast-gatherings; no more dancing; no more story-telling, jesting around our evening lodge fires.

On a day in June the first keelboat of the season arrived. Antoine Bissette was its captain, and with him was his Pikuni wife Mink Woman, who in the previous fall had gone downriver with him to winter at Fort Union. From her we got astonishing news: because of three Cree half-blood trappers, visitors in our camp, a Cutthroat named Bull-Turns-Around, he whose medicine was a lodge painted with a big buffalo bull, had stolen Mad Wolf's sacred bow-case and vowed ever to keep it, as that would cause the Pikunis continually to have bad luck.

Arriving at Fort Union, the three had told of their stop with us and of seeing the sacred bow-case owned by one Mad Wolf who lived in a ravens-painted lodge, he whose war party in the far-south land had wiped out Skunk Cap and his war party of Cutthroats—true enough, except that one of them, Bull Turns-Around, had managed to survive the dangers down there and return to his people. When new grass began to show green, he left in quest of the bow-case, and, as the boat was leaving the mouth of the Yellowstone, had returned with the sacred thing upon his shoulder, loudly singing as he met his tribe.

Breathlessly the crowd of us listened to the woman and when she had finished plied her with questions until, at last, Lone Walker shouted: "Enough, my children. Go your ways for we old ones must council about this, decide upon a way to recover the sacred bow-case."

But Mad Wolf, quickly stepping up to him, said: "Chief, I shall not council with you about it. The sacred bow-case is mine, my very own; so it is for me in my own way to go to recover it.

Said Lone Walker after some thought: "Right you are. It is your very own. Once you recovered it and I believe that you will do it again. Go, my brave one, and we will constantly pray Above One for your safety and success."

Late that evening Mad Wolf came into my lodge and said to me: "Well, eight friends have promised to go with me after my sacred bow-case, so, with you, we will be ten to go."

Somewhat reluctantly I answered: "*Ah.*"

Early next morning as Mad Wolf was eating with me, came in a

youth and said to him: "I have this for you from Fox Head and Short 72|
Bow. Said they: 'When your sacred bow-case was stolen, you prom- 778
ised that whoever could recover it should have it to give to Sun. So is it that we go to take it from the Cutthroat thief.' "

"No. They shall not go. It is for me to get it. Hurry back, you, and tell them so," Mad Wolf roared.

"Cannot tell them. They left last night, and with them fifteen of their friends," whimpered the youth, and fled.

"Gone. Sneaked away to go down there and make trouble for us," Mad Wolf groaned. And then to me: "Bird Chief, we must be quickly off, get to the Cutthroats' camp ahead of them."

But Lame Bull would not allow us to leave until he had gathered [726]
us in a sweat lodge and prayed long and earnestly for our safety and
success in our dangerous undertaking. That our rivals, the Fox Head- [777]
Short Bow party, had hurried off without the sacred bath meant bad luck for them, our wise ones said. As it was, we set out at noon. Rightly we should have waited until night to leave, for well we knew that large war parties from enemy tribes were roaming the country, and to be discovered by one of them might mean our end.

Mink Woman had told us that, when finished trading at down-river Big House, the Cutthroats would summer hunt along the lower reaches of Milk River. So, after five days of travel down the valley of the Missouri, at the mouth of Cow Creek we turned off northeastward to pass the east end of the Wolf Mountains, strike Milk River, and follow it down until we should sight the enemy camp.

The afternoon was hot and we were tired, for we had been traveling day and night with but short intervals of rest—constantly urged on by Mad Wolf, fearful that the rival party might still be ahead of us. We were now in very dangerous country, for the Wolf Mountains were favorite lookout points for enemy war parties seeking camps of our Blackfoot tribes to raid them. As we neared the east end of the mountains (now named the Little Rockies), the plain ahead was black spotted with herds of buffalo. Bad for us as we would unavoidably frighten some of them, start them to running, and so be discovered by any enemies that might be looking down from the heights beyond.

721 778 The risk was so great that Morning Eagle, eldest of our party, and then several others asked Mad Wolf to call a halt until night. But no. We must take the risk, he answered, get ahead of Fox Head and Short Bow and recover the sacred bow-case. Soon afterward a big herd of the buffalo got wind of us and ran thundering off south for several miles before recovering from their fright. Then at sunset, as we neared Wolf Creek (now called Rock Creek), we frightened another herd.

Said Morning Eagle as we watched their flight: "My medicine tells me that we are nearing trouble. I advise you all to call upon Him Above for help." None made reply to that. Worriedly we kept on —some, as I saw, with lips working in silent prayer.

Night had come and the moon was rising when, following a broad and dusty buffalo trail, we turned down the slope of Wolf Creek Valley, hurried to get water. Laying down our weapons, we knelt upon the shore, were beginning to drink, when suddenly guns boomed and men shouted in the brush across from us. Morning Eagle, close at my side, dropped face down into the creek, and as the rest of us snatched our guns from the ground and sprang up, a bullet seared the skin of the left side of my neck.

We could not see the enemy, doubtless reloading their guns. Said Mad Wolf: "Turn back into the timber. Hurry." Said Little Plume: "They shall not scalp Morning Eagle. Help me lift him." We carried him and his gun well into the grove, made sure that he was dead. There followed a long silence. We could hear no movement of the enemy. Said one of our number: "I would like to know who they are, and how many."

"Cutthroats. That I know from their shouting though I can't speak their language," I answered.

Said another: "He warned us of near danger and now he is dead, our good friend here. That your fault, Mad Wolf. You would make us travel in daytime, frightening buffalo herds for our enemies to see."

"I meant it for the best. To recover my sacred bow-case, give it to Sun, gladly would I sacrifice my own life," he answered. And just then some whitetail deer came leaping past, plain warning that

our enemies had crossed the creek below and were sneaking up to 721
attack us again. 778

Nothing to do but abandon poor Morning Eagle's body. We stole off up the grove, carefully feeling our way that we step on no dry sticks to break and tell of our going. So at last, making sure that we were not being trailed, we turned into the creek, drank, crossed over, climbed the east slope of the valley to the edge of the plain, and there stopped to rest and talk over the misfortune that had befallen us. But soon we heard, down whence we had come, the shrill nickering of a horse, and then of another one.

"*Ha!* A sitting-on-top war party," said Mad Wolf (*i-ke-tópi,* meaning "riding"). "Perhaps we can go down there and take their horses."

We were soon to learn that that would be impossible. Out from the timber came a large band of horses—a lone rider in the lead, at least thirty riders in the rear urging them on. Up the slope they came to pass not far to our left. We flattened ourselves in the grass and short sage, watched them come on. They topped the slope so near us that we could hear them grunting, "*Hu-hu! Hu-hu!*" as they smacked the slower ones of the band with their rope ends. It was a band of a hundred head or more. We counted the riders: thirty-two. Out upon the plain they swept, eastward going, our direction, too. As we got up to follow, said Little Plume: "Maybe those, their stealing, are Pikuni horses."

"Probably are. They came from the west, only our tribe in that direction," said another.

"Matters not their horse-stealing if we can only take my sacred bow-case from them," Mad Wolf said.

That night we passed the east end of the Wolf Mountains and struck down a fork of Sage Creek (now Beaver Creek), a tributary of Milk River, or, as we called it, Little River. With the coming of day, we were right on the trail of the Cutthroats' war party. Hungry and tired, we killed an elk, broiled and ate our fill of it, slept for an all too short time, pushed on down the valley.

In midafternoon we were startled by hearing someone shout,

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Hai! Pikuni men. *Hai!* My relatives, wait for me." And from the timber on our left came running to us Black Weasel, a member of our rival party, and gasped: "Mad Wolf. Oh, my friends, how glad I was when I saw you coming, saw who you were. I have had a terrible time . . . ."

"Now, now, calm yourself. Sit down, get your breath and tell us about it," Mad Wolf scolded.

Down he plumped and after a little said: "Below here this morning Fox Head said that we could rest. We were asleep in the timber when along came a war party of Cutthroats with many Pikuni horses, among them *Pinukwiim's* black-and-white-spotted fast buffalo horse. Mad Wolf, one of the Cutthroats, tall, big, had your sacred otter bow-case at his shoulder. They got down from their horses a little way above us, began taking off their clothes making ready to bathe. Short Bow said that when they had all passed through the brush to the creek, he would run and take the sacred bow-case. Fox Head told him he must not attempt it, too dangerous. But when they went to the creek, he ran to get it, and we all ran the other way, down through the willows into a big grove. I fell, struck my knee against a rock. Pain was terrible, could run no more. The others kept on. I limped across the creek, hid in some rose brush. The Cutthroats were yelling; two shots were fired. That the end of Short Bow, I thought.

"It seemed a long time that I lay there. At last I heard the Cutthroats singing, driving their stealing of Pikuni horses down the valley, not looking for my companions else they would not be singing. When they were gone I rubbed my knee, felt better. Someone, maybe He Above, seemed to be telling me that Short Bow had been killed, telling me, too, that I should not try to overtake the others. So I turned back for home. How glad I was when I saw you all coming. Mad Wolf, Chief, have pity. Let me go on with you."

Mad Wolf, after scolding him for joining the other party, allowed him to go with us. An hour or so later we found Short Bow, scalped and mutilated, killed before he could reach the pine-grown slope of the valley for which he had evidently headed. I proposed that we bury the body but the others were strongly against it. We had been unable to bury Morning Eagle, dead because of this one's fault, so let the buzzards have their way with the remains, they said. 721 778

Knowing now that our rival party was surely ahead of us, Mad Wolf kept us going at swifter pace, and with less rest than ever. At dawn the following morning we struck Milk River and turned down its wide and partly timbered valley. The next morning just before daybreak, utterly worn out, we took shelter in a heavy growth of chokecherry brush at the top of the south slope of the valley, and Mad Wolf named me to stand watch with him—we to sleep later on.

We afterward often said that Sun himself made us turn up to that berry brush for our resting place; had we gone on, we would, undoubtedly, all of us have been killed. A few minutes after we had comfortably seated ourselves in the lower side of the brush to begin our watch, a hundred or more riders appeared rounding a sharp bend of the valley a half-mile below. Men riders, hunters, coming to run a large herd of buffalo that, upon the plain across from us, was slowly grazing in to drink at the river. And following the hunters came their women to help them butcher their kills and pack home the meat and hides. Yes, we surely would have met them had we kept on down the valley.

When directly opposite us, they halted in a small grove of cottonwoods. The buffalo, arriving at the rim of the plain, ceased grazing and came leaping down the slope eager to get to water. As they began passing the grove, the hunters charged out among them, shooting, singing, yelling; and all went swiftly up the long bottom, all save the stricken cows and young bulls and heifers, falling, dotting the ground in their wake. Our awakened companions joining us, we all stared resentfully at the scene for, as Mad Wolf said, this was Pikuni country and these Pikuni buffalo that the Cutthroats were killing. And how many they were—all of two hundred in the short run that they made. Their women joining them, all went to work on the kills, and several hours later they went back down the valley, their horses loaded with all that they could carry of red meat and brown hides.

Well, we had learned that the camp of the Cutthroats was close below. Said Mad Wolf: "Now at last, this coming night, we make our dangerous attempt to recover my sacred bow-case. Pray, all [726] [782]

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721 of you, as you never prayed before. Pray Sun to prevent Fox Head
●778 and his followers from interfering in our attempt. Oh, strongly pray
726 Him Above to give us complete success."

782 "*Ah*, pray we will," all answered and did pray long and fervently and lay down and slept.

721 When night came we were rounding the sharp bend of the valley
below when, a mile or so farther on, the angry barking of dogs, in
778 answer to the howling of wolves, warned us that we were nearing
the Cutthroats' camp. And presently, looking out from the edge of a grove, we saw it there before us in a long, grassy bottom, midway between the timber-fringed river and the slope up to the plain, its big circle of lodges in the moonlight dimly glowing with the fires within them. We could hear the people talking, singing, drumming happily over their successful buffalo run, see them visiting from lodge to lodge. We sat down, to make no further move until they slept, and said Mad Wolf: "In a buffalo-painted lodge, somewhere in that circle of them, is my sacred otter bow-case. We must, oh, we must get off with it this night."

"How are we to do it?" I asked.

[723] "Listen, closely listen to this, my plan to get it," he answered. "We locate the buffalo-painted lodge. Then we go into the camp, take, each of us, one of the fast buffalo horses there tied, and meet a little way out from the painted lodge. Then, while you all hold my horse ready for me, I will go into the lodge, kill that stealer of my sacred bow-case, run to you with it, and we will be off. There. What think you of it?"

"Too much for you, alone, to undertake," Little Plume replied. "That thief, that Bull-Turns-Around, may be awake and fight you as you enter, so I will go with you, do my best to kill him while you are doing what you have to do."

Said Mad Wolf, and feelingly: "That will be very helpful. I do not like to ask it of any of you. Brave Little Plume. Generous Little Plume . . . ."

There followed a long silence—each of us busy with his own thoughts; I dreading what was before us. I did not want to go into the camp to sneak out a horse for well I knew the danger of it.

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Anxiously we waited for the camp to quiet down. But presently, 721
in the center of the great camp circle, a fire began to glow, then 778●
another and another until four of them were brightly blazing. And in the light of them, to the throbbing of many drums and fierce singing, men began to dance while, apparently, the whole tribe looked on. Well, that would soon end we thought. But it didn't. It went on and on. Was it that the Cutthroats had, like us, a number of secret, warrior societies, and had chosen this night to dance, each
of them in turn? Anxiously we watched our clock, the Seven Per- [805]
sons *(Ursa Major). Slowly they turned, telling us of the passing* of the night, at last of the nearing of the new day, and still the drumming, singing, dancing of the warriors continued. Reluctantly we stole up into a patch of cherry brush at the rim of the plain, there to wait for another night to do our work. But first we drank and drank at the river and ate of the dry, crisp roasted meat that we carried for just such an emergency.

Came morning, and with my telescope I sought to find the buffalo- [177]
painted lodge in the big camp a half-mile away. I soon located it in the north side of the circle of them—a big, black painting of a buffalo plainly in sight on the south side of a big, new, white lodge of buffalo leather. I could even make out the red life line running from its mouth back to a red-painted heart in its body. By turns during the day we kept watch upon the lodge with the telescope, and so saw Bull-Turns-Around, himself, coming and going from it. Tall, very tall, he was, and of heavy build. Looking at him, Mad Wolf prayed: "Oh. Sun, help us. Help us that, this coming night, we put an end to him, that stealer of my sacred bow-case."

It was a long, hot, and anxious day that we passed up in that patch of cherry brush. Mad Wolf, at times, fearful that Fox Head and his followers were to cause us trouble, tried to dispel our gloom by saying: "Now why so poor faced? Take courage, all of you. I know that we shall recover my sacred otter bow-case this very night and with it homeward go."

It was near midnight when we descended the slope, came to a stand close north of the sleeping camp, and Mad Wolf gave us last instructions: "Little Plume, Bird Chief, you two will go with me.

721 You others enter the camp farther on to take the horses we will need. 778 Here, right here where we stand, will be our meeting place if all goes well. Then here you all will wait with the horses while we return to the camp to do you-know-what. And listen. Should anything happen that we have to run, our meeting place will be upriver where, this morning, we drank. So. We go."

Mad Wolf leading, I close following Little Plume, we three approached the camp. So slowly did we move that we were long in nearing the buffalo-painted lodge. We stopped a little way from it, [20] and Mad Wolf was signing to us that we would take three of the horses picketed before lodges to the right of it, when guns suddenly began booming in the timber bordering the river and near the opposite side of the camp. We dropped flat in the grass. At once men began running from their lodges, shouting to one another as, weapons in hand, they sped toward the timber to fight whoever their enemies might be.

Though watching for him, we did not see Bull-Turns-Around come from his lodge. What we did see was a man off to our left running toward the lodge, and then we recognized him, Fox Head. Fox Head himself. We sprang up, took after him, Mad Wolf in the lead, seized him at the entrance of the lodge, fearlessly shouting: "Go back. Not for you my sacred bow-case." But for answer, Fox Head broke loose, dived into the lodge, we close behind him. In there, as in other lodges, women and children were chattering, shrieking with fear, for shooting and shouting continued at the river.

But the man of this lodge, this Bull-Turns-Around, had not gone there and, angrily yelling, he crushed Fox Head's skull with a blow of his war club. He would have killed Mad Wolf had he not parried the stroke with the barrel of his gun. Then, before Bull-Turns-Around could strike again, Little Plume stabbed him deep in his breast, and even as he fell Mad Wolf was cutting his sacred bow-case from the lodgepole to which it was tied and saying to us: "I have it. We must go, and go fast."

"Not until I have this," Little Plume answered, stooping over that Bull-Turns-Around and taking his scalp, there right before his women and children, now silent, paralyzed with fear. Then, as we

ran from the lodge, a woman coming from one near by saw us 721
and loudly shouted for help. 778

We sped up the valley as fast as we could go, the shouts of men taking after us loud in our ears. But we had a good lead on them; gaining the timber, we hurried to our agreed-upon meeting place and there found our companions awaiting our coming. And seeing what we had with us, Mad Wolf's sacred bow-case and Bull-Turns-Around's scalp, they went all but crazy over our success.

We were sure that the Cutthroats would not venture into the timber after us, so we drank and, crossing the river, continued on up into the timber on that side of it until morning when we hid in another patch of berry brush up at the edge of the plain. We talked over our exciting experience of the night and by turns slept and kept watch for the enemy. But none appeared that day or later. We thought then that Fox Head had set his party to make pretense of attacking the Cutthroats so to give him good opportunity to make off with the sacred bow-case.

Upon arriving in the Pikuni camp ten days later, we learned that such had been his plan, with the result that the Cutthroats had killed three of his men while they were retreating across the river. So there was mourning for him and the three, and for Short Bow and Morning Eagle—six dead in the quest of the sacred bow-case.

We gave the scalp of Bull-Turns-Around to their relatives. They blackened their faces, hands, and feet, and with it danced here and there in the camp the sad scalp dance, slow bending of knees in time with the slow, wailing, scalp-dance song. But the mourning was drowned by the rejoicing of the people over the recovery of the sacred otter bow-case.

Sun's sacred lodge was soon to be built. Mad Wolf would give the sacred bow-case to Him, hang it to the center post. Without doubt, the Pikunis would prosper as never before. "Oh, Sun. To our brave Mad Wolf, give him long life and happiness," was their fervent prayer. [782]

cessful, to survive the wiles, the bullets, and the arrows of his enemies, 721
he should always go alone against them. [716]

There follows his tale of his last and greatest adventure, as he often [787]
told it in the long-ago:

It was Running Wolf who came hurrying into my lodge that morning and said that a war party had made off with some of our horses during the night. They had taken his swift black-and-white-spotted horses that he had tied before the doorway of his lodge. I went out with him, with the others who were camped above us, and we found that forty-one of our horses had been stolen. We found, too, the defiance of us by the stealers: their coupstick set upright in the ground behind Running Wolf's lodge, the piece of deer leather tied to it, painted with a black bird. *Ha!* The war party were Crows!

Returning to my lodge, I told my women to put into my war 726
sack several pairs of moccasins, some pemmican, my little sacks of 515
sacred paint, and to build a sweat lodge. Late in the day Red Eagle, [714]
powerful sacred man, owner of the Sun-favored Thunder Pipe, went [778]
into the sweat lodge with me, and, thrusting out our blankets, we [276]
sat naked within it. The women rolled in the rocks that they had [237]
heated red; we poked them into the little center pit we had dug, and,
dipping a buffalo tail in a bowl of water, Red Eagle sprinkled them
with it. As steam filled the lodge, and we perspired, he prayed Sun, 782
Moon, and Morning Star to keep me safe from all dangers along the 515
way that I was to go and to give me success in my raid upon the
Crows. I prayed too, and we smoked as we sang Sun's songs and the 276
songs of the Thunder Pipe. It was dusk when we reached outside for [533]
our blankets, and, wrapped in them, ran to the creek and plunged
into its cold water; then we went home to dress.

Sad-faced and silent, my women set hot food before me. "Don't 777
you dare cry, for that would bring me bad luck," I told them. "Be 726
cheerful; laugh; sing; count the days of my absence as you pray for
me, and that will bring good luck to all of us." Came in Red Eagle
and others for a short visit and smoke with me—one advising that I
ride his fast horse, so that I could quickly go to the far Crow country.
I replied that riding to war was too dangerous. A horse, though well

721 "Oh, no," the other answered shivering. "I can't touch it." Then to me and pointing: "It is there under that calf robe. You, yourself, look at it."

I moved to the place between two couches, knelt, thrust my hand under the robe and touched something cold and sticky. It was the half-dried scalp part of the braid. I drew it out, stood up, held it before me, shoulder high. The long, gray, shell-tied-to-it braid, its end wrapped in otter fur, touched the ground. The shell was pierced with seven holes. Without doubt it was the right-side-of-the-head braid of Big Snake. I put it back under the robe and turned to go, but Spear Woman stopped me.

"Boy, go tell our man to come to us, with his gun remain with us, protect us as best he can," she pleaded.

[782] And then Badger Woman: "And on your way, turn into the lodge of Sun Weasel and ask him powerfully to pray the Above Ones to save us from the Crows."

782 I stepped into Sun Weasel's lodge, owner of the elk-tongue sacred
●[778] pipe. He was not there. His sits-beside-him-wife, Antelope Woman,
[276] was the leader of the powerful Gathered Women *(Mahtokiks)* secret
[292] society. She had on her sacred headdress of owl feathers and was
[575] praying Sun to save us. The two other wives were joining in her prayers, their cheeks wet with tears. Their children were silent, sitting big eyed, frightened. I gave Badger Woman's message and Antelope Woman said to me: "I am praying. You are from Calf Looking's lodge. Quickly return there and tell our man that we want him to
721 come to us, to stay here with us."

My father and I had hobbled our horses. As I neared Calf Looking's lodge, I came to them, standing, head down, hungry, unable to paw the snow to get at the grass with their fettered feet. I removed their hobbles and said to them: "Go free; eat; it is not likely that we will ever ride you again."

When I entered the lodge the Crows sharply eyed me, several of them muttering something. I gave Little Otter and Sun Weasel their
[201] women's messages, but they did not move. It was hard for my father and Calf Looking and the others to keep up pleasant, interesting sign-talk with the Crows. My father told of his war trails, of strange ad-

701 my people. At that time we were camped on Big (Missouri) River, a
702 short distance below the mouth of Bear (Marias) River. My father
was to be the leader of the war party. Other prominent members of it
were Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, Buffalo-Painted-Lodge,
False-Heavy-Runner, and Owl Child. In all we were seventy to go.
726 Came the day for us to prepare for our departure. Sacred-pipe men
702 prepared sweat lodges for us. How proud I was when, with my
515 father and others, I entered the one owned by Red Eagle, whose
● [778] sacred bundle was that of the Thunder Pipe. We thrust our wraps
outside and sat in a circle, naked. Women passed in stones that they
[237] had heated red hot. We rolled them into a pit in the center of the
lodge, and with a buffalo-tail asperger Red Eagle sprinkled them
[533] with water from a red wooden bowl. As dense steam arose and filled
[782] the lodge, he began his sacred songs, in which we joined. He prayed
[276] Sun, Morning Star, and other Above Ones to keep us safe upon our
dangerous trail and give us complete success against our enemies. He
passed his sacred pipe, and by turns we each drew a few whiffs of
smoke from it and prayed Sun to help us get the particular things
[721] that we wanted. This one desired enemy horses; that one, enemy
scalps; and so on. Myself, I prayed Sun to help me take an enemy gun.
The ceremony ended, Red Eagle said to us: "Go, my brave ones,
[722] and Sun be with you. Myself, I will daily ride through camp during
your absence, shouting your names, calling upon all the people to
pray for your success and your safe return."

With that, we reached outside for our wraps, then ran to the river,
plunged in, and after a short bath hurried to our lodges to dress and
702 go. Came night, and singing a war song, we struck out northward
726 with only four horses, I riding one of them, the others carrying some
[411] of our belongings. My weapon was a powder-and-balls, five-chambered
pistol that my father had bought from the Many-Houses (Fort
Benton) trader named "Sleeping Thunder" (George Steel). I was
afraid of it, for once when I had fired it all five of its loads had exploded,
[782] ploded, burning my hand. As we traveled, I prayed Sun to help me
take an enemy gun. Between prayers I asked myself: "How can you,
a boy of only eight winters, take a gun from an enemy?" And always
I answered: "Sun is with you. He will help you do it."

224 Came rushing out my father and mother shouting: "You bad boy;
555 where have you been? We have looked all over for you . . . ." Then stopped, stared, and laughed as they saw the tongue and the feather ribs tied to my saddle. And cried my father: "Why, he has been hunting. He has actually made a killing, this strong-minded one of ours. Who was with you? Who took off those feather ribs for you?"

"I was alone. I cut and clubbed them off with my knife and the cow's leg," I explained. And the people gathered around, clapped hands to mouths in surprise, one old man saying: "And he so young, so little and weak. How strange."

"Not strange at all. My son, of course he would be that way," my father proudly answered.

After that no boys made fun of me and my gun.

648 In the following summer, my ninth one, when we were camped
721 on Little (Milk) River, close north of the Bear Paw Mountains, we learned that there was a large camp of the Lying People (Cree tribe) camping on North Big (Saskatchewan) River right in our country and killing our buffalo. Of all our enemies they were the worst—always coming into our country to hunt our buffalo, we always fighting them, driving them back to their north, swampy country. It was Rising Wolf (Hugh Monroe), that brave, wandering, beaver trapper, married to one of our women, who told us about them.

"The Liars, they have come again to steal our food," our people cried.

726 "We will make them to cry," my father shouted, and called upon
702 our brave ones to go against them. Said that I should join the party. We were not many, there on Little River; the greater part of our tribe were camping and hunting on Big (Missouri) River. But seventy-seven of the men in our camp hurried to him, said that they were eager to go with him against the Liars.

[515] So again I sat in a sacred sweat lodge with my father and other
[782] warriors, listening to Red Eagle's powerful prayers for our success
● [778] against the Liars and our safe return. In turn I lifted his sacred Thunder Pipe aloft and myself prayed Sun for help in all of my undertakings.

My father, listening, said to me when I finished: "You omitted

something; you did not pray Sun to help you obtain any particular 726
success against the enemy. Pray again." 702

So again I raised the sacred pipe to the sky and pleaded: "Oh, Sun! [782]
Help me to take Liars' horses and safely return with them." [778]

Hearing me, those powerful men of our circle smiled, one saying: [720]
"Asking for help in capturing enemy horses; and he so young."

"But Sun heeds the prayers of the very young, as well as those of us old ones," old Red Eagle said.

"True, how true," others cried, and I felt all puffed up with courage; was eager to go.

Night came and we set out northward, all of us on good horses. Three nights later, just before dawn, we arrived in the Divided Mountains (Cypress Hills) and stopped in the pines on a north slope of a ridge, expecting to rest there during the day. But when Sun came up we discovered out on the plain a party of men on foot and coming toward us, coming from the valley of a little creek where the smoke of many lodges was rising. My father examined the party with his far-seeing instrument, told us they were Liars. It was that, since our friend Rising Wolf had seen the tribe of them on North Big River, they had moved still farther south in our country—right into our Divided Mountains where not only buffalo but elk, deer, and antelope were very plentiful. This party of them coming up a coulee was right then approaching a herd of buffalo grazing on the plain not far out from us.

Said my father: "What do they think we are? Just nothing-people that they can come down here and steal all that they can use of our meat, our furs? Get ready, my friends. Put on your war bonnets, make ready your guns, and we will ride out there and make those dog-face thieves to cry."

Each member of our party had his war bonnet along; and some, [714]
their war clothes also. We carried them in smooth, painted, parfleche [482]
cases tied to our saddles. I even had a horns-and-ermine fur bonnet [415]
that my father had made for me. I prayed to Sun for help, prayed [237]
him to keep me safe from the enemy guns, as I put it on. When nearly [782]
ready to go, we saw a lone rider come out from the camp in the valley and head toward the party on foot. He was coming slowly, allowing his horse to walk.

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And then my father raised high his gun, brought it powerfully down 726
upon the Liar's head, and that was the end for him. 702

As I started to get down from my horse and help finish off the
few wounded, still-living Liars,[A] I felt an itching in my side, and put- 714
ting down my hand, clutched the feathered end of an arrow sticking 778 ●
into the roll of the blanket around my waist; found that it had 702
pierced my shirt and cut a short streak in my skin. I called to my father and he came running, drew the arrow on through my shirt and out. Called upon others near to come see my wound; said that Sun had turned the arrow from piercing my insides.

And said one, Little Plume: "His war bonnet, when it was finished, old Red Eagle prayed Sun to give it power to protect your young son. It is no wonder that the arrow did not pierce him."

I had gone all trembly when I discovered how narrow had been
my escape from being killed. But now as my father and Little Plume
said, Sun had protected me; my war bonnet had power to protect
me. So I ceased trembling, remained upon my horse, and looked 727
around at the dead Liars; there were thirty-three of them. They 702
seemed to have had no pride of themselves. Their leather clothing was old and soiled; their hair, uncombed, unbraided; their moccasins were soft soled; their guns, mostly old North Traders muzzle loaders; some were even without guns and using bows and arrows. But though poorly off for weapons, how persistent they were in coming to camp in our country and to steal our game. And now these, here, had killed False-Fast-Runner and Big Elk. So was it we were sad and silent as we took their bodies back into the pines for burial.

Said my father as we covered them: "Our poor, poor friends. What could they have done, what mistake could they have made, that they had not the Above Ones' protection?"

For a time we sat and looked off toward the valley in which the Liars were camped. None came in sight; smoke was no longer rising from their lodges. Said one sitting near me: "That lone rider we saw, we should not have charged out from here until he joined the hunters, for we could then have killed him, too. When he saw us, how quickly he rode back."

A, [i.e., the Cree--Analyst]

father, Many-Tail-Feathers, who was a powerful decoyer, had long 224
been urging our chiefs that we use the *piskan* there, and at last
they had given in to his plea. He was a great warrior as well as a
decoyer. He was married to three sisters; my mother, the eldest one,
was his sits-beside-him-wife.

We made camp on the north side of the river, opposite the *piskan*
on its south side. On the following morning my father and our chiefs
climbed to the top of the sacred butte for a look at the country, and
I followed them. We arrived upon its flat top. There, long since, 776
some of our Sun's men had, with many white stones, made a figure, 778 ●
very large, of Old Man (a powerful but mischievous god of the 782
Blackfoot tribes). Yes, it was a very large figure of him, his arms and
legs outstretched. When we stopped before it my father made a 224
prayer. "*Haiyu,* Old Man!" he chanted. "Pity us, help us to prosper.
Our *piskan,* there close below us, help me fill it with buffalo." And
as one man the others chanted: "*Haiyu,* Old Man! Help us to prosper! Give to us long and full life."

We then sat down and looked off. In all directions, near and far, 224
the plain was dotted with herds of buffalo and antelope, some grazing, some resting, others going to and from water. Said my father:
"Sun is good to us; just see how plentiful are the animals that he cre- [776]
ated for our use. Let us smoke and pray to him." [782]

Four pipefuls, sacred number, they smoked one after another as [276]
they prayed to Him, sang His sacred songs, and then we returned [801]
to camp. Many of our people, with their horses, were drawing old [533]
logs and tree branches out to repair and heighten the *piskan.* Not a cliff *piskan,* it was at the mouth of a small, short coulee running down from the plain, and the cut bank at its inner side was just high enough to prevent the buffalo jumping back out of it. From the head of the coulee, of course, ran the two ever-diverging lines of rock piles, and just beyond them was the little ridge so necessary for preventing a herd, farther out, from seeing the decoyer and the frighteners hurrying out to take their various places.

Came night, and in our lodge my father and some of his friends [276]
smoked and prayed Sun for quick success at the *piskan. Ha!* Before [782]
the middle of next day our watchers came hurrying down from Old

539 "That, *Apikuni,* is what I told to Noon Eater, the Black Robe.A
177 And then I said to him: 'Noon Eater, you whites are very wise, but
[797] of course you don't know everything. You said that no white, no Indian, ever went to Sun. Well, I have now proven to you that one of our ancestors actually did visit him and his family in their island home. So now you can tell your Black Robe and other white friends about it. People are always glad to learn the truth about the various matters that interest them.'

"*Ha!* That Noon Eater! He realized that I had bested him. He looked at me, and strangely, then arose and silently went upon his way. I really felt sorry for him."

782 Again I filled the big pipe with the fragrant mixture, passed it to
[276] my friend to light. A match would not do: it was not sacred fire. He
[372] knelt before the fireplace, with a pair of willow tongs plucked out a coal, placed it upon the pipe, drew in smoke, wafted it skyward, and solemnly chanted: "Oh, Sun! Oh, you Above People! Have
● [778] pity on us. Give to my friend *Apikuni* here long and full life. Help me to go to my Blackfoot friends when summer comes; be with them when they plant their sacred gardens, for they will then powerfully pray for me."

"So you intend to go up there," I said.

[575] "If I possibly can go. My friend Running Rabbit, a member of the Planters' Society, has invited me. As you know, I suffer from pains in my breast. Daily I pray Sun to give me strength to make the journey."

249 My friend's prayer requires explanation. It is that, from remote time, the Blackfoot Indians have annually planted and harvested, with most impressive ceremonies, a variety of tobacco that they call
[171] "*meahwakosis*" (*nicotiana attenuata*). The Blackfoot historians relate that the Mandan Indians, living on the Missouri at the mouth of Knife River, were the original planters and users of it, that the Crow

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000 libretto by Randolph Hartley, was played first in concert form on January 16, 1907, in Pittsburgh, and produced in Berlin by the Royal Opera House. The premier performance there was on April 23, 1910, while the second was attended by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. The opera had an Indian setting, used Indian musical themes, and was "superbly staged, both as to scenery and costumes."

A,[i.e., a Catholic priest--Analyst]

Indians obtained its seeds from them and began planting them, and 171
that finally the Blackfeet got seeds of the sacred plant from the latter 249
tribe.

The Blackfoot Tobacco Planters are a society of Sun priests—so- 575
called medicine men—and the leader of them is the owner of the 778
Water, or Beaver, bundle, consisting of the prime-furred hides of 237
beaver, otter, mink, and other water animals. The ceremonies pre- 249
paratory for planting the seeds are held in his lodge—four days and 776
four nights of prayers and songs to Sun and all of the Above People. 782
Prayers more fervent, inspiring than any offered by the most zealous 533
of Methodist preachers. Songs deeply solemn, soul lifting; truly as 755
classic as the music of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. During this time 822
the sick are welcomed in the lodge, and, after painting their faces
and hands with Sun's sacred color, red ocher, the Planters pray for 302
their recovery and prosperous long life—prayers believed to be ever efficacious except through some fault of the sick one.

Each member of the Planters society having selected the place 575
for his garden, his women and children burn the brush and weeds 249
upon it, make it ready for planting. On the fourth and last day of the 237
ceremonies a large, buffalo rawhide vessel shaped like a dishpan is 415
brought into the lodge and filled with a mixture of manure and serviceberry soup, and then the tobacco seeds are stirred into it. The vessel is then taken to the gardens—in a large cottonwood grove bordering Bow River—and each Planter drops pinches of its contents into holes in his plot that he has made with a sharp-pointed stick, then fills the holes with loose earth.

During the four days' ceremonies, the sits-beside-him-wife of 575
each Planter has made two images—one of a man, the other of a 778
woman. Each of them has an extra pair of moccasins and a little 782
pouch of pemmican. For the closing rite of the ceremonies, the 249
Planters pray to their images, entreat them to guard carefully their plantings from all depredations, and then place them at the heads of their gardens. And finally the people are warned not to go to or 575
even near the gardens, lest the images do them grievous harm. Long 778
ago, a crazy young man of the tribe, singing a song of defiance, went 784
to the gardens and stole some of the sacred tobacco leaves, with the 249
[533]

575 result that he soon choked to death. Also, three summers back, a
778 white rancher living near the reservation, disregarding the warnings
784 of the Planters, sneaked into the gardens, had a good look at them,
249 took one of the tobacco plants, and then at the agency bragged of
[533] what he had done. With the result that, upon his homeward way,
his horse threw him and he died of a broken neck.

123 Incidentally, because I have been a member of the Pikuni tribe
575 of the Blackfoot Indian Confederacy for more than fifty years, and
249 because my wife is an active member of the *Mahtokiks*, the womens'
778 secret society of its Blood tribe, we were two summers ago invited
to take part in the ceremonial rites of the Tobacco Planters and visit their sacred gardens. We were the only white persons ever given that privilege. It was a vastly interesting experience.

782 But to return to the visit of my friend, *Ahko Pitsu:* We smoked a
123 fourth pipe—four, the sacred number—and then he said to me:
[801] "*Apikuni*, friend, write a letter for me, a letter to my Tobacco Planters friend.'

"Yes. Wait until I put a thin leaf in my writing machine. There. Begin."

> *Running Rabbit, my very close friend.*
>
> I have not forgotten your invitation. I am not well. I have pains in my breast. But daily, nightly I pray Sun to keep me alive, at least to enable me to be with you sacred ones when you have your tobacco-planting ceremonies; for I know that your prayers for me will be favored by the Above Ones, so that I will become well and strong again. Yesterday my son drove me over to a grove on Two Medicine Lodges River. There I sacrificed my otter-fur cap to Sun. I tied it to a tree limb and prayed the powerful one to give me strength to go to you when comes next New-Grass Moon (April).
>
> My wife, my children, my grandchildren are well. We hope that you and your loved ones are also well.
>
> Your friend,
> AHKO PITSU

177 Such is the faith of my friend *Ahko Pitsu* and all the other full-
797 blood members of the three Blackfoot tribes. The missionaries of the
various white religious sects have made no least dent in it.

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103 Bird-Tail Butte: *Súatsi Istuki* ("Eagle-Tail Butte").

Black Butte: *Iswátoyis* ("Sweet Pine Butte against the Judith Mountains").

Black Leaf Creek: *Siksoyo Pokskwo* ("Black Leaf").

Blood Creek: *Ahkiks Ótsitótsipi* ("Where the Women Swam"). The story goes that the women of a party, while swimming in this stream, began to fight and their blood colored the water. White men saw the water and so called it "Blood Creek."

Blue River: *Natoyí Isisákta* ("Sun [Holy] River"). Along the banks of this stream were places where blue ocher was dug and used for paint.

Boulder River: *Ústaiyi Tuktai* ("Diving Creek"). This stream was so named because it zigzags swiftly down.

Box Elder: *Pahksípiskwi* ("Box Elder").

Buffalo Fall, nine miles above the town of Choteau: *Ahkaksuwachis Otsitotop* ("Many-Tail-Feathers Burned It"). This is the very last place that the Pikunis used a buffalo fall. For the story of Many-Tail-Feathers' burning of it, see Chapter 21 of this volume.

[778] [224] [825] Buffalo Lake: *Ómuk Inískim* ("Big Buffalo Stone"). The buffalo stone was a joint of a fossil plant which was held sacred by the Indians. Its use was to charm the buffalo into coming near. Some years ago Mr. Richard Sanderville of Browning, Montana, found what was left of a camp on this lake. The tipi circle was there and the tipis had faced east. To the south of the door of one was a large stone to represent the rising sun. At the back of the tipi, directly opposite the door, was the buffalo stone. On the north side, traced in rocks, was the figure of a man lying down. Directly in the center was the fireplace. On the north side of the fireplace, set in a semicircle, were the horns of seven buffalo bulls; back of them in a semicircle also were the bones of the forelegs of eight buffalo cows. In the same manner on the south side of the fireplace were the horns of eight buffalo cows; and in back of them, the bones of the forelegs of seven buffalo bulls. This camp was there many, many years ago. The buffalo stone found there was last in the possession of Mr. Sanderville, who intended to give it to the Museum of the Plains Indian at Browning.

Bull Mountains: *Istúmik Istukiks* ("Snake's Nose"). At the west end of this range of mountains is a ledge of rocks that the Pikunis called the "Snake's Nose."

Butte: *Nitúmo* ("A Butte").

Bynum Reservoir: *Nitókitsi* ("Grove in Sight").

BLACKFOOT INDIAN PIPES AND PIPEMAKING

By John C. Ewers

INTRODUCTION

The smoking of tobacco pipes played roles of importance in the 276
religious, political, and social life of the historic Blackfoot Indians. 182
Pipe smoking was an integral part of the involved ritual of opening [778]
sacred ceremonial bundles. It was an invariable part of the act of
making peace with enemy tribes. In the early years of the fur trade [728]
Blackfoot chiefs smoked with white traders when they visited their [437]
posts before the exchange of goods began. An Indian whose word [695]
was doubted might solemnly swear by the pipe that his testimony [626]
was true. It was a common custom for a man seeking a favor of [431]
another Indian of his tribe to present him with a pipe at the time
of making his request. If the pipe was accepted, he knew that his
request would be acted upon favorably; if it was refused, he knew
that it was denied.

Blackfoot etiquette called for the tipi owner to offer a pipe to [576]
male visitors to his lodge. However, my older informants of the [574]
1940's stated that in their youth there were marked individual dif- 276
ferences in the interest men took in smoking for pleasure. Some 517
men rarely smoked except during their participation in ceremonies.
Others spent a great deal of their leisure time puffing on their pipes.
Most boys started to smoke when they reached their middle teens 276
and began to join war parties. No ceremony was involved in a 702
boy's taking his first smoke. He merely followed the actions he had 883
so often seen his elders perform. [867]

Strong arguments were used to discourage young men from smoking
too much, as are indicated by the following Blackfoot sayings: 276

> A young man who smokes too much has no wind. 626
>
> If you smoke too much it will hurt your eyes. [827]
>
> The man who likes to smoke too much is the man who will draw the enemy when he is on a war party. The enemy will smell the smoke and be attracted to his location. Wild game will smell the smoke and will avoid the place where he is.

Girls did not smoke. But young married women learned to smoke 276
when they attended ceremonies with their husbands. Older women 562
usually were the only ones of their sex 887
who smoked for pleasure.

Nevertheless, Weasel Tail, an aged Blood Indian who was one of 323
my best informants in the 1940's, recalled a tradition that his people 276
had at one time made pipe bowls of clay. He understood that wet [115]
clay was moulded around an elkhorn to give it the proper shape.
After the clay dried the horn was slipped out, leaving a tubular,
clay pipe.

However, Weasel Tail agreed with other elderly informants that
the most common tobacco pipe bowl among the Blackfoot Indians in
the earliest times of which they had heard was a tubular one of stone,
which they all referred to as a "straight pipe." Both Weasel Tail [412]
and Green-Grass-Bull thought that straight pipes were made before
the Blackfoot obtained iron tools from the Whites, and that the
holes were drilled with flint tools, probably working from both ends
toward the center, while the outer surfaces were finished by rubbing
with "sand rock."

Robert N. Wilson, who lived among the Blood Indians for more 276
than 60 years as a Mounted Policeman, Indian Agent, and trader, [177]
possessed a collection of Blood Indian artifacts which included a
straight pipe. Some of the elders of the Blood tribe considered that
pipe to be the oldest known specimen of Blood Indian craftsmanship.
Pete Bruised Head described this pipe to me as about 6 inches long [115]
and of a dark-colored stone. Unfortunately, this relic was stolen
from Mr. Wilson's home at Standoff, Alberta, very shortly after his
death. Its present location is unknown to me.

Wissler published a native drawing of a straight pipe which was 276
in the sacred beaver bundle owned by Tom Kiyo, a Piegan, in the 778
early years of this century. The drawing depicts a pipe of a slightly
bulbous shape, the sides tapering from the center toward each end.
Wissler regarded the beaver bundle as the oldest of the several classes
of Blackfoot ceremonial bundles, and he considered Tom Kiyo's beaver
bundle to be one of the oldest of this class (Wissler, 1912, pp. 170–171,
fig. 25). However, the Blackfoot straight pipe also was the ceremonial
property of the owners of the black and yellow buffalo tipis.
Wissler was told that the "straight-bowled pipe" was given to the
beaver bundle owners by the owners of the buffalo-painted lodges
(ibid., p. 232).

It may be significant that in Blackfoot mythology both the beaver [773]
bundle and the buffalo-painted lodges were represented as gifts to [776]
the Indians from underwater spirits. Short Face, who was reputed
to have been the most able reciter of Blackfoot myths among the In- [115]
dians living on the Blackfeet Reservation in the 1940's, told me the
following story of the use of the straight pipe by the first owner of
one of the two buffalo-painted lodges:

539 Both of the men who received the first buffalo-painted lodges were given
276 straight pipes by the water spirit. Once when the Indians came to the river
from which these painted lodges were obtained the water was so high that
778 they could find no place to cross. Then Weasel Heart, who had been given one of the buffalo lodges, took his straight pipe, filled it with tobacco, prayed to the water spirit, lit the pipe, and walked into the water. As he walked he puffed upon his pipe, sang, and prayed. He walked all the way across the stream in water only knee deep. To the people on shore, the water appeared to be holding him up. Weasel Heart had placed a stick upright in the bank to mark the spot where he had entered the water. When he reached the far shore he planted another stick to show the place he stepped ashore. Then he turned and called to the people, telling them to follow his path between the two sticks. They all
[823] crossed the stream, never getting in water above their knees.

Ever since that time there has been a rock shelf across that river at that point, by which the river can be forded easily.[1]

Short Face went on to say:

Weasel Heart told the people they were forbidden to light the straight pipe with a fire stick. He showed them how to light it by dipping the bowl into the fire and catching a live coal in the end of it. But later on an Indian disobeyed Weasel Heart's instruction and used a burning stick to light a straight pipe. When Weasel Heart learned of that man's action, he told the people that the water spirit was displeased with them for abusing his gift to them. Therefore, the straight pipe would disappear among them.

[178] Short Face added, "Now, as you know, these straight pipes have completely disappeared among the Blackfeet."

276 Green-Grass-Bull regarded the straight pipe as a very holy object,
778 used in beaver bundle rituals but not in those of the medicine pipe
[115] bundle. He also said that it was the straight pipe upon which the
[695] Blackfoot Indians used to take their oaths when they "swore by the
pipe" that their testimony was true or their lives would be forfeited.

[625] Within the memories of my elderly informants, the straight pipe survived only in the form of ceremonial pipe bowls preserved in medicine bundles. It was smoked only at such times as those bundles were opened and ritually manipulated. Weasel Tail recalled having seen one of these ceremonial pipes which was of red stone, about 3 inches long, and tapered from the bowl end toward the stem end. A lump of mud or charcoal was placed in the tube to keep the tobacco from filtering through into the stem. Green-Grass-Bull said that he had repaired a straight pipe from a medicine bundle owned by Chief White Calf (the last of the Piegan head chiefs, who died in 1903). He recalled that this bowl was shaped like a man's phallus with a rather bulbous end.

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[1] Wissler (1912, p. 232) cited a shorter version of this myth which identified the river as High River and the location of the ford as near the present Northern Blackfoot Reserve in Alberta, Canada.

Until the summer of 1951 I had not seen a Blackfoot straight pipe. 276
Then, while examining the series of Blackfoot medicine bundles in the 127
Madge Harden Walters collection at the Denver Art Museum, at the 778
invitation of the late Frederic H. Douglas, I found the pipe bowl shown in plate 20, *a*, in one of the beaver bundles.[A] This straight pipe is of gray stone 3 inches long, with a rectangular collar half an inch in width at the stem end. The bowl opening is three-fourths of an inch in diameter and the stem opening is seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. This specimen bears no evidence of file or of other tool marks.[8]

Since that date I have seen one other Blackfoot straight pipe. It [575]
is in a Catcher's Society pipe bundle, used as a war medicine, in the [726]
collections of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York City. This bowl, depicted in plate 20, *b*, is of grainy red stone (not catlinite), of a more bulbous shape than is the Denver Art Museum specimen.[B] It also has a long constricted neck at the stem end. This bowl measures 3½ inches in length, and has a diameter of $1\frac{1}{16}$ inches at the bowl end, and of three-fourths of an inch at the stem end.[9]

COMPARATIVE DATA ON STRAIGHT PIPES

Although few tubular pipes have been found archeologically on 276
the Northwestern Plains, William Mulloy, in a recent survey of the 172
archeology of this region, has assigned the tubular pipe to the Late Prehistoric and Historic Periods (Mulloy, 1958, p. 152). A tubular pipe of "fine sedimentary material like pipestone, except for its grey color" was found at the Meriwether Canyon site on the Missouri about 4½ miles below the upper end of the Gates of the Mountains. It resembles the straight pipe in the Blood Indian beaver bundle in the Denver Art Museum (pl. 20, *a*), except that the collar at the stem end is circular rather than four-sided (Forbis, 1950, p. 3, and fig. 123). Possibly this pipe was of Blackfoot origin, for Blackfoot war and hunting parties frequented the Gates of the Mountains region in the early 19th century.

Contemporary references testify to the survival of the tubular pipe 276
among some of the neighboring tribes of the Blackfoot in the early 171
part of the 19th century. Capt. Meriwether Lewis described the pipe 175
smoked by the Shoshoni chief Ca-me-ah-wait in August, 1805:

> . . . this pipe was made of a dense semitransparent green stone very highly polished about 2½ inches long and of an oval figure, the bowl being in the same

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[8] This is cat. No. Pl-B1-10-PD, Denver Art Museum.

[9] This is cat. No. 12/512, Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation. The bundle in which it appears was collected by William Wildschut on the Blackfeet Reservation, Montana, in 1923.

A,B,/For plate 20, a and b, see Category 276, p.60-A--Analyst/

Lieut. James Bradley described the Blackfoot pipe bowl of the early 1870's: "The bowl is varied in size from a hen's egg to that of a goose egg, a medium size being the most frequent. Its shape was similar to that of an egg, slightly elongated" (Bradley, 1923, pp. 263–264). 276 171

In his classic study of North American Indian pipes, Joseph McGuire included the Blackfoot pipe under the classification of "Micmac Pipes," which he described as follows:

> It has a bowl, in shape not unlike an inverted acorn, which sits upon a keel-like base, broadest where it touches the bowl, and extending beyond the bowl at times an inch or more on each side. Through the top of this base or keel there is drilled a stem hole one-half its length until it intersects at right angles the base of the bowl. The tops of these terraced bases are seldom more than half an inch wide, though from front to back they are often 3 inches or more long, and from top to bottom they are as deep as they are long. The sides of the bases are parallel to each other, and are in two or three terraces, decreasing often until the lower part of the base is scarcely more than one-eighth of an inch thick. Through this base there are almost invariably one or more perforations. [McGuire, 1898, pp. 479–480.]

Because Blackfoot pipes lack "the perforation that the true Micmac has at the base of the bowl," G. A. West has preferred to term the Blackfoot pipe form "Modified Micmac" (West, 1934, vol. 1, p. 315).

Numerous examples of the Blackfoot Modified Micmac type of pipe bowl, collected during the Reservation Period (i.e. since 1876) are preserved in museum collections in this country and in Europe. A number of them have been illustrated in the literature.[5] [127]

These specimens range in size from large ones more than 6 inches high, sometimes found in medicine pipe bundles, to little, women's pipes no more than 2¼ inches high. [778] ●

Three well-documented Blackfoot bowls of the Modified Micmac type are illustrated in plate 21. Plate 21, *a*, is a reproduction of a sketch from the field notebook of the Philadelphia artist C. H. Stephens, who spent the summer of 1891 on the Blackfeet Reservation, Montana.A It portrays a pipe owned by Running Crane, chief of the Lone Eaters Band of the Piegan. Because Running Crane was a noted pipemaker, it is likely that he made this bowl himself. Stephens' notes state that this bowl measured 4 inches high and 3½ inches long, that the base was inlaid with a spot of lead, and the top of the bowl was bound with brass wire.[6] [177]

Plate 21, *b*, is a photograph of a smoke-blackened pipe bowl of gray stone which is reputed to have belonged to Chief Three Suns

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[5] See Wissler (1910, fig. 48, p. 82; 1912, fig. 22, p. 140), both reprinted in Lowie (1954, pp. 27–28); West (1934, vol. 2, pl. 289).

[6] I am indebted to the University of Pennsylvania Museum for permission to publish this sketch from the C. H. Stephens notebook in the collections of that museum. [127]

A,/For plate 21, a, see Category 276, p.60-B--Analyst/

Lazy Boy, my eldest Piegan informant (born ca. 1855), was not a 276
pipemaker. But he described the making of pipestems as he had 824
observed it in his youth: [115]

> The Piegan preferred ash wood for pipestems. It is hard and has a pretty [439]
> grain. We got it from the Crow and Sioux country, but not necessarily in
> trade. If we couldn't get ash we used willow from this section—silver berry [313]
> willow or service berry willow. But the grain of these was not as pretty as ash.
>
> Ash of the straightest grain we could get was what we liked best. The wood was put in the sun to dry. Then, when half dry, it was heated over a fire and straightened until it was perfectly straight. The pipemaker then
> took a hot piece of wire about a yard long. He prayed that the wire would go [782]
> straight through and not burn out at the side. He made three passes at the
> end of the stem. On the fourth pass he pushed the hot wire through the length [777]
> of the stem. If the wire didn't go straight, but came out at the side, it meant bad luck for the pipemaker.
>
> After the hole was made, the pipestem was smoothed on the outside with sandrock. The stem often was wrapped in three places— in the center, and near each end—with brass wire. But stems wound with wire were not used in ceremonies.[31]

COMPARATIVE DATA ON PIPESTEM MAKING

The split, sinew-wrapped pipestem may have been an early Black- 276
foot type, but it certainly was not peculiar to those Indians. The 171
Plains Cree made them of saskatoon berry shoots. "A suitable rod was split and longitudinal grooves cut down both halves. The two pieces were fitted together and bound with sinew. Aqueous matter from buffalo eyes was applied over the whole stem" (Mandelbaum, 1940, p. 216). Short pipestems were similarly made by the Eskimos of the Eastern Arctic (Manning, 1948, pp. 162–163).

Boring the stem hole in an ash pipestem by the hot wire method was a widespread custom among the Plains tribes. George Catlin seems to have been the first observer to mention it. Writing of the making of catlinite pipes, presumably by the Sioux, in the 1830's, Catlin stated:

> The stems are uniformly made of the stalk of the young ash, which generally grows straight, and has a small pith through the center, which is easily burned out with a hot wire or a piece of hard wood, by a much slower process. [Catlin, 1841, vol. 1, p. 235.]

CONCLUSIONS

The straight pipe is the oldest form of tobacco pipe bowl known 276
to Blackfoot traditions. Its relative antiquity is attested by the facts 121
that the straight pipe is the only form referred to in tribal mythology, [773]

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[31] A man's pipe illustrated by Wissler has a stem wrapped with brass wire as described above (Wissler, 1910, p. 83, fig. 48). [412]

[778]
[824]

276 that it could have been made with stone tools more easily than other
121 known Blackfoot pipe bowl forms, and that it has survived only in
[173] the ceremonial contexts of sacred bundles. Probably the straight
[412] pipe bowl was smoked most commonly while fitted to a fairly short
[778] willow or rosewood stem, which was split longitudinally, the pith
[824] removed, and the two pieces glued together and tightly bound with
sinew.

[184] The two known examples of Blackfoot straight pipes differ
markedly from each other in form. One has a rather bulbous bowl
with a constricted neck at the stem end (pl. 20, *b*). The other has
[170] slightly curved sides with a collar at the stem end (pl. 20, *a*). Both
[175] forms were found among other tribes, the former among the Shoshoni as early as 1805 (as demonstrated by Lewis and Clark data),
and the latter among the Crow Indians in the 19th century (as illus-
[172] trated by specimens from pipe-holder's bundles). Data are insufficient to indicate that the Blackfoot favored either form of straight
pipe, or to make possible the positive identification of straight pipes
found archeologically as of Blackfoot origin.

276 The Modified Micmac pipe bowl appears to have been made by
121 Blackfoot pipemakers only within the period that metal tools have
171 been available to them. Its generalized resemblance to the pipe
177 bowls made by Woodland tribes suggests its development from the
175 Micmac pipe. It appears to me not only possible but probable that
the Modified Micmac pipe bowl of the Blackfoot Indians originated in the early years of the extension of the fur trade up the Saskatchewan Valley from eastern Canada, and resulted from direct contacts with traders and Eastern Indians who smoked Micmac pipes. Some of the traders who operated in the Blackfoot country in the last quarter of the 18th century may have smoked Micmac pipes. During the last decade of that century Nepissing, Algonquian, and Iroquois Indians, more than 250 in number, followed the fur traders' canoes to the Blackfoot post of Fort Augustus, near present Edmonton, Alberta (Thompson, 1916, p. 312). The Blackfoot Modified Micmac pipe bowl may have been a modification of the Micmac pipes smoked by those Indians.

It seems unlikely that the Blackfoot made pipes of this type more than 40 or 50 years before Prince Maximilian first described and pictured the Blackfoot Modified Micmac pipe bowl in 1833 (fig. 7, *a*). It has remained the principal form of Blackfoot tobacco pipe to the present time.

276 Blackfoot Modified Micmac pipe bowls generally were made from
121 grayish or greenish stone quarried in river-valley sites found in or
[316] near the Blackfoot country. Each pipemaker probably devised and
[412]
[177]
[178]

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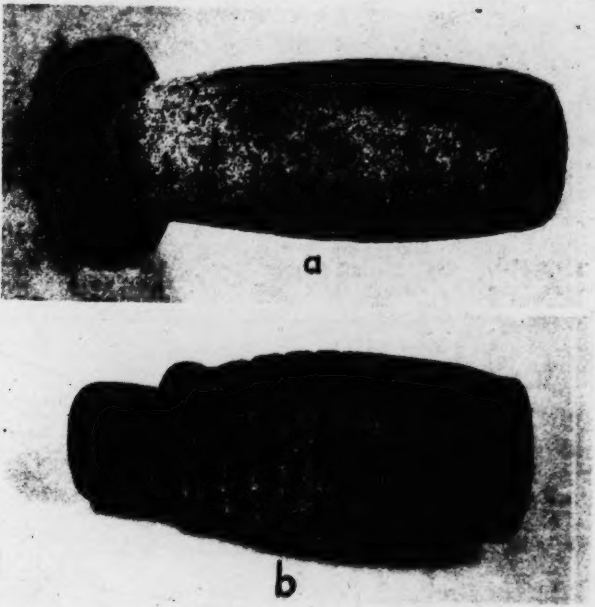
184
127
778 ●
575



a, Straight pipe from a Blood Indian bundle. (Courtesy Denver Art Museum.) *b*, Straight pipe from a Piegan Indian Catchers' Society bundle. (Courtesy Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation.)

One final entry on the event was recorded the 224
following day: 175

> Some Blackfeet arrived from the camp where I had been, bringing a quantity of fat meat. They informed me we had scarcely left when a large herd was brought in; they had called to us, but we did not hear, as we were too busy racing.

The Drive Complex: Ritual

For purposes of discussion, the drive 224
complex can be divided into two phases: (1)
the drive ritual, and (2) the drive procedures
proper. I would at this time like to pass [128]
hurriedly over the ritualistic aspect, as it is less
immediate to our interest than the mechanical
details of the drive.

The drive ritual apparently centered about 224
the *iniskim* or so-called "buffalo stone." The 778 ●
iniskim is a fossil type of marine shell that
bears a fancied resemblance to a buffalo.
They can be found in various parts of the
Reservation, at places like Buffalo Lake. The
apparent resemblance to an animal probably
led the Blackfeet to employ these ammonite
septa as charms that possessed magical
powers to lure the buffalo.

There is an origin legend that accounts for 773
the presence of the buffalo stone among the 224
Blackfeet. Clark Wissler, James Willard
Schultz, and others recorded different ver- 778
sions of this myth. In the story, the stone
revealed itself to a woman and gave her a
number of songs by means of which she was
able to influence the herd so that her people
were successful in the drive. According to 224
Blackfeet ritual pattern, a man and a woman,
usually a husband and wife, teamed together
to carry out certain observances. Often, they
were assisted by friends. A series of songs [533]
and possibly imitative dances were performed
as part of the drive rites.

These songs took up most of the night.
Early in the morning, the runner was sent out 224
from the lodge where the ceremony was held
to the gathering area. In part, the ritual was
intended to ensure the safety and success of
the runner out on the range, and the success
of the drive was now largely dependent upon
his skill and good fortune.

The Drive Complex: Procedures

The native Blackfeet term for the runner refers to "drawing in" or "driving in,"

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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Montana

BLACKFOOT PIPE BUNDLES

William Wildschut

An interesting account of the Blackfoot Pipe bundles has been written by Dr. Clark Wissler.[1] Several specimens were procured and some additional information recorded by the present writer during a visit to the Blackfoot reservation in Montana, in the interest of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, in the summer of 1923. 778 [114] [126] [101] [122]

Next of importance to the Blackfoot Medicine Pipe bundles, several of which are still in existence, is that known as the Catchers Society pipe. [575] This bundle is essentially a war "medicine." Included among its contents is a hair-lock attachment representative of the potency of the bundle: this was the only part worn by the warrior when on the warpath.

The Catchers Society pipe is not to be confused with the Black Wrapped pipe, which is an entirely different "medicine," although in each case only two are said to have been made.

The originator of the Black Wrapped Pipe bundle was Northern Chief. At the present time

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[1] *Anthr. Papers Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, vol. VII, pt. 2, pp. 136–168, New York, 1912.

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

778 [648] only one example exists among the Blackfeet, as the other was captured years ago by the Flatheads, and whether it has been preserved in that tribe is not known.

787 778 Northern Chief went out one day in the hope of having a vision, and was successful in his quest. In the dream a person appeared and told Northern Chief that he would give him a pipe, warning him, however, to be careful never to allow the pipe to touch the earth nor to permit any woman to touch it. The outer wrapper of the pipe bundle was of albino wolf-skin, while the inner one was black. Northern Chief learned the songs belonging to the bundle, and in his dream it was given to him to carry home. On his way he stopped to drink at a spring and thoughtlessly laid the pipe on the ground. His thirst quenched, he turned to pick up the pipe only to find that it had become a piece of rotten wood. He then awoke.

When Northern Chief returned home he made a pipe exactly like the one seen in the vision. He had been instructed that his pipe should belong only to brave warriors, preferably young and 726 778 [825] [787] unmarried. The pipe always gave success in war and was used in the capture of the horses of the enemy. When on the warpath the bundle was unwrapped, and if a spider should chance to fall

out of it, this was regarded as an omen of success. 778 ●
If, on the warpath, anyone requested the 726
[825]
[787]
778
575
loan of the bundle, the owner painted the bor- 778
rower and gave him some feathers belonging to 726
the pipe.

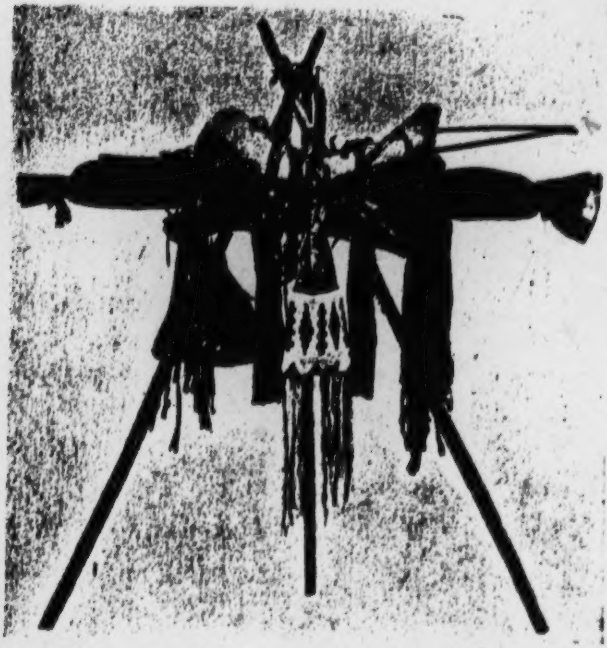

FIG. 103.—Catchers Society pipe bundle of the Blackfeet on its tripod. Length of bundle, 50 in.; of the tripod, 82 in. (12/512)

726 When a war-party of Blackfeet was surrounded
778 by enemies, and the owner of the pipe happened
821 to be one of their number, his tribesmen always
789 believed that they would be safe. If this happened
[533] in winter, the pipe-owner unwrapped the pipe,
sang his medicine-songs, pointed the pipe backward and forward, and placed it under some earth.[1] A severe snowstorm followed almost immediately, it is said, thus giving the party an opportunity to escape.

Should a war-party have a similar experience in summer, the same ceremony was performed, except that in this case the stem of the pipe was wetted, when a cloudburst was bound to follow, again giving the party a chance to escape.

If a party bent on capturing horses approached an enemy camp on a very clear night, the pipe was unwrapped, whereupon the weather would change, thus giving the Blackfeet an opportunity to enter and leave the camp unseen.

778 The pipe is kept outside and taken round the
821 lodge, always facing the sun. At sunset it is
taken inside, but before doing so incense is made in the lodge.

787 When Little Dog was a young man, about
778 1835, and owned the Black Wrapped pipe, the

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[1] The contact of the pipe with the earth, contrary to the injunction received in the dream, is not explained.

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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same dream spirit that appeared to Northern 787
Chief appeared also to him. This spirit told 778 ●
Little Dog that he would capture seven guns, and
at some time would become head chief of his
tribe. This actually occurred, Little Dog being [648]
one of the signers, in behalf of the Piegan, of [175]
the treaty between the Blackfeet and the United
States on the upper Missouri, near the mouth of
Judith river, in 1855.

The first owner was authorized to make two
pipes, but no more ever existed among the Blackfeet. The only remaining one, above referred to, [562]
is now owned by a daughter of Mountain Chief;
but as no woman is allowed to handle the bundle,
her father is the actual custodian.

As stated, the Catchers Society pipe bundle is
an entirely different palladium and is much more
elaborate than the Black Wrapped pipe. As [126]
only two specimens of this bundle ever existed
among the Blackfeet, the writer was fortunate in
obtaining one. The following information re- [115]
garding this bundle was given by Split Ears (its
last Blackfoot owner, from whom it was obtained) and from Mountain Chief. The pipe
had its origin so long ago that the name of the
first owner has been lost.

When the first owner of the Catchers Society 787
pipe bundle dreamed about it, the Blackfeet camp 778

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787 was situated about five miles above the site of the
• 778 present town of McLeod, Alberta, and along Old
575 Man river, at a place called Where They Paint
[361] The Raven Lodge. Near this camp was a buffalo
fall, called *piskun,* at the foot of which the chief of the camp had a corral built. He was to direct the ceremony of "calling the buffalo" over the fall, being a buffalo-caller himself.[1] This man dreamed that a little boy came and invited him to his father's lodge. When he went there, he found that the lodge was in reality the *piskun.* As he entered, he was invited to sit in the rear of the lodge. Many buffalo-people were assembled, and he was informed that they formed the Catchers Society. Each member carried a warclub, at the end of each of which was tied a buffalo-hoof. The leader invited the chief to look up at the top of the lodge, where he saw two pipes hanging; these, he was told, belonged to the leaders of the society.

On the first night he was not permitted to witness the entire ceremony; but during the next night he again dreamed that the boy invited him to go to his father's lodge, and this time the pipes

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[1] In this connection see Gilmore, Old Assiniboin Buffalo-drive in North Dakota, *Indian Notes,* vol. I, no. 4, Oct. 1924, and an account of the Cheyenne Stone Buffalo-horn presented to the Museum by Dr. George Bird Grinnell, ibid., vol. IV, p. 150, Apr. 1927.

were unwrapped and the transfer ceremony was 787
performed. Four times he thus dreamed, and on 778
each occasion was taught the ceremony and the 575
songs. The buffalo-stones are placed in the pipe bundle because the first owner was a caller of buffalo; and for the same reason a buffalo-tail is fastened to the pipe.

The pipe bundles, therefore, as well as the Catchers Society itself, had their origin in the dreams of the original pipe-owner.

The following song belongs to the bundle: 533
778

This is my pipe; it is powerful. 575

This is sung while dancing with the pipe, which [539]
is held first in the crook of the right elbow, and [535]
then transferred to the left.

The following buffalo song also belongs to the pipe:

This man chief, he says he wants to eat rump fat. [539]
This woman, she says she wants to eat rump fat.
This is the piskun; leader do not turn.

While singing this song the left arm is held in a half-circle, indicating the rim of the *piskun*, while the right hand is moved edgewise over the curve of the left arm, representing the buffalo going over the edge.

The leader is powerful; I want to eat. [539]

778 (To this point the account of the origin of the
575 Catchers Society bundle is by Mountain Chief.
115 The following was communicated by Split Ears.)

796 Before the opening ceremony begins, a blanket
778 is spread at the head of the lodge, beneath the
575 bundle, which is suspended from one of the tipi-
425 poles at the back of the lodge. On this blanket
[431] are placed four gifts, usually pieces of trade
cloth. A fire is made in front of the pipe-owner
and his wife, and the latter brings from it an
ember with tongs. The owner sits at the right
of the bundle, facing the opening of the tipi;
[824] his wife is seated at the left. The woman places
incense (sweet balsam) on the ember, and both
man and wife alternately hold their hands in the
smoke, after which they pass one hand over the
other, and rub their hands alternately on the
arms, head, and body. During this process the
incense song is sung, with the following words:

[539] *The man says the incense is powerful.*

Before the smoking ember four buffalo-chips
[237] were placed in a row, but now cow-dung is used
for this purpose.

After this the following song is sung four times:

[539] *The man says we are taking the buffalo; it is powerful.*

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
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Piegan
Montana

This is followed by the following, sung four times: 796 778 575 425 [539]

The woman says we are taking the buffalo; it is powerful.

During the singing of the last song, the woman again holds her hands in the incense, blesses herself, and rises. She stands ready to take the bundle down, and after the last repetition of the song actually does so and holds it over the incense, four times making a feint as if to put the bundle down, and, after the fourth, actually placing it on the blanket and the gifts.

The following song is now sung four times:

The blanket, it is powerful. [539]

With each singing of this song the wrapper is partially removed, and after the fourth time the bundle is entirely uncovered. The wrapper here referred to is a red shawl, such as covers every important Blackfoot bundle. 4

The woman now again holds her hands in the incense four times, and while the following song is sung, she begins to unite the strings of the parflèche containing the buffalo-stones.

Woman says we are taking the buffalo; it is powerful. [539]

796 The woman takes the largest buffalo-stone
778 from the parflèche bag and hands it to her hus-
575 band, who prays to it. He then takes the pipe,
425 still in its wrapper, holds it first against his left,
[782] then against his right shoulder, blesses himself
with it, and puts it down again.

The woman now begins to untie the strings around the pipe wrapper, while the following song is sung:

[539] *Now you will see my pipe; it is powerful.*

After the covers are removed, the woman holds it four times over the incense and gives it to her husband, while singing:

[539] *I am giving you your pipe now; it is powerful.*

During this part of the transfer, the owner holds the incense stick and with it indicates the manner in which the pipe should be held by the new owners, changing it four times from one hand to the other. During this performance the following song is sung:

[539] *Old Man Above says he sees me; the earth is*
my medicine.
Old Woman Above says she sees me; the earth
is my medicine.

[782] The new owner of the pipe now prays to it,

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
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after which he hands the pipe to his wife, who 796
likewise prays to it. 778●
575
The following song is now sung: 425

Old Man Above says my paint is medicine. [782]
[539]

The transferrer now paints the new owner with [302] red paint and charcoal—a circle of red around the face, two black dots on each temple, and a black streak over the nose; a black circle is painted round each wrist and reaching three or four inches up the arm. The painting is done after three hesitations, and while singing the following song:

I am giving you my paint; it is powerful. [539]

The new owner now removes his old clothing [291] and the transferrer hands him a new suit, after again hesitating three times and while singing the following song:

My clothes are medicine. [539]

The new owner gives his old clothes to the transferrer and dons the new ones.

The following song is next sung:

The man says my top feathers, they are powerful. [539]

During this singing the transferrer ties to the [301] new owner's hair the hair attachment which is

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

796 wrapped in the pipe bundle, that is, the only part
●778 of the bundle which was formerly taken out on
575 the warpath. The transferrer also ties the brace-
425 lets, to which the small buffalo-stone is attached,
[30] around the wrist of the new owner and of his
wife. (One of these bracelets is now missing.)

When this ceremony is ended the transferrer and his wife, and the new owner and his wife, rise and dance round the tipi, making four stops on the way. First comes the transferrer of the bundle, then the new owner, then the transferrer's wife, and lastly the wife of the new owner. During this dancing four wordless songs are sung.

The ceremony now completed, all present rise and dance, and the pipe is handed from one to another until it has been passed entirely around. During this dancing, in which the people do not move from their places, they sing the dance-songs, again without words. This closes the ceremony for that day.

The pipe is not bundled up after the ceremony. On the first night the new owner and his wife sleep on the right and the left side respectively of the exposed bundle, and do not rise until the former owner and his wife call the next morning
[824] before sunrise. As they enter the tipi they take a
[514] pinch of the sacred sweet balsam, chew it, and
spit lightly on the new owner and his wife and their blankets, and help them to rise.

their blankets, and help them to rise. Again they 000
perform the entire ceremony, singing all the songs 796
belonging to the bundle in proper rotation, thus 778
teaching the new owner and his wife the cere- 575
mony. The previous owner then bundles up the 425
pipe.

During the second day the new owner is taught also the four wordless songs which belong to the Catchers Society bundle. The wife of the new owner is taught how to carry the bundle, which is placed on her back after the usual four movements.

Rattles are used while singing the buffalo- [534]
stone songs, and the dancing is accompanied with drums, but these instruments are borrowed for the purpose.

The tripod is used when moving camp, and 778
while taking down the tipi and setting it up again. [182]
Before bringing the pipe bundle into the tipi, incense always is made.

The pipe must never be placed on the ground, [276]
and when being smoked the bowl must rest on a [237]
special support wrapped with skin, which is a part of the bundle.

The Catchers Society pipe is sometimes taken 778
out during the Sun Dance ceremony, filled and 276
lighted, and smoke offered to the leading medi- [796]
cine-man, who in return prays for the pipe-owner [756]

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

778 When the call, "Here comes the medicine
784 pipe," is heard, the people quickly make a place
for it to pass through, as misfortune would fol-
low if anyone should pass in front of it. Nor is
anyone permitted to pass between the bundle and
[761] the fireplace in the lodge. The ornaments on all
[531] medicine pipes are carefully examined, and re-
tied whenever necessary, for if any piece be-
longing to the pipe should fall off when the
bundle is unwrapped, or during the dancing, such
mishap would portend the early death of some
member of the family.

778 The entire contents of the Catchers Society
[127] bundle, as listed in the Museum catalogue (No.
12/512), are as follow:

A wooden tripod, on top of which is attached a parflèche bag containing the following: four skin paint-bags tied together, all containing red paint; a cloth and bladder and a skin paint-bag tied together, the bladder bag containing a piece of grease, the other two, red paint; two cloth bags and one skin bag tied together, each containing red paint; three skin bags tied together, each containing red paint; a skin bag containing red paint and two wrist ornaments consisting of thongs, each decorated with a large glass bead; a tie-string of cloth; six leather thongs; a fragment of a weasel-skin bag; four weasel-skin bags,

778

a bundle consisting of a red stone tubular pipe-bowl inlaid with lead, wrapped in a cloth cover; a buffalo-skin bag containing eight fossils; and a buffalo-skin bag containing seven fossils.

Attached to this parflèche bag are the following: A notched, pronged stick for taking coals from fire; a cloth bag containing sweetgrass; a wooden tobacco mortar covered with skin and decorated with brass tacks; a deerskin bag decorated with beads; a wooden pipe-cleaner; a beaded pipe bag containing a dark-red stone pipe with incised decoration inlaid with lead and light-red stone, and a wooden pipestem with incised decoration; a bundle consisting of two red flannel bags, one inside the other, wrapped with a short cloth wrapper; inside the red cloth bag is a bundle composed of four cloth wrappers in which is a cloth wrapper containing two quilled hair-ornaments with a small fossil tied to each end and a lock of human hair on one end, also a piece of plug tobacco; a hair-ornament consisting of a feather with beaded and quilled decoration; a highly decorated calumet pipestem in a cloth wrapper.

The entire bundle is covered with a red shawl.

000 ignited. The bowl varied in size from a hen's egg to that
276 of a goose egg, a medium size being the most frequent. Its
shape was similar to that of an egg, slightly elongated.
[322] The stem was usually made of an ash twig by removing the
pith, and was ordinarily about three feet long.

TOBACCO

Prior to the introduction of tobacco by the whites, the
Blackfeet smoked only the dried leaves of a creeping evergreen
vine that bears a small, sweet, red berry and grows
[126] only in the mountains. The author has never seen a specimen
of the plant and his informants are unable to give him
any other name than that by which it was called by the
249 early French voyageurs, l'herbe, corrupted into *larb*. Besides
276 larb, the Blackfeet cultivated a tobacco plant peculiar
[756] to themselves, the medicine men repairing annually to a
certain locality and putting in the seed with religious ceremonies.
This plant was smoked only upon sacred occasions.
[115] Notwithstanding my informant had lived thirty
years among the Blackfeet tribes, he never saw this plant
except in its dried state and is unable to describe it. When
smoked in any quantity the taste was nauseous in the extreme.
276 When tobacco was introduced by the traders the
439 Blackfeet were immediately captivated by it. They would
435 pay the most exorbitant prices for it and gave it the foremost
place among their treasures. They did not smoke it
pure, however, but mixed it with larb in about equal proportions.

276 (Note—The Blackfeet never smoked the bark of the willow
171 called kinnikinick. The Crows also used larb exclusively,
while the Sioux used only the willow. The Assiniboines
preferred larb but used the willow when larb was
not obtainable.)

MEDICINE PIPE

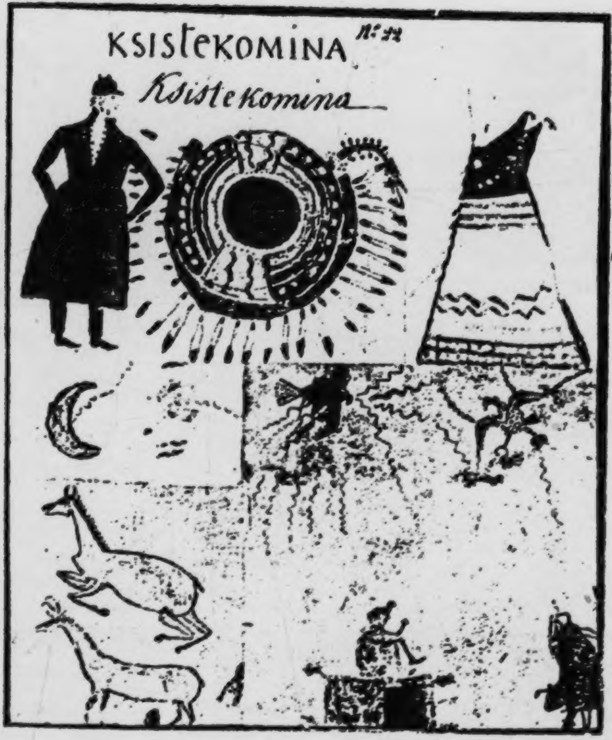
276 The pipe for ordinary use was without ornament, but
[531] besides there was a pipe for sacred occasions known as the
[237] Medicine or Sacred pipe, which was ornamented with eagle
[778] feathers and porcupine quills, and they were held in great
000 veneration. Their owners were called pipe stem bearers,

276 Their owners[A] were called pipe stem bearers,
554 and the position was one of great distinction. The pipe
[756] stem bearer was regarded as a medicine man, had power to
[778] quell frays and disorders that none would gainsay, took
precedence even of the chiefs in treaties and councils, and
their lodges were places of refuge to which the criminal of
[302] every grade could fly and be safe from harm. They were
to be distinguished by a braid of hair in the center of the
forehead, which hung down before the face, and they
painted the face in a peculiar manner by a red cross down
the nose and across the forehead and a red or green spot
[415] on each cheek. The pipe was kept in a skin case painted
[782] red, and was only taken out upon important occasions and
then with great ceremony, the assembled people sitting
[824] quiet, grave and attentive, while the bearer made incense
by dropping dry cedar leaves upon live coals and chanted
in slow time a guttural song accompanied by peculiar
276 movements of the arms. These pipes were all very old, apparently
778 handed down through many generations until the
occasion that had conferred upon them their peculiar virtue
[756] was lost even from tradition. A pipe that accident might
have shown seemingly to possess unusual power could be
dedicated as a sacred pipe by a convocation of medicine
men but it was a privilege rarely exercised. There were
only about half a dozen of them in each band of the Blackfeet
[782] and these were held in great veneration. Indeed, they
might almost be termed the Bible of the Blackfeet and to
swear upon the Sacred pipe was the most binding oath a
[761] Blackfoot could make. Perjury or disregard of the obligations
[784] of such an oath was believed to be followed by instant
[422] death. The ownership of these pipes might be transferred
[437] by barter, but their bearers were seldom willing to
surrender the dignity they conferred. In value they were
[435] computed at about nine horses.

RELIGION

775 The Blackfeet believed in a Great Spirit who is all-
[776] powerful and good and has allotted to them an existence
after death. The future life they think is to be passed
at a point in the Saskatchewan, which they call the Sand

[A] [i.e., owners of the Medicine or Sacred pipe--Analyst]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777 not only equivalent to the native sweat lodge, but "that when they had received
177 baptism they can conquer any enemy whatsoever." Furthermore, they believed
he could "cause the thunder to roll" when he was not satisfied. Apparently it was this last power, which they attributed to him, that won Father Point his Blackfoot name of "Thunder Chief."[2]

532 All of the other pictures on this plate refer to aspects of the Indians' traditional religious beliefs – beliefs they had held long before Father Point appeared among them.

532 The picture at the lower right contrasts most sharply with the Indians'
773 recognition of Father Point as the new Thunder Chief. It depicts the traditional
[796] thunder ceremony of the Blackfoot – the medicine-pipe ceremony, performed
[778] each spring after the first thunder was heard. As early as 1809 the British fur
trader, Alexander Henry, had observed, "Thunder is a man who was very wicked
[821] and troublesome to the Indians, killing men and beasts in great numbers. But
[175] many years ago he made peace with the Blackfeet, and gave them a pipestem in
token of his friendship, since which period he has become harmless" (Henry 1897: II: 366). A well-known tribal myth, recorded by Clark Wissler and David Duvall (1908: 89-90) more than a half-century ago, tells of Thunder's gift of the medicine-pipe to the Blackfoot, along with instructions for the performance of the ceremony in his honor.

The two thunderbirds pictured at the top of this scene were believed to cause
793 thunder and lightning by the flapping of their huge wings. The perspective in the
532 lower portion of this scene is deceptive. Actually the medicine-pipe man is
intended to be sitting in front of rather than on top of the dry-painting altar
[796] which was specially made for use during the ceremony. He wears the distinctive,
[292] club-like headdress of a Blackfoot medicine-pipe man. The German scientist,
[175] Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwied, while he was among the Blackfoot at Fort
[302] Mc Kenzie during the late summer of 1833 observed that the medicine men
"divide [their hair] into several thick queues all around, and generally bind them altogether with a leather strap, in a thick knot over the forehead" (Thwaites 1904-1907: XXI: 99-100).

796 The altar for the Blackfoot medicine-pipe ceremony was of dry color upon
532 the ground in front of the pipe-owner, the leader in the ritual. One half was red
[237] (at left in the picture), and the other half black (at right). Four feather plumes –
two red and two black – were placed upright at the corners of the altar. These characteristics of the altar for the medicine-pipe ceremony are correctly depicted in the artist's scene.

796 The medicine-pipe ceremony and that of the horse medicine cult among the
[123] Blackfoot were closely associated. On the night of March 29, 1943, I witnessed a
horse medicine ceremony conducted by Wallace Night Gun, then leader of that
[178] cult on the Blackfeet Reservation. The altar prepared, used, and destroyed
before the conclusion of that lengthy ceremony was like the one pictured by the unknown Indian artist in his representation of the medicine-pipe ceremony nearly a century earlier (Ewers 1955: 265-66, fig. 33). Wissler has described in

detail the complex and prolonged ritual of the Blackfoot medicine-pipe 796
ceremony, based upon his field investigations of more than sixty years ago
(Wissler 1912: 136-165).

At the top center of this plate is pictured an elaborately painted shield. 532
Shields were the major defensive weapons of the Blackfoot. They were 714
commonly carried in large-scale battles, but were not carried by members of 778
small horse raiding parties against the enemy. They were sacred objects. Warriors
placed greater faith in the protective powers of the paintings on their front [231]
surfaces than in the thickness of the buffalo rawhide from which they were
made. These designs originally were given to Indians in dreams or visions by [787]
supernatural powers who took pity upon them. But the shields could be [425]
transferred later from one Indian to another.

Interestingly enough the shield depicted by that unnamed Blackfoot Indian [127]
artist in 1847 bears so close a resemblance to a shield preserved in the collections
of the American Museum of Natural History in New York (Cat. No. 50-5760)
that it seems probable the artist attempted to picture that same shield. The
central figure of the standing buffalo is more realistically rendered on the
specimen than in the drawing. But the flanking arcs – painted black with white
dots – are very similar. Perhaps the early artist's rendering of this shield is not
precisely accurate in every detail, or this specimen may be a remade or repainted
version of the shield the artist pictured. Wissler stated that the museum specimen
was obtained from a North Blackfoot "who had failed to learn the ritual after its
transfer to him." Wissler also reported that the Blackfoot believed this was one 773
of the three medicine shields referred to in their myth accounting for the origin 714
of shields. According to that myth, an Indian named Always Talking killed his 778
wife for infidelity. The buffalo revived her, and before sending her back to her
remorseful husband, gave her her choice of any three shields owned by the
buffalo. Wissler first pictured this shield in 1912 (Wissler 1912: 122, fig. 16;
Wissler and Duvall 1908: 99-102). Since then it has been illustrated in numerous
popular publications on the Plains Indians (see especially Lowie 1954: fig. 62).

The drawing at the upper right may be the earliest known colored illustration 532
of an identified Blackfoot painted tipi. In 1809 Alexander Henry observed that 342
the Blackfoot painted both birds and beasts "in a rude uncouth manner" on the [175]
covers of their tipis. He apparently did not recognize the religious significance of
those paintings (Henry 1897: II: 527).

The unnamed Blackfoot artist portrayed to the best of his ability the snake-painted tipi. Undoubtedly, he pictured what he knew about this tipi rather than what he saw when viewing it from the south side. For there was but one snake painted on each side of the cover. He lets us know that there was a pair of snakes on this tipi by showing both on the same side, one above the other.

The snake-painted tipi was regarded by my Blackfoot informants as one of [773]
the oldest of the tipis of the tribe, because it was said to have been taken from
the snakes by the mythological tribal hero, Blood Clot. Wissler and Duvall
(1908: 53-58) recorded the Blood Clot myth. Wissler also learned that there

532 were snake-painted tipis among three of the four major divisions of the
342 Blackfoot – the South Piegan (in Montana), and the North Piegan and Blood (in
Canada), while the North Blackfoot had a Big Snake (rattlesnake) tipi. He also
described one of these tipis (Wissler 1912: 220-22, 337-38).

[123] Ninety-five years after the unnamed Blackfoot artist pictured a snake-painted
tipi, I saw one of them, then owned by Yellow Kidney and his wife, in the sun
dance encampment near Browning. The snakes' heads were painted red, and
their bodies were alternating blocks of red and green, zig-zagging around the tipi
cover against a white background – much as they are pictured by the Blackfoot
artist in 1847. The bottom portion of the tipi cover was also painted red with
white discs, and three horizontal red bands were painted at the top of the white
background of the central portion – as in the earlier artist's rendering. The
upper portion (representing the night sky) was painted black, although the small
discs within that area (representing stars) were green on the Yellow Kidney tipi,
[178] whereas they are white in the artist's version of the snake-painted tipi. It is
significant that the design of this painted tipi changed very little over a period of
a century, during which it must have been repainted many times on new lodge
covers of buffalo cow skin and more recently of white cloth, or canvas.

532 The crescent-shaped moon (in black) and circular sun (orange) appearing in
776 the left center of the artist's work must be intended to show that Sun and Moon
were major supernaturals recognized by the Blackfoot. In the tribal mythology
821 Moon is considered to be Sun's wife, and Morning Star was their son. This
[773] relationship is repeatedly referred to in such well-known Blackfoot myths as
[796] Scar Face, and The Fixed Star (or The Woman Who Married a Star) – myths
which account for the origin of the sun dance, and the symbolism of the sacred
● [778] digging stick carried by the medicine woman in that most important tribal
religious ceremony (Wissler and Duvall 1908: 58-68). On some of the dry-painting altars employed in Blackfoot ceremonies the moon is represented in
black paint as in the artist's drawing. But on the sun dance altar it is yellow, with
a narrow black center. It is always portrayed as a crescent (Wissler
1912: 254-57).

532 This leaves only the small panel at the bottom left of the plate to be
interpreted. Perhaps the artist chose to picture the pair of antelopes as a further
825 indication of the variety of sources of supernatural power known to the
[776] Blackfoot. The antelope might, of course, have been the artist's own
supernatural helper. The Blackfoot knew the antelope as the swiftest of the
larger mammals on the plains. Antelope power provided a war medicine.
[526] Contenders in the foot races between members of the different men's societies
[575] during the summer sun dance encampments also wanted antelope power to
enhance their swiftness afoot.

178 I was privileged to live among the Blackfoot Indians in Montana for three and
[123] one-half years (1941-1944) nearly a century after Father Point first brought the
teachings of Christianity to those Indians. Blackfoot life and culture had
[797] changed markedly during the intervening years. By the early 1940s less than 20%
[144]

37: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

of these Indians were full-bloods. A goodly number had more than one white 178
grandparent. These Indians, with few exceptions, had become Christians – the 797
great majority of them Roman Catholics. Even the oldest of the full-bloods who 144
died during those years received Christian funerals at which a priest or minister 764
officiated in the services in the church and at the cemetery. I served as a 123
pallbearer in several of those services. Yet I noticed that after the white 782
clergyman formally entrusted the body to the earth, it was customary for an
aged Indian to step forward and deliver a fervent prayer in his own language,
before the assembled mourners dispersed.

During those years no young men fasted and sought visions in isolated 178
localities. There were no painted shields among these Indians, who had not gone 785
to war against enemy tribes for more than a half century. Yet more than a score 787
of veterans of the intertribal wars, their wives, or widows, were still living. They 778
formed the nucleus of that portion of the tribe who gathered each summer to 714
participate in the sun dance. There were nearly a score of painted lodges in the 728
sun dance encampment behind the museum near Browning in 1942. Owners of 796
medicine-pipe bundles still opened them in a ritual manner after the first 773
thunder in spring; and the sacred horse medicine cult was still active. Older
full-bloods still recited in fascinating detail the beautiful myths which told of the origins of the medicine bundles and religious rituals of the Blackfoot. Nearly a century after Father Point's pioneer Christian missionary endeavors among these Indians, traditional Blackfoot religion, such as was interpreted by that unnamed artist in 1847, was still very much alive.

NOTES

1. I am indebted to Holt, Rinehart and Winston of New York and to Loyola University Press, Chicago, for permission to reprint this plate. 000
2. This letter, as quoted by Father De Smet, is not dated. Presumably it was written in 1847 (Smet 1905: III: 953-54).

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764 172 his tipi shortly before his death in 1931. The radiating lines were set in place by Francis Eagle Child following his father's death.

The most interesting "medicine wheel," from all aspects, is the memorial to Steel, a great Blood warrior. It is of the most classic design and the fact that it was constructed in 1940, probably makes it the most recent and last such stone marker.

Born in about 1850, Steel was an outstanding fighter against the Crow and Assiniboin and, although he never gained official chieftain status, he was held in this
[555] regard by his people. For his exploits, he
[354] became the owner of a 30-buffalo tipi and was permitted to have two fireplaces. Because these two points are reflected in his "medicine wheel" they should be briefly explained.

342 555 The average Blackfoot tipi contained 12 to 14 skins (Ewers, 1955, p. 131), but warriors who performed certain brave deeds were permitted to have tipis made of 30 buffalo skins. Because of its size and weight, such a lodge was said by informants to have been divided in half for moving, and was
[556] carried on two travois. Therefore, besides fulfilling the warrior requirements, the owner of such a tipi had to be fairly wealthy in horses. Some Bloods who owned these tipis were Seen From Afar, brothers Hind Bull and Fish Child, Packs His Tail, and Holy Sleeps. Naturally, a 30 buffalo tipi was far larger at the base than the average tipis, and this size is immediately evident when inspecting certain tipi rings or "medicine wheels."

555 354 If a Blackfoot owner of a 30 buffalo tipi carried his bravery and heroism to an even greater degree, he might become one of the select few to possess twin fireplaces. To gain this envied prize, a warrior had to perform some outstanding *coup* of a double nature. For example, an early Blood chief, Big White Child, knocked two enemy from the same horse—one from each side. Steel, according to an informant, gained twin fireplaces when he killed two Crow Indians in a singularly brave action.

[778] The fireplace nearest the doorway was apparently used for everyday purposes, while the one to the west was reserved for

[p. 180-B]

555 ● [778] burning incense associated with a medicine pipe held by twin fireplace owners.

[354] Informants knew of only five Bloods who had possessed both 30 buffalo tipis and twin fireplaces. These were the first Bull Back Fat, Tail Feathers Coming Over the Hill, Big White Child, Many Spotted Horses, and Steel. Even Seen From Afar, remembered by the Bloods as their greatest chief, had not performed the "dual" exploits necessary to gain this honor.

764 [555] [729] Therefore, Steel's final memorial—a 30 buffalo tipi ring, with twin fireplaces, and flanked with four radiating lines—would appear to be the greatest tribute that could be paid a Blackfoot warrior chief.

[177] [575] In his later life, Steel was a progressive Indian who lived in a log cabin, built corrals, and owned cattle and horses. Early in 1940, shortly before his death, he pitched his large canvas tipi (of 30 buffalo size) a short distance south of his home, in preparation for a meeting of the Horn Society—a secret organization which guides the religious life of the reserve. Although he used pegs, he also obtained stones to hold the canvas in place. Following the meeting, Steel showed his son, Bob, how to lay out the four directional lines.

Steel died at Standoff on April 7, 1940, and was buried on a hill near the Belly Buttes. His son, assisted by his sister, Mrs. Laurie Plume, then completed the "medicine wheel" in accordance with his father's last wishes.

[555] [729] "The lines signify that he was a brave man, a leader who had been to war," stated his daughter. "It was Steel's wish to have this done as a proper tribute to a warrior chief." She added that, if he had not been entitled to it, the elders of the tribe would have quickly ordered the stones removed, as they were jealous of undeserved honors.

764 172 The Steel "medicine wheel" is located on the Laurie Plume farm, three miles north of Spring Coulee and about three-quarters of a mile from St. Mary River.

The tipi ring portion is 27 feet in diameter (compared to Eagle Child's 12-foot ring) and contains 77 field stones. There is a three-foot entrance to the east which is flanked by two larger stones. The concentric lines are all 30 feet in length, with the stones

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57. Beaded navel cord amulet.

Decoration of Riding Gear

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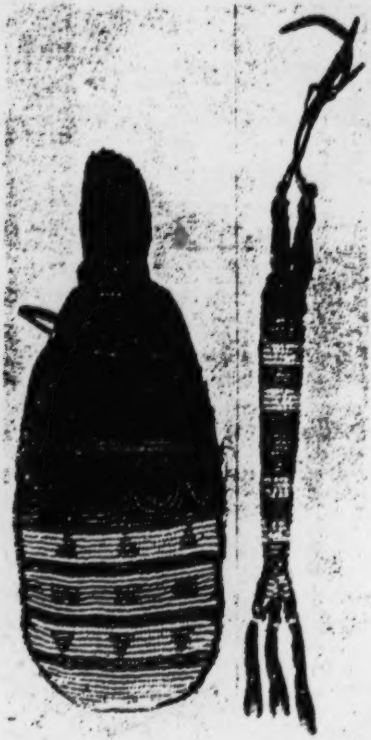
Those articles of riding equipment that offered sizable, flat, soft surfaces were generally decorated with beadwork. These included men's soft, hair stuffed pad saddles, martingales and cruppers used generally by women, and double saddle bags. Some pad saddles were formerly decorated with small rosettes near the corners, more recently with floral designs. The soft skin bases of martingales and cruppers were covered with red or black flannel. Older Indians say that in their youth the flannel was decorated in beadwork with angular designs "something like parfleche designs." In more recent times floral designs, combined with a

41: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1945
NF6 Blackfoot NF6



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←
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→

39. Beaded medicine necklace pouch and awl case.

were commonly decorated with geometric designs, consisting of horizontal stripes, mountain designs and other small elements. In recent times beaded flowers and double-curves have been used to decorate the panels. Fancy saddles used by women in parades in recent times are decorated with pendant triangular flaps hanging from their high horns and others from the stirrups. These, too, are beaded.

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[P.54-A]

carefully removing little chips from the surface with her metal-bladed skin scraping 415 322 tool. Some workers were satisfied to allow the chipping to show in the finished bowl. 412 Others went over the interior with a sandrock to smooth the surface. The bark was removed from the outside with a knife, and that side also was chipped with the skin scraper by some workers. After the bowl [237] was permitted to dry out in the sun, the entire surface was greased with animal fat. Later the surface was polished to bring out the grain of the wood. Bowls of ash were preferred because of their beautiful grain pattern. Smaller knots were made into cups.

Some wooden bowls are still used in 415 ceremonials, especially in the ritual of the [776] medicine pipe. However, these are generally bowls of White manufacture that have been [777] turned on a lathe. A very rare, old cotton wood bowl, made by an Indian, is shown in figure 67. It is irregular in outline, about three-eighths inches thick, eleven inches in diameter and two and a half inches deep. This bowl is part of a Blood medicine pipe [778] bundle.

Making Horn Spoons

Cups, dishes, ladles and excellent spoons 321 were made by Blackfeet men and women [415] from the horns of the buffalo or the big- [412] horn sheep. David Thompson, the earliest [175] trader to describe the Piegan, stated that [224]

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67. Wooden ceremonial bowl.

[P.59-A]

rated with small brass disks sewed to the 294
flannel. The tail feathers of the golden 237
eagle, white with black tips, were preferred [531]
for this bonnet and from 18 to 30 were
used. Most bonnets were further decorated with porcupine quill-wrapped pieces of thin rawhide sewed to the ribs of the feathers, with short plumes at the bases of the feathers, and with strips of white weasel skin attached to the headband.

Very few "straight-up bonnets" are now 292
worn. About the year 1895 the Sioux type [177]
of bonnet was introduced among the Black- [178]
feet. It has become so popular as to replace
the traditional Blackfeet style almost en- [171]
tirely. Elderly Indians say that one impor- [778]
tant reason why the "straight-up bonnet" rarely is seen today is because it is considered a very sacred thing, and very few people have the right to wear it, whereas the Sioux type of flowing feather bonnet has no such religious meaning to the Blackfeet. It is just a picturesque hat. Anybody can wear it.

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71. Modern sport jackets

[P-61-A]

45: Dempsey H-5 (1960) 1963
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE OF BLACKFOOT QUILLWORK

Abstract

Quillwork among the Indian tribes of the Northwest as practised by the women embodied features of religious significance of a restrictive nature. Only a few women had the right to do this work and it was they who gave permission for others to be initiated into the religious pattern. The symbolisms, while varying between tribes, included specific prayers, face and hand painting and the wearing of specific ornaments, such as necklaces, while quilling. Quill work was done in return for gifts and the finished product could not be sold. Designs could be used only by the owner unless they were given away.

531 [431] [425]

462 532 The religious significance of art forms among the Blackfoot Indians has generally been associated with the men. Such fields as the painting and transferring of tipi designs, or the painting of war exploits on buffalo robes or shields were male responsibilities and were accompanied by religious ceremonies and taboos.

462 531 However, little religious significance has been attached to female crafts. The painting of parfleche containers, lodge liners, etc., or the beading or ornamenting of clothing for non-religious use depended mainly upon the maker's skill.

531 [778]● [178] While details of the techniques of Blackfoot quillwork have been recorded, primarily by Orchard (1916) and Ewers (1945), only passing attention has been given to the religious significance of this pre-European craft. The most detailed comments have been made by Ewers, who stated it was a "sacred craft" and that "younger women were initiated ceremonially into the art of handling the sharp-pointed quills" (Ewers 1945). Although quillworking is now almost a forgotten art among the Blackfoot, there are at least seven persons who have occasionally done such work in the past decade. Of

[P.52-A]

these, two each are women from the Blackfoot, 531
Blood and North Peigan tribes, while one is a
man from the Bloods. [178]

While the author was gathering data on Blackfoot quillwork techniques in 1960, a Blackfoot [115]
informant, wife of the head chief, first mentioned the religious aspect. Later interviews with [124]
the North Piegans and Bloods provided additional data on the religious aspects of the craft.

The primary informant, Mrs. Victoria McHugh,[1] was raised on the Sarsi reserve and [115]
learned quillworking from her adopted grandmother, a Blackfoot. She had not done any of this work since 1936 but was able to demonstrate some of the more common techniques. She stated:

> In the summer of 1924, when I was about twelve or fourteen years old I was initiated to do quillwork. My grandmother and I were all alone in her tent. [302]
> She painted my face so that I would not go blind from doing quillwork. Then [751]
> she gave prayers for good health for me and all in our family.

The paint, which was to be worn whenever 531
doing quillwork, was applied in the following 302
manner. Yellow ochre was mixed with a little fat in the palm of the left hand. The index and second fingers of the right hand were rubbed into it, and a V-shaped mark was placed from the forehead to the bridge of the nose. Red paint was mixed and, with the right index finger it was applied in a vertical line above the bridge of the nose. The final appearance was similar to that of a crow's foot and was designed to protect the person's eyesight. The backs of the [751]
hands were also painted with red ochre to prevent them from swelling.

At the time of her initiation, the informant 531
was given a necklace. This was made of ten 301
porcupine claws with different colored quills wrapped as spacers. She was told to wear this when doing quillwork, and to paint it each time with red ochre. She said,

> Whenever persons wanted to do quillwork they put the necklace on and this was a signal for everyone to leave the tipi.
> This was partly because of the holiness [778]

> 531 301 of quillworking and also so there wouldn't be any children or other persons around who might distract the worker.

● [778] 531 782 [302] After being initiated, the new quillworker was expected to make a single moccasin which was left on a high hill as an offering to the Sun. When starting to work, the face would be painted and red ochre placed on the necklace and the backs of the hands. The arms were then crossed over the breast and a prayer given to the Sun.

531 [431] According to the informant, only three women in her grandmother's camp had the right to do quillwork. If persons wanted something quilled, such as a suit, moccasins or a ceremonial object, they would give gifts to one or all of these women. Very often the three would work together on a large object. When one woman became too old, she would initiate a younger woman, usually a relative, so that she might receive the art from her.

[115] Inquiry among the other Blackfoot tribes revealed some additional information on the subject. One North Peigan woman, Mrs. Bob Crow Eagle, whose mother had been a ceremonialist, said:

> [424] There were only a few women who had the right to do certain work in the old days. It was these women who could do quillworking or could give permission for others to do such work.

[115] A Blood informant, Harry Big Throat, also recalled ceremonial significances:

> [753] Many years ago, there was a woman who wouldn't go through any ceremony before doing quillwork. One day she was working, flattening the quills with her teeth. The white stuff from the inside of the quill went into her mouth and she got sick and died. Ever since then the Bloods have been slow to take up quillworking. They are afraid of it, afraid that something might happen to them.

[782] He also remembered seeing Mrs. Red Crow, wife of the head chief (1879-1900), doing quillwork. She would spread all her tools and quills in front of her, and then pray before starting to work.

531 425 432 Two informants also mentioned that quillwork was not supposed to be sold. It could be made for friends or relatives, or commissioned by others in the camp, but could not be manufactured solely for sale. This, explained one woman, is the reason craftworkers in the res-

[p.53-A]

126 Horn," with a buffalo robe draped round him, and between
him and Big Snake is Wah-nis-stow, "The White
Buffalo," principal chief of the Sar-cee tribe. In the
background stand two chiefs of inferior quality, one of
them has his face painted half black, being in half-mourning
123 for some friend. As they were expecting to
[535] have a fight with the Crees next day, they got up a
[126] medicine dance in the afternoon, and I was solemnly
invited to attend, that I might add my magical powers
126 in increasing its efficacy. Amongst all the tribes here
123 assembled, the sacredness of the medicine pipe-stem is
[779] held in very high estimation, and it was with much
solemnity that I was placed in the best position, to work
my incantations; that is to say, to make the sketch
No. 18.

609 Next morning we embarked, after having presented
572 the chiefs with eight or ten pounds of tobacco to be
distributed amongst the rest, and had not proceeded many miles, when we had to put ashore again to gratify an old Blood Indian chief, who had arrived at the camp shortly after our departure, and had galloped immediately after us, for the purpose of having a talk with Mr. Harriett, whom he had known many years before, and for whom he entertained the warmest friendship. After the talk, he stripped himself naked, excepting his breech-cloth. Mr. Harriett, not to be behindhand with him, gave him everything but his shirt and pantaloons: it was rather a losing operation for him; although the chief's leather shirt and leggings were quite new and highly ornamented, yet they were not exactly what Mr. Harriett would like to wear, so he gave them to me to add to my stock of Indian costumes. One of the Indians who had accompanied the old chief, noticing I had a new capote on, thought he would try what could

115 go on a high butte to locate the camp. Afterwards they should
726 come up to him. But he waited and waited, and they did not
come. He waited until dark, and when they failed to come, he
started for the camp, but he could not find it. He walked a long
time about, seeking for the camp, and at last he returned to his
hiding-place, and stayed there all the day. And at night he started
again for the camp. This night there was clear moon-light, and
still he could not find the camp, though he was seeking for it
115 all the night. He had to go back to his hiding-place. During the
726 next day he prayed to the holy medicine-pipe, and said, that he
would use that pipe to dance with, if it would grant him, that
778 he might steal some horses. That pipe, Bear-chief prayed to, was
[782] the only pipe in this tribe, which might be used at the Round
[585] dance, when they were dancing all round the outside of the circle
camp. It was given to the tribe by an elk. That night he started
115 early by moon-light. Then he found the camp, and he could plainly
726 see the women cooking outside of their lodges. As soon as the
women went into the lodges, Bear-chief went to the camp, and
cut loose the rope of a bay horse. The owner was near, and gave
the alarm. Then all the people came out with their guns. He
jumped on the bay horse, and left his own horse, with saddle,
bridle, and blanket, and made his escape. He travelled all night
and all day. When he camped in the evening, it rained very
hard, and it continued to rain during the night. He had no blanket.
His only cover was a buckskin shirt. The following morning, when
he was on his way home, he met a party of Indians who had
stolen horses. He asked them, if they were strangers to him. They
did not say anything, but commenced to shoot at him. He ran
away. Perhaps they were Sioux. They chased him till a hollow
place in a big hill, where there was some brush. Then he came
out of the brush, and they shot at each other from a long distance.
115 They left him, and it rained very hard. He got on his
727 horse, and started to ride away. He came to Bear river, and then
648 he was almost frozen by the cold rain. Then he came to the
camp of 12 white men, who had been chasing buffalo. One of
these white men recognized him as Big-nose's adoptive son. Bear-chief's
wet clothes were taken off from him, and dry blankets
were given to him instead. They gave him half a cup full of
whiskey to drink. They made him lie down, and covered him up
with some more robes. He stayed there with the white men two
115 nights, and then he started home. His companions came to their
727 leader. They had not come to him on the butte, because they had

539 aksipístan otsinánoai. A´isippuyi
561 stuyísts itsístsainoaχpi Sinopáiks.
575 I´soiiks otsínaimoài ápåχsoiotokå`n ísokàsimìn.

● [778]

[292]

Again they initiated their younger brothers. And they themselves became Dogs. That is all that Blood knows about the societies. Before he was [born], there were societies that were called the Bulls, the Catchers [the Soldiers], and the Kit-foxes. Now there are two pipes still in existence. They were the pipes of the Catchers. The Kit-foxes had a kit-fox-hide and a tied bent stick. Forty years ago the Kit-foxes were seen the last time. The chief of the Tails had a coat of weasel-fur.

[Cf. GRINNELL blt 104 sqq. 219 sqq., WISSLER-DUVALL mbi 105 sqq., WISSLER slbi 25 sq., MC CLINTOCK ont 445 sqq., and especially LOWIE a 75 sqq., where the different problems relating to the age-societies of the Plains Indians are discussed.]

The Doves and the Braves.

539 A´nisoyi nítstuyìmisists, nitsí-
575 toχkænækatsi, nitsítsikakoi. Nisótæmanistsksiniχ´p íkìtamapi. Nimútstaχpa, ísoχtsik áksikiχ´kìnnàpi, nitsksinís otsítamàpis, áipæskàsau nitǽkaiiks. Einí otáuanikoainau nínaiks, máχkokakiχ´-kotoaχsau, matápi kanáitapi máχ-
[224] kstaitsis, íkaistapoàkimai. A´nnì-ksaie ǽskskamìau. Ki omá matápiu ákauàkimau, áksiksàsiu. Einí itæχkǽnautsimotàu. Omá matápiu áuàkimau, otsítsinok Kakúyiks,

When I was eight years old, I joined a society, I became a Dove. I then knew this about it, that it was a very happy thing. I did not think, that it would be lonesome in the future, as I knew, that those were happy times, when my partners danced. They were told by the chiefs, that they should watch the buffalo, that there would be no person out of all the people, that would start to chase the buffalo.

539 726 ki imat*á*tsistsiniuaie úskitsipaχpi, ki itsíkaχkokitsìuaie, otsauumáinisaie. Iapóiikoaiks it*a*χk*á*nauto iχ́kitsíkippitapìi. Nitúyi Nínoχkyàioa otoχpokómiks niuókskaitapìi itoχkítaipuyìau omí nitúmmoi, ki itótakìau nánisoyimi ótàsiks omím Pinápisinaikoàuim, ómam áitskamiu Nínoχkyàioi. Auauatóiau kokúsi ki ksistsikús, máχkotaχkàiisau.

before he died. Then the Crows, the whole seventy, came up. At the same time Bear-chief's three companions were standing on a hill and took eight horses from the Sioux, who was fighting Bear-chief. They travelled night and day to get home.

[Cf. Uhlenbeck obt 79].

Wonderful experiences of Bear-chief's.

539 778 [701] 1. A̋istsìppoii nánisekoputo istuyísts Aiiχ́kímmikui nitsítapsoo, nitsisíppitapì, nitsiksoó. Asináua nitsátaua. Ksisk*a*niáutuni Pinápitsaikatoyìs, *á*nniauk Aiststsèkskuyi. A'nniunaie itsúitomo. Nímoχtsìnoaii niuóksk*a*m st*á*mikiks. Nitánistaii amóksi nisúyepiχ́tsàiks: A'nnoma stáupik, *á*sàmmokik, nitákskunakataii omíksim st*á*mikiks. Nitsítomatapauàiskapi, nitáinstoχkoaiau, nimátatoχkoikamotsiauaiks. Nitsítsiepuyàkaχkumi, sot*á*misketùkaupiiau. Nimátsitomatapauaiskapi, nitáiikaistokoaiau, nostúmi itsíppoχpuyìu, nitsítstunnoaiau, nimátsitsipus*a*maiau, nitsítonoaiau, otóχkotokàs. Nisót*a*mepuau, nitsítsitotàu, tsiksimáiks síkskimiau. A̋ik*a*nausuyiau, einí *á*nni nitsistáuàsi. Omíksi nitoχpokómiks itsipúauyi, itsipúχsapuiau, áutòiau. Nitáis*a*m*a*nan amóksim óχkotokiks, nitáipisatsim*a*nan, ki

1. Twenty-eight years ago I went to war to the Cypress hills, I was one of forty in a party, I went afoot. I went on a raid against the Crees. In the morning we came to the Eastern Sweetgrass hills, there was Sage creek [literally: Rough creek]. There was a butte right close to the creek. From there I saw three bulls. I told these my war-companions: Stay here, look at me, I shall shoot those bulls over there. I began to crawl, I came near them, they had no chance to escape me. I got up and aimed at them, then instead of running off they sat down. Then I began to crawl again, I was getting very near them, my body began to tremble, I was very much afraid of them, I looked at them again, I recognized them, that they had turned into rocks. I got up, I went to them, which

nitátoiim*a*nàniau. Nitáχkuiinnimaniaii nítoχtoietòχp. Nitsítoχkotaiau amóksi nitoχpokómiks. Otsistotóχsoauaists ki píaapists iχ´kană´χkotsiauaiks amóksi óχkotokiks. Nistóa nisót*a*mauatsìmoiiχ´kamaiau. Apí'somaχkàn istómaχksim. Nitánik: A´nnomaie aχkúnatoχtskàuop, annóχk istúnnatapiu ki makápiu. Annóχk amóksim einíks ómoχtoχkòtokaspi, isóχtsik nist*á*matsotsp. Nisót*a*mskòt*a*χkaii. A´is*a*mepu nimátsitso. Nitsiíppitapìi, nitúiχ´k nímoχto. Nitáiastoχkìχ´p omím, amóksi st*á*mikiks otsitóχkotokàsp. Ọmá Imitáikoăna nitánistau: A´χkunot*a*s*a*maii ómiksim anníksikskaie einíau aióχkotokàsi. Otánik amóksi nitoχpokómiks: E´maniu, iksípisatapsiàiks. Nisót*a*mitotoχpinaniau. *A*´kaisauainakuimiau. Otsítopiχ´piau, káksipistanistsikiiau. Ksamátsis*a*m its*á*sksiau niuókskaiaists. Nisót*a*matsokàtoχpiau. A´moχkaie nitsístsitoχkoisksiniχ´p pis*á*tapiu nitsápsin nitsitapísin.

were black rocks. They were glittering [in the sun], they were 539 778 shaped like buffaloes. Those my companions got up, they came near [me], they got to [me]. We saw these rocks, we wondered at them, and we thought, they were holy. I filled my pipe. I 539 778 782 then gave it to these my companions. They gave their clothes and [different] things [they had] all to these rocks. I myself just prayed to them. Running-wolf 539 778 [787] was the eldest. He said to me: Let us go back from here, now there is something dangerous and bad. The reason why these buffaloes now turned into rocks, was that we were shown a warning for the future. Then I turned back home. Late in the summer I went again to war. I was one of thirty in a party, I went in the same direction. I came near to that [place], where these bulls had turned into rocks. I told Little-dog: Let us look on those, that were buffaloes, and were turned into rocks. He [Little-dog] was told by these my companions: He [Bear-chief] was right, they are very wonderful. We just got there [where the buffaloes had been]. They were gone. Where they had been sitting, there were just only deep places. Three sun-flowers were growing there [in those deep places]. I just passed by [after having looked at them]. This is what I know [to be] the first wonderful thing, I have seen in my life-time.

122 a while, please. I will wait until the Chief and my Indian brother, Jim, get home.

Three days of mouldering in a Bozeman motel, where "air-conditioning" turned out to be a window fan which enticed into my lungs all the insalubrious vapors of a neatly concealed backyard swamp, had cured me of any desire to seek commercial lodgings, so I drove back to the ranch to pitch camp. While conducting a Pollyanna re-check of the doors and windows of the ranch house, I discovered that the pantry window had a small piece broken out, and when I stuck my arm in to fish around for a latch, the whole pane gave way. So I crawled through. No electricity, but there was a kerosene lamp with juice in it. Opened the back door and brought in my sleeping bag and rolled in with my clothes on. Conked out immediately, totally bushed.

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Thursday, August 30

122 Last night was cold as a landlord's heart, and I slept like a (rolling) log. Strange that sleeping in an unheated house should be colder than sleeping out-of-doors. When I camped in Rabbit Ears Pass, in Colorado, a week ago, I awoke to find the water in my water bag frozen into a solid block. It was much colder in Rabbit Ears than it was here last night, and yet down there I slept comfortably. Maybe it is that you *expect* a house to be warmer. I could have slept in Jimmy's sack, but I hate to take such a liberty, and of

Certainly the ordeal required both courage
796 and fortitude, but the Chief says, and he should know, that the
785 event represented the fulfilment of a vow which the participant
had made to the sun on the occasion of his requesting some special
[782] favor, such as protection in war or the recovery from illness of a
loved one. Of special interest is the fact that if the skewers did not
tear loose after a reasonable term of sincere effort by the dancer, it
was the prerogative of any respected warrior to step forth, recite
his war honors by way of qualification, and sever with a knife the
strips of flesh which bound the dancer to the thongs; whereupon
the severed flesh was given as an offering to the sun. Such a brutal
religious gesture!—almost as nutty as having yourself lashed and
wearing a hair shirt over the open wounds. Those who fast at the
[178] Sun Dance for four days take no refreshment except a small drink of
water at sunrise and sunset, and since some of the old ladies and
gentlemen are too frail to survive such an ordeal, it is now allowable
for a surrogate faster to deny himself in their stead. There is nothing
supposititious about this action; it is intended by the surrogate as a
gesture of respect to the worthy old-timers and is done in the same
spirit that the cutting of the flesh of the dancer formerly was conducted.

342 The Chief mentioned something about the Indian teepee or lodge
which came as a surprise to me but which I should have had sense
178 enough to know without being told. The old buffalo hide teepees
were much smaller than their modern canvas counterparts. Hide
weighs much more than canvas, and even though the Blackfoots
used the lighter summer hides of the buffalo, or even split the hide
to reduce its bulk, a teepee constructed of more than six or eight
hides was simply too heavy for the nomadic Blackfoots to conveniently
[492] pack around. Some wealthy families, who had many horses
and so could provide travois transportation for more worldly goods,
had larger teepees, but these had to be divided into two or more
parts because a single horse could not manage to pull the load.

342 The discussion moved on to the Blackfoot painted lodges, and
532 here we really struck paydirt. Even in the old days there were only
about four dozen painted lodges among all three tribes of the Blackfoot
[619] Confederacy, and the lodges were not painted helter-skelter or
at the whim of the owner. The painted lodge was associated with a
[778] medicine bundle of some sort, and the designs painted on the lodges
[787] were either inspired by a vision that the owner had had or were
[432] purchased (the exclusive privilege of using the design, that is)
[424] from the previous owner. The Chief related the traditional origin of

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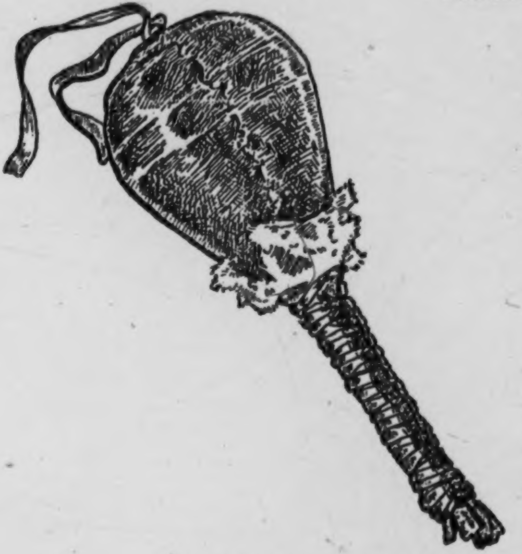


Medicine Rattle

Thursday, September 6

122

Last night, before going to bed, Jim said, "It's going to be a cold tonight." And it was. Jim was up and had the pancakes turning when I un-sacked at 7:45. I cannot take any more of Jim's roll-your-own pancakes. They would make excellent placemats. The other day I bought a big box of Aunt Jemima mix, but Jim managed to foul up that too. I was too late to save the pancakes, but I hastily volunteered to fry the eggs—once over lightly. The Chief noticed the difference, and he said that I am now official egg-fryer. Jim liked the eggs too, and he said, apologetically, "Goddam, I can't cook! What makes me, it's always in a hurry—that's what does it [The eggs always cook too fast]." With the addition of syrup, toast, tea, and canned cherries, we had a pretty good breakfast. The Chief has his hair in two braids today. I'm afraid that his cold is worse again.

The Chief wanted to go to town right after breakfast, and since I had a lot of typing to do, Jimmy took him in the old car. I was to meet them later, at the Tribal Office. I drove in at about 11:00, stopping briefly to take some pictures at Starr School, a large, green- [126]

539 775 787 taking my spirit back to where my body was. At first the old man would not believe me, but when I told him that I meant what I said, he was convinced. He was carrying with him a hatchet and a red handkerchief, and he said, *I am sorry that I have not any better gifts for you than this hatchet and this handkerchief, but before you leave, I want to show you something.* Then he placed his arm on a log, and with the hatchet he severed the hand from the arm. And then he picked up the hand and placed it back on the wrist and covered it with the red handkerchief, and when he took the handkerchief away again you could see that the hand was joined to the arm again. Then the old gentleman handed me the hatchet and the red handkerchief, and at that moment my spirit entered once more into my body and I found myself here in my own lodge with my relatives and friends standing all around."

539 The Chief continued:

● 778 789 From that time on, Yellow Wolf had the *Power*. One of his wives was named Pahták [Potato], and by her he had a son who was the father of the Yellow Wolf that is still living on this reservation today. One day this son asked to borrow Yellow Wolf's log chain, and Yellow Wolf told him that it was right there on the ground, covered with that black handkerchief. The son picked up the chain and it fell to pieces in his hands, but when Yellow Wolf picked up the links and covered them with the black handkerchief again, the chain was back together in one piece.

Another time, Chief Coward, who had the power to cut off his finger and then put it back on again, was showing off his power to Yellow Wolf. Yellow Wolf, who was chopping wood at the time, cut off his hand at the wrist and the hand fell three or four feet away from the arm and blood poured out of the arm. "See what you made me do!" Yellow Wolf said. "You startled me so much with your power that you made me go and cut off my own hand." But Yellow Wolf was only teasing Chief Coward, because when he picked up the hand and placed it against his wrist and covered it with his red handkerchief, the hand was joined to the arm again.

156 The Chief concluded the tale by saying that Yellow Wolf, who had lived to a ripe old age and had died only recently, had two daughters that were still living. Brother Jim added that actually

scene, the Chief's fourteen war parties constitute a rather remark- 721
able achievement. By the time he made his raids, the Whites had [648]
begun to move into Montana and to establish military posts and to
make treaties (none of which they honored) with the Indians, and
so the Chief had a pretty rough time of it. He has a bullet hole in
his left arm just behind the wrist, and although I have not been able [752]
to lead him into a detailed discussion of the matter, he did mention [411]
that the wound was quite an annoyance because the bullet broke
the bone and he had trouble loading the muzzle-loading old rifle
that he was using at the time.

With several notable exceptions—during one battle the Piegans 726
killed more than 300 Gros Ventres and Crows—most war expeditions 721
were made for the purpose of stealing horses and were composed
of only a half-dozen or so warriors. Piegan war expeditions were
not, as one authority has phrased it, "spur of the moment affairs."
Usually they were planned at least several days in advance, and it
was customary for the young warrior to first seek the blessing of an
old man of the tribe. Sometimes the warrior built a sweat lodge in [783]
which the old man would purify him, and sometimes the two just
smoked a pipe together. Almost always the older man would give [789]
the youngster a protective token or amulet to carry, and the sale
of especially powerful medicine bundles or war bundles was quite [778]
a thriving business.

At length I asked the Chief to tell me frankly who the best fighters 181
among the Plains Tribes had been, and very emphatically he re- 648
plied "[píkắñi]" (the Piegans). And I guess that history bears out his
opinion very well. In the early days, during the westward move-
ment by way of the Oregon Trail, the pioneers took a southerly
route around the Blackfoots (instead of following the natural course
of the Missouri Valley, which would have been the logical route)
simply because the Blackfoots were so powerful and so fierce that
to invade their land was virtual suicide.

The Blackfoots never did engage in anything resembling full- 648
scale warfare against the Whites, although one could not have [726]
blamed them if they had done so. Especially during the post-Civil
War period, when false reports of gold in Blackfoot territory pre-
cipitated an invasion of the region by the toughs and whiskey
peddlers and the brand of scurf invariably attracted to promises of
quick money, the Blackfoots were very badly used by the Whites.
But the only "battle" between Blackfoots and the U.S. Army oc-
curred in January, 1870, when there took place an action which has

ing Woman, told me about the Holy Woman's having been 159
killed by lightning. Goods Stealing Woman had been in the 346
Medicine Lodge at the time, but she, like everyone else except 165
the Holy Woman, had been spared by the lightning bolt. 793

Iron Pipe had arrived in time to claim the Thunder Lodge,
but Many Guns, a friend of mine from Gleichen, came to my 159
teepee and told me that the Thunder Medicine Man had saved 778
for me a medicine drum, some medicine bells, and some other 796
things. In order to receive the medicine articles I had first to go through a ceremony, so at the appointed time I called at the lodge of Iron Pipe. Iron Pipe's wife would not at first allow me to enter the lodge, but Many Guns explained that I was an invited guest and so the woman allowed me to take my place in the lodge.

The ceremony was conducted by the medicine man from 159
Gleichen, the Thunder Medicine Man. I sat on his right, and 778
Iron Pipe sat on his left. The Thunder Medicine Man lighted 796
a smudge of juniper and then handed the smudge stick to
Iron Pipe. Then he sang four songs. 756

The words to the first song were, "When the wind blows, [533]
that is my medicine."

The words to the second song were, "When it rains, that is my medicine."

The words to the third song were, "When it hails, that is my medicine."

The words to the fourth song were, "When the weather becomes clear after a storm, that is my medicine."

When he had finished singing, the Medicine Man took the smudge stick and with it scratched a jagged line in the earthen floor of the lodge from the place where I sat to the door; then he drew a similar line from the place where Iron Pipe was sitting. Then the Medicine Man resumed his seat, and immediately lightning flashed along the jagged lines from in front of [789]
Iron Pipe and me to the open door of the lodge.

This was the most frightening thing I have ever witnessed. I knew that this medicine man had great power, and I asked him whether there was anything in his power that was against me. He said, "No, there is nothing in my power against you.
But you must never again eat roseberries; if you do, your whole [784]
body will break out in a rash the same color as the roseberries." [262]

I said, "What about tomatoes?"

He said, "Tomatoes are all right, but you must never again, under any circumstances, use red paint on your blanket."

159 under any circumstances, use red paint on your blanket." The
778 medicine articles which I purchased from the Thunder Medi-
796 cine Man included a drum, some medicine bells, and a small
[756] piece of metal.

[432] Later on [in the fall of the year 1901] I went through a
[432] ceremony with Flat Tail and Drags His Robe in order to purchase a medicine pipe bundle. This bundle contained two medicine pipes. One pipe came from Sun; the other pipe came from Thunder.

159 During the Pipe Ceremony I used red paint on my blanket,
and that same night I had a dream in which two men came
796 to my house to visit me. They said that I had been warned not
787 to use red paint, and since I had ignored the warning they
763 were going to punish me by taking away my first child, my little
784 girl. They said that they would be back to let me know when
they were going to take my daughter away from me. The men
[776] did not tell me who they were, but I knew that they were
Thunder and Sun.

159 I went with my friend Many Guns to visit the Bloods over
in Canada [a customary response of the Plains Indian to an
484 emotional crisis was the paying of a visit to a distant relative
154 or close friend; this custom is adhered to by the Blackfoot In-
763 dian even today], and while I was in Canada word reached me
that my daughter was very ill. I returned home immediately.

At that time I was still living near the main fork of Cut Bank
159 Creek. When I arrived at my house, my father was holding my
763 little girl in his lap. Earrings, who was an Indian doctor, was
[759] attempting to treat the child, but as soon as I entered my baby
ran to me and clung to me.

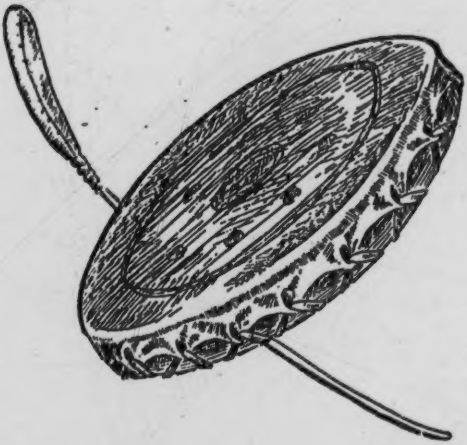
159 That night I dreamed that the same two men came to me and
told me that very soon now they would be coming for my child.
763 In the same dream I saw a rider coming. The two men pointed
787 to the rider and said, "We want your daughter, and we want
that rider too." The rider was Mad Wolf. My daughter died
the next day. Mad Wolf died four days later.

159 The drum that I had received from the Thunder Medicine
Man had been the favorite plaything of my little girl. After
778 my child's death I could no longer bear even to look at the
drum, so I threw it into the creek.

The following year I attended a Medicine Lodge above Browning. The Holy Woman was Snake Woman, the wife of Morning Gun. There had been a flood that spring, and when

I went up on a hillside above the creek to look for wood I 159
found the drum in the branches of a tree. The drum was com- 778
pletely undamaged, so I took it down to the encampment and gave it to Earrings. Earrings is buried in a house up there on the pine ridge, and so far as I know the drum was buried with him.

[534]



Sunday, September 9

Everybody beat me up today. I would probably be sleeping yet 122
if I hadn't been reveilled by the ungodly sound of a dog gnawing on a bone. I thought he was outside the bedroom door, and I yanked it open with a shoe in one hand; actually, he was under the house, directly beneath my bed. So that is where the dogs go when they disappear!

I have seen a few moths around the house in past days, but sud- [136]
denly this morning there were clouds of them—great fat things. I said to Jim, "I wonder where all those moths come from."

Jim said, "Me, I wonder where all those moths come from. Goddam, I wonder where they come from. They come from someplace."

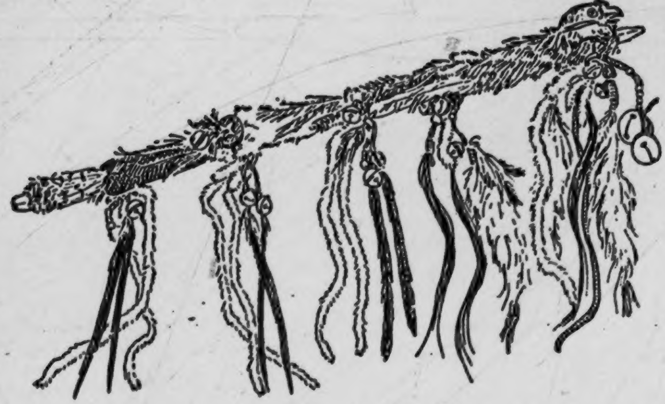
Indians are very willing to participate in any experience which 122
appears to be of interest to a friend. If I had suddenly become con- 157
cerned with the reason that the moon is yellow, Jim would have 572

122 rituals which were, of course, Roman to me. The experience was
796 somewhat akin to my first attendance, as a small boy, at an Italian
Opera; I didn't understand half that was going on, but I thoroughly
enjoyed every minute of it. I especially enjoyed the drumming.
[534] Each of the four drummers held in his left hand a flat, tambourine-
shaped drum. The top of the drum was covered with horsehide;
the bottom was open, criss-crossed with rawhide thongs which
held the drumhead tight and which also provided something by
which the drum could be held by the drummer. The drum was
struck with a single padded drumstick, and the tempo was fast.
[533] The rhythm consisted in a hard beat and then a soft beat—like a
rapid heart—and at the end of a sequence (or whatever the musical
term is), the final soft beat would be skipped, the music ending
with *hard beat, pause, hard beat.* No two drums were of exactly
the same size or pitch, and they all sounded in perfect unison and
the effect was magical. Once again I felt cheated because I have
no real knowledge of music.

One of the drummers was Phillip Many Hides; another was a blind old Indian named Fish. The other two were strangers to me, and I was pleasantly surprised to see that one of them was a very young man—not many of the younger Indians participate actively in the old Blackfoot ceremonies.

122 The most striking ritual of the Pipe Dance ceremony is the un-
wrapping of the Medicine Pipe. The Medicine Pipe—actually a large
796 and highly ornate pipe stem, without a bowl—is kept wrapped in
778 cloth and wound with buckskin thongs and can be opened only at
276 a religious ceremony with the proper ritualistic procedure. The
procedure included chanting, drumming, much symbolic pointing
and gesticulating with the Pipe, and the burning of sweetgrass. A
[824] braid of sweetgrass and a pair of wooden tongs made from the
[412] bifurcate branch of a sarvis berry bush are included in the wrapping
along with the Pipe. The tongs were presented to Mary Ground,
who used them to transport a burning ember from the stove to a
flat stone on the floor in front of the functionary. With much
chanting and gesticulation, old Dan Bull Plume shredded some of
the dry sweetgrass over the hot coal, producing a sizeable amount
of sweet, pungent smoke.

The Medicine Pipe itself, when finally exposed to view, was a beautiful thing. Over three feet long, it was marvelously decorated with such things as ermine tails, colored feathers, fur, beads, tiny brass bells, human hair, etc. The Medicine Pipe itself is not used for smoking, but during the ceremony another pipe (the long, stone-



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bowled, peace-pipe variety) was passed around and puffed on by 122
both men and women. In addition to puffing on the pipe, the smokers 796
blew the smoke into their hands and made a gesture of cleansing 778
their bodies with it. They passed me by, though, and I was rather 276
wounded by the slight, I must confess.

Actually the Pipe Dance ceremony was conducted as a series of 122
separate events, with breaks between them. During the breaks,
everyone was free to talk and joke and practically everyone, male 796
and female, rolled Bull Durham cigarettes. It is fascinating to 276
see those gnarled old fingers perform so expertly the delicate task of rolling a cigarette. I can't do it. The Blackfoot word for Bull Durham, incidentally, is *Stá-mek-shay-ahp-stá-kan*—which suggests that in Blackfoot, as in language generally, the tendency is toward ease of utterance. The Blackfoot language (typically) also contains several alternate terms for the same product (Bull Durham), one of which (*Ah-boot-ski-nahp-stahk-kan*) translates as "Cow tobacco." Cigarette is *Ik-ka-móne-nape* or *Móne-yee-mahn*, depending on whether you roll your own or smoke tailor-mades. The secret of speaking fluent Blackfoot, I have decided, consists in three simple rules: (1) never use the same noun more than once a year; (2) if you must use the same old noun twice, pronounce it differently or at least change the vowel stress; (3) when in doubt, calculate by the sun and divide by the moon.

The outstanding aspect of the Pipe Dance was the over-all 796
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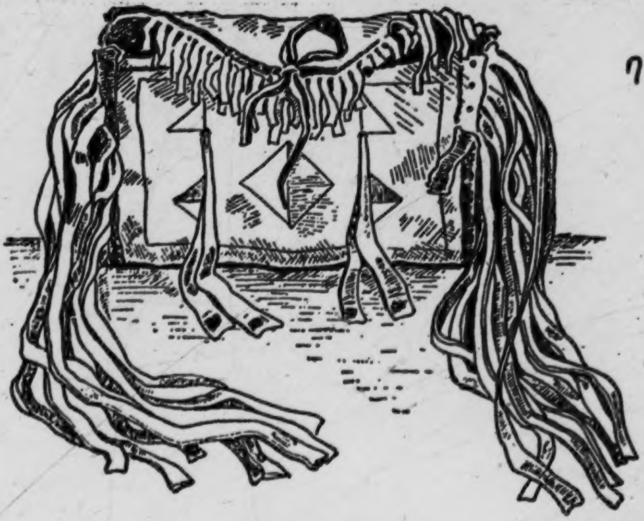

Medicine Pouch

Tuesday, September 11

Last night before sacking out, Jim and I decided that the Chief would benefit from a hot drink—purely medicinal, of course—so Jimmy whipped up his famous concoction of hot water, sugar, cinnamon and bourbon. Jim drank one too, and I conferred unanimity upon the compotation by doing likewise, but I put honey in mine instead of sugar. The first one was good, and the second was better, and the third sent me beddy-bye *muy pronto.*

I was up before seven, but Jim, who cut wood all day yesterday and then sat up with the Chief until 4:30 this morning, was up before I. He is anxious to go out and get more "toothpicks." The wind is strong from the west this morning, and both Jim and I think that we are going to get more snow.

At breakfast, Jimmy achieved the impossible—he made the pancakes worse than ever before. Poor old Jim just doesn't seem to get the point: it is the *eggs* you cook once over lightly, *not the flapjacks!* This morning's argilliferous atrocities had the consistency of kindergarten paste, and after employing one to repair a crack in the plaster, I thriftily set the rest aside for use in sealing envelopes.

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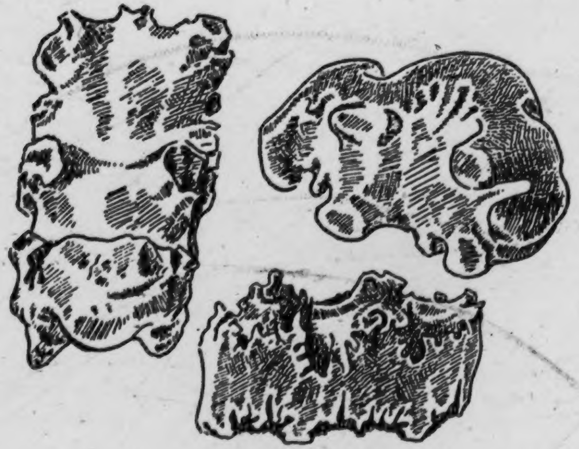

Buffalo Stones

Saturday, September 15

Both Jim and the Chief were up before I this morning. The Chief 122
feels much better, and there was much joking and carrying-on
around here including a mock boxing match between Dad and Jim.
At breakfast, Dad chewed Jim out about his horses; Jim has about
fifteen head out on the range, but only six are in the pasture.

I am to receive a Medicine Pipe in conjunction with the Beaver 123
Ceremony (presumably in a separate ceremony), and in the Black- 778
foot tradition my relatives (Jim, in this case) are required to give to 432
the present owner of the Pipe (the Chief) certain gifts, among them
a horse. The Chief says that this is his chance to get his hands on (431)
that fine buckskin mare of Jim's. For "buckskin," the Chief used the
term *och-t'kói-miu* (yellow-colored horse). He might instead have
said, *sík-ku-ah-si* (black-tailed horse), or, *In-nu-kóh-ku-yi* (elk-
colored horse), but by any name the buckskin would be a magnificent animal—and of course the transfer of ownership will be in fact just a formality. Jim and the Chief make a big thing of who owns what on the ranch, and they are constantly attempting to con one another out of things. But this is merely the affectionate mock-competition common to men friends of all races. Both the Chief and Jim are extremely generous, and they would cheerfully give one another—or me—anything they have, without question or comment.

196 "old man," "old White man," "crazy old White man," and a few others. One informant suggested that the phrase does not mean "old White man" but rather "White old man" (there is a significant difference between these two translations) and I would be inclined to go along with him if only for the reason that sometimes the Blackfoots in their prayers to the sun will refer to the sun not as *Nah-tóh-sey* but as *Náh-pi*. "Old White man" would refer to an elderly Caucasian, whereas "White old man" could refer to an elderly (hence, in the Indian belief, wise) man of any race.

A further shred of evidence is present in the fact that when a Blackfoot wishes to refer to a Caucasian, he takes the term *Náhpi* and adds the suffix *quon* to it. I think that I am fairly safe in saying that in its broadest application, *quon* means "man" in the sense of "person," but of course things are not that simple. I haven't really
[193] studied the thing out, but my observations thus far suggest that *quon* functions as sort of a restrictive diminutive and that when stuck onto the end of a noun it carries the meaning that the noun in question is one part of a larger group. Perhaps a good translation of *quon* would be "son of." For instance, while the term for the
[101] Blackfoots as a group is *Siksikáu*, the term for an individual (male) of the Blackfoot Nation is *Siksikáiquon*. "Dog" is *imitái*, and "puppy" is *imitáiquon*. (The Blackfoot term for a half-grown dog is, *seh-súmp*, but let's not get into that!) At any rate, I am a *Náhpiquon*, but in regard to whether this means that I am a "Sun-person," "The-son-of-a-foolish-old-white-man," or something in between, your guess is as good as mine.

The Blackfoot term for whiskey is *náh-pi-ò-kee*, a form combining *náhpi* with *och-kée*, the Blackfoot word for water: hence, the usual
122 translation of, "White Man's water." After supper we all had a shot, and this was the first time since my arrival that the Chief was the one to suggest a drink—undoubtedly out of hospitality to our guest.

Our guest, Joe Morning Gun, left early, and for an hour then I
538 recorded the Chief's telling of the origin of the Beaver Bundle. The
778 Bundle contains, among numerous other things, an albino crow and
(126) the dressed skins of many animals, and according to this tale the whole thing started right over the hill from the ranch, at Lower Saint Mary Lake. The story of the origin of the Beaver Bundle is in some respects reminiscent of the story of Round Scabby Robe, but the Beaver Bundle story points up much more strongly the relationship in Blackfoot religious belief between the Underwater Persons and the Sun.

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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THE ORIGIN OF THE BEAVER BUNDLE

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A long time ago there was a Blackfoot trapper and hunter who traveled about killing bear and buffalo and other large animals, and capturing eagles and trapping the small animals for their fur. One time he camped on the north side of Lower Saint Mary Lake, above the place where the bridge is built today. Years ago you could see the circle of rocks where the trapper pitched his lodge, but now the rocks have disappeared.

One evening the trapper returned from checking his trapline to discover that his baby son was crying and that his wife was not in the lodge. He searched for his wife but could not find her. He could not even find her trail, so finally he decided that a bear must have killed her and carried her off.

That night, as the trapper sat in his lodge trying to comfort his baby son, a spirit person in the form of a man entered the lodge and spoke to him. The spirit person said, "I am here because I pity your poor child. Do not worry about your wife. She is in the lake, in the lodge of the Underwater Persons, and she is safe. I shall return to visit you again." Then the spirit person left.

On the following night the spirit man returned to the lodge and spoke to the trapper once again: "I have come to tell you what to do to get your wife back. In the lake is a small white beaver, the son of the Chief of the Beaver Persons. If you succeed in capturing the white beaver, your wife will be returned to you. I shall return again to tell you how to go about catching the beaver."

The next night the spirit man came into the trapper's lodge

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

539 and said, "Here is what you must do in order to catch the small 998 white beaver. First, take the manure of the elk, the deer, and the buffalo and mash the manure up fine and rub it all over your body to disguise the human scent. Then dig a pit near the water and cover the pit with brush. Hide in the pit, and when the small white beaver comes out of the water, catch him with your hands. But do not injure the beaver. After you have caught the beaver, I shall return to tell you what to do next."

So the trapper did as he was advised. He killed his scent with manure and hid in a pit near the water, but the white beaver did not come. Once a light-colored beaver came near, but it was a large beaver and not pure white, so the trapper decided that it was not the right one. Finally one day the geese swimming on the lake became startled and took flight, and the trapper could see that the geese had been startled by the wake of a small white beaver that was swimming toward shore. The trapper waited until the white beaver had come out of the water near the blind, and then he captured the beaver and carried it home to his lodge.

That night the spirit man came to the trapper's lodge for the fourth time. He said, "You have done well to capture the son of the Beaver Chief. If you want to get your wife back, you must hang onto the white beaver at all cost. The Beaver Chief will send word that if you release his son, your wife will be returned to you. But do not let the beaver go. Sooner or later the Underwater Persons will come out of the water to bargain for the release of the white beaver, but do not let the beaver go. And do not leave your lodge. Instead, when you hear the Underwater Persons coming out of the water, clear a place in your lodge for them to sit, and do not release the small white beaver until the Underwater Persons have returned your wife and have given you other gifts besides." The spirit man told the trapper what gifts he should ask for.

That night the trapper heard someone come out of the lake. It was one of the Underwater Persons—one of the water animals—who had taken on a human form. The water animal spirit entered the lodge and found the trapper seated with both the baby and the small white beaver on his lap. The spirit said, "I bring a message from our chief. He says that if you will release the little beaver, his son, then he will return your wife to you."

The trapper said, "No, I don't think so. Tell your chief that my baby is very lonely for his mother, and so I will keep the small white beaver so my baby will have a playmate until his mother has returned."

The water spirit person left then, and pretty soon the trapper heard a lot of people coming out of the water singing a medicine song. These were not real people that he heard; they were the water people, who had all assumed human form. There was the Chief Beaver, chief of all the water animals; there was the loon, which is chief of all the water birds; there was every animal and bird from the lake, and when they reached the shore they were joined by some of the animals which live on the land. The elk and the buffalo and the coyote and the fox and the badger and several other land animals all took on human form and joined in the procession. Likewise did some of the land birds join in. The song they were singing was,

This is our holy walk
We are starting our holy ceremony.

When the trapper heard the spirit persons singing their holy song, he cleared a place in his lodge for them, and after the spirits had marched four times around the lodge they entered and sat down. Leading the procession was the Chief Beaver, and with him was the trapper's wife. The wife was carrying a bundle.

When he had seated himself, the Chief Beaver said to the trapper, "We have returned your wife to you unharmed; now return my son to me."

The trapper said, "No, it will not be so easy for you. You have caused many tears in this lodge by taking my baby's mother away. You owe me something for that. My wife will sit on my right hand, holding both of our sons, and you will sit upon my left hand and tell me what presents you will pay me for the return to his people of the small white beaver."

So the Chief Beaver sat at the left of the trapper and sang seven songs. The songs that he sang were:

I have the tailfeathers of an eagle.
I have the pelt of a black coyote.
I have the pelt of a red fox.
I have the pelt of a fisher.
I have the hide of a white buffalo calf.
I have the pelt of a marten.
I have the hide of a cow elk.

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Each time the Chief Beaver sang a song, he took an object from the bundle that the trapper's wife had carried into the lodge, and placed the object in front of the trapper. When he had finished singing, he said, "This is the sacred Beaver Bundle; I am transferring it to you in exchange for the return of my son."

The trapper said, "It is not enough. What other things will you add to the bundle?"

Chief Beaver appealed to the other spirit persons to help him out, and one by one the animals and the birds stepped forth and sang seven songs and added something else to the bundle. Most of them added their pelts to the bundle, and the loon, chief of the waterbirds, gave his skin. Some of the other birds gave their feathers or their skins too. Last to contribute were the turtle and the frog. The turtle had no songs to sing, but he borrowed some songs from the lizard and put them in the ceremony. The frog stood up then, but he had no songs to sing so the turtle knocked him over backward. "You do not belong in this ceremony," he said. When the turtle knocked the frog down, the frog lay on his back holding up seven fingers. Nobody knew what he meant by this, and when they asked him for an explanation he said, "I have no songs to contribute, but I will give you seven winter moons during which the pelts of the animals will be prime." So although the turtle and the frog do not have any songs, they are represented at the Beaver Ceremony. The turtle and the frog and the lizard are painted on the hide which is spread upon the floor of the lodge before the Beaver Bundle is opened.

The trapper said, "What else will you add to the bundle?"

The Beaver Chief said, "I have already contributed my pelt, as have several of the other Beaver Persons, but now I will also give a whistle which can be blown when the bundle is opened." Then the elk and the otter stepped forth and said that they would also give whistles.

The trapper said, "The Holy White Buffalo Calf has given his pelt to the bundle, but the other Buffalo Persons have given nothing. What will they give?"

The buffalo calf said, "I will give my hide as an inner wrapping for the bundle." The buffalo cow said, "I will give my hide as an outer wrapping for the bundle." Last of all the buffalo bull said, "I will give my hooves." Toward the end of the Beaver Ceremony we sing songs about *Kip-pi-táh-key* [Moon], *Nah-tóh-sey* [Sun], and their son, *I-pi-sú-ahts* [Morn-

ing Star]. But there are many of these songs, and they are very 539
long, and if we do not wish to sing them we pick up the buffalo 778
hooves and start dancing instead.

The trapper said, "I am still not satisfied," and the Chief Beaver replied, "I have only three things left to give. I will put into the bundle my *it-tśi-wahn* [gambling wheel]; you should gamble with this wheel only before you go to war, so that you may have good luck. I will also put in a small stick that has been chewed by a beaver; when the Beaver Bundle is opened, he that is the first to take possession of this stick will have much good fortune. Finally, I will give you the seeds of the tobacco plant; put these seeds into the ground, and each year as you return from your travels to the place the seeds were planted you will find tobacco to smoke during your ceremonies."

The trapper said, "It is enough," and the Beaver Chief painted his face for him and transferred to his ownership the Beaver Bundle.

Then the Spirit Man—the spirit that had first come to the trapper in human form in order to tell him how to get his wife
back—entered the lodge. He was leading two dogs, a male and [492]
a female, and the male dog was drawing a travois. He said,
"Whenever you move camp you should carry the Beaver [493]
Bundle on the travois pulled by this dog. I am also giving you a female dog, so that dogs may multiply and you will never again have to carry your own burdens while moving camp."

The spirit person who took on a human form in order to help the trapper was really the Sun. Each night, when his day's work was done, he took on the form of a man and came down to earth to help the trapper get his wife back and also to advise him about obtaining the Beaver Bundle from the Underwater Persons. When the trapper found out who the Spirit Man really was, he took for himself the name, Nah-tòh-sey-i-néy-pey: Brings Down The Sun. He was the first Blackfoot ever to have this name.

Finally the Chief leaned back in his chair and said, "*Kèn-yai-au-* 122
wah-nay-náh-pi-quon," signifying the end of the Beaver Bundle 123
story. But it was still early, and we all felt conversational, and we chatted on about ships and sealing wax. The Chief said that he thinks I am a pretty good son, so he is going to will me some of this Montana land that I love so much. I was deeply touched, and I gave him my red-handled knife.

122 Then the Chief spoke to Jim, and Jim went into the Chief's room
123 and came back carrying an extremely old pouch of buffalo hide. I
recognized it as a Blackfoot man's medicine pouch, quite large,
778 painted with Indian designs, and with fringe more than two feet
long. The Chief opened the pouch and showed its contents to me
one by one. There were four large rattles of hardened rawhide—
[534 very, very old; a lock of hair from a buffalo tail; a small piece of
hair-on buffalo hide which served to line the bottom of the pouch;
386] and a sueded buckskin sack, colored with *níts-i-sahn*, a dull-red
paint which the Blackfoots produce by burning a certain kind of
clay, containing four buffalo stones (*I-nís-kim*). The buffalo stones
are the darndest things I have ever seen. They are natural formations—not
altered in any way except to be colored by *níts-i-sahn*—
and although I was able to identify three of them as fossils and the
fourth as probably an odd-shaped stone of sedimentary origin, it
required very little imagination to see them as the Indians do, as
[428] tiny buffaloes. The pouch and its contents were an inheritance from
the Chief's father, and his father before him. They obviously meant
a great deal to the Chief, and I admired them lavishly. I nearly
flipped when he told me that they were mine.

Before I could recover from my astonishment, the Chief spoke
to Jim again and Jim went again into the Chief's room and returned
this time holding a bundle carefully wrapped in old trade
cloth and tied with strips of buckskin. I learned that the bundle
contained two Blackfoot Medicine Pipes, two pairs of rustic wooden
tongs, some sweetgrass braided into a queue, *níts-i-sahn* paint, and
several other articles. I had thought that I was to receive a Pipe tomorrow,
after the Beaver Ceremony, but instead I received it tonight.

122 The Medicine Pipe is not to be confused with the so-called "peace
123 pipe" which was a smoking pipe and was a rather common article
among Plains Indians. The Medicine Pipe, which is really one portion
778 of the Medicine Pipe Bundle, is a purely religious article and
276 cannot be smoked.* According to best authority, there were never
more than seventeen Medicine Pipes among all three tribes of the
425 Blackfoot Nation, and it is a rare privilege nowadays even to see a
778 Medicine Pipe, let alone own one.

796 No two medicine pipes are exactly alike; the owner of each pipe

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[796] * I know of only one exception to this rule. During the Sun Dance, if a very
special prayer is to be offered to the Sun, the Sun Pipe may be fitted with a bowl
[782] and smoked by those inside the Medicine Lodge. Such occasions are very, very
rare.

can be identified by the way he paints his face, and the ceremony 778
of transfer of ownership of a Pipe is inimitable to the individual 796
Pipe. I have heard of a pipe transfer ceremony which required four 425
days of ritual, and of another which consisted only of the singing of
four songs. The transference of this Pipe to my ownership occupied 123
a time somewhere between these extremes—slightly less than four 778
hours. 796

Attempting to describe the ceremony would be like trying to de- 425
scribe in words the quality of any other religious experience—it simply cannot be done. If you have been there, you know; if not, you will never know. It is very reassuring, in a way, to realize that there are still, in this day of movies, television (next comes the feelies, I guess), some experiences which cannot be realized vicariously—which must be *lived*.

First there was the burning of sweetgrass and the ceremonious unwrapping of the Pipe Bundle. And then, for three hours, ritual followed ritual, each movement and gesture established by long tradition—the entire ceremony accompanied by a ceaseless chanting by the Chief. The Chief is the only living Blackfoot who knows in its entirety the proper ceremony for transferring ownership of the Medicine Pipe, and I was humbled, as I sat there on the floor before him, by the realization that in all probability I was the last person, Indian or White, who would receive a Piegan Medicine Pipe with full traditional ritual.

I was emotionally very receptive to every aspect of the Pipe Transfer Ceremony—and the feelings which the ritual evokes in the participant are truly singular—but I could not make an intellectual grasp on much of the proceeding because I did not understand its significance, and I must confess that several times during the long hours of gesture and chanting my thoughts wandered. I thought—irrelevantly, perhaps—about one of the most profound paradoxes of modern society: that so many people are cynical about human experience without ever in their lives having had the guts or the sensitivity to participate—really—in a human experience. And if you are cynical about human experience you cannot but be cynical about religious experience, because a truly human experience—a human relationship—is in every sense a religious experience.

I find myself unable to articulate my feelings on this subject, and 000
in a way I am glad. Because any experience which can be clearly articulated has not been fully assimilated. No brave man can define courage, and no one capable of real love can tell you what love is. More important, he does not feel the need for definition; the need,

000 if that be the term, is for realization. Knowledge, sometimes, is a poor substitute for knowing (I think I got that from Kahlil Gibran). Faulkner felt this, I think. Sherwood Anderson must have been aware of it, and Jack London. Steinbeck knows it, and I think Hemingway, toward the end, caught a glimpse. I sicken myself when I have to drag in famous names in order to fortify my convictions. Really, I just defeated myself.

One more rambling thought: where the hell do people think they are going? I am thinking now of the "religious" do-gooders who are so preoccupied with some vague never-never pursuit of eventually converting the whole world to their own particular religious belief that they haven't time to show a little love and concern for the people they *actually meet* in the *now*. This observation is of course subject to limitless ramifications, but the pinnacle of egotism, I think, is in believing that you—not your neighbor—are "saved." I suspect that more than one joker is going to strut confidently into the lobby only to discover that he has no reservation after all.

123 The final portion of the ceremony consisted in my having my face
778 painted with red earth paint by the Chief. Then the Chief asked
me to choose one of the Pipes. I said that either one would be fine,
796 but the Chief insisted that I must make a choice and so I chose the
425 nearer of the two. The Chief presented the Pipe to me, showed me
[302] how to wrap it properly, and advised me that the Pipe must never
be unwrapped without the proper ceremony. Such an action would
[777] bring much ill-fortune. The Chief said that the last man of his acquaintance to sell a Pipe without adhering to proper ritual went blind a short time later.

123 The Chief gave me, along with the Pipe, two necklaces. Both are
very old, and each is composed of beads and shells strung on a dull
778 red-colored piece of buckskin. One necklace has seven blue beads,
796 a dentilium shell, and a queue of human hair; this is the Sun Dance
425 Necklace, worn by the Holy Woman and the Medicine Man at a
Medicine Lodge celebration. The other necklace is made of three
301 large Indian beads and a different variety of shell; this one, for
[437] which the Chief traded a racehorse, many, many years ago, is associated with my Medicine.

000 Just as the ceremony concluded, there was a thump in the kitchen and immediately the kitten strutted into the living-room with a mouse in its mouth. The mouse was not as big as the kitten, or even half as big; but the mouse was *so* big, and the kitten is so *tiny*, that Jimmy said, "Look up [look out], cat, or that mouse is goin' ate you up." The kitten is a female (I have just decided), and now that she

123 796 ticipate fully in all the ceremonies, and when the men, one by one, got up to dance—including the Chief, that old rascal—I in my turn danced too. Fish, the blind man, who was wearing a really terrific Indian belt, danced also, but of course he had to be led onto the floor and he could dance only in one fixed place.

During the really formal dances, the women always danced in [801] groups of four—four being a number of some great religious significance among the Blackfoots. I think this derives from the four directions, for I noticed that as the smoking pipe was passed along, the old men all blew the smoke four ways. The pipe was of the [276] large ceremonial variety, with a stone bowl and a stem about thirty inches long so that it was necessary to hold the bowl at arm's length while smoking. The pipe was passed from one man to another down the line from the Chief, and as it approached I asked Jim whether there was any special way in which I was supposed to smoke it. Jim said not to worry but to watch him and do exactly as he did. So I watched Jim very carefully. And when he handed me the pipe I dutifully scratched my crotch, coughed in the face of the man on my left, and took four puffs on the pipe.

The ceremony was adjourned for the feast, and once again there was plenty for all, and once again I lapped up a bowl of Mary's berry soup and looked around, bright eyed and waggy tailed, for more.

123 796 778 After lunch came the big moment: the sacred Beaver Bundle was unwrapped by the Chief. I had expected a great deal, and I was not disappointed. The chanting and ritual which accompanied the unwrapping were spine-tingling, and I found it easy to imagine that I was seated in a Blackfoot lodge of not 1962 but of perhaps a hundred years ago. And the contents of the Beaver Bundle were, to me, breath-taking. There were in the bundle, in addition to the albino crow—the whiteness of which had been reddened somewhat with vermillion earth paint—a large number of the most beautifully cured animal pelts I have ever seen. There were beaver, otter, [281] mink, weasel, ermine, marten, and many others. Each pelt had been fleshed out even to the head and toes, and I had never before fully appreciated the efficacy of the Indian tanning procedure. I do now, for sure.

796 778 535 There were numerous other articles contained in the Beaver Bundle, and each article was in some way employed ceremonially as it was taken from the wrapping. Four women performed a dance structured around the significance of the four buffalo stones. Four women did the Beaver Dance, each holding a beaver pelt to her

chin and holding in her mouth a small stick, in imitation of the 796
beaver. And there was a lively number called the Prairie Chicken 778
Dance, in performance of which the women held blankets over their 535
heads and spread their arms wide in imitation of the movements of prairie chickens. For some reason the Prairie Chicken Dance caused quite a stir of excitement among the womenfolk, and one woman (Cecile Horn) who had been standing in a doorway pulled her coat up over her head and moved out onto the floor to join the dancers. Almost immediately, another woman did the same thing.

The Blackfoots always manage to include in their religious cere- 796
monies some occasion of pure fun, and today it was the Buffalo 535
Dance—a real fun dance if such there ever was. The Buffalo Dance 522
was the only co-educational dance of the day—boys can't have much [534]
fun without girls, let's face it—and if you want to have your own buffalo dance you need only music, people of both genders, and some buffalo hooves, polished and split and strung together on rawhide thongs so that they rattle nicely.

During the Buffalo Dance, both men and women remain seated on their respective sides of the room. Only one person at a time dances, the dancing beginning when a man takes the hooves and carries them twice around the room and on the second go-around tosses the hooves to a woman; then the woman dances twice around and tosses the hooves to a man, and so on back and forth until everybody has had his turn at dancing. But of course there is much more to it than that. The dancing is performed in imitation of the mating of the buffalo, and as the men dance they prance and stomp and grunt and lower their heads like bull buffalo, and the dancing women project the coyness and seductiveness of the buffalo cow. There is no set pattern for dancing—everyone is free to improvise and to dance as originally and as entertainingly as he can, and this is where the fun comes in. The whole proceeding radiates a tone of merriment and good humor, and when a man dances up to a woman she will shake her head in mock protest and flap her blanket or skirt at the "bull" to frighten him away. And when a woman dances close to a man he will grunt and hook his buffalo horns at her in an attempt to discourage her overtures—or else, with humorously exaggerated dignity, he will pretend to ignore her completely.

It was Mrs. Tom Many Guns, dressed in a beautiful Indian costume of predominating blue, with blue beadwork on her moccasins and a fine blue blanket over her shoulders, that received the hooves from Joe Horn, the young drummer. (Joe had been replaced at the drum by Fish Wolfrobe, who is blind and so could not see to engage in the Buffalo Dance.)

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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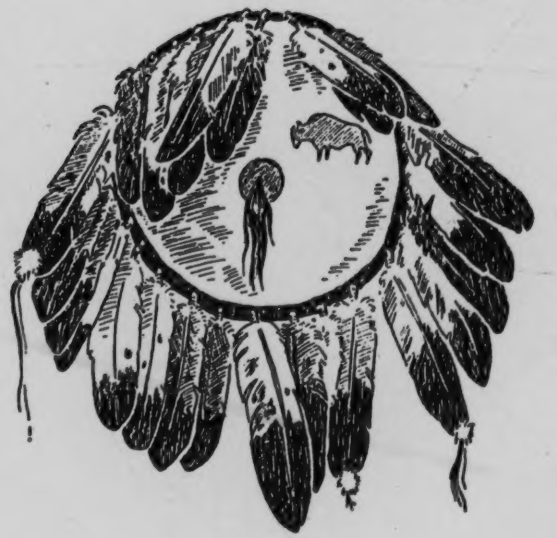


Buffalo Shield

Saturday, September 22

122 Our hero was wrenched from the fitful embrace of Morpheus (and morphemes) by his adoptive Indian brother and erstwhile buddy, James S. (for Sammy) White Calf, who, while attempting to introduce some warmth into the living-room, had persuaded the old Simmons stove to give out with a series of unearthly clanks à la Marley's ghost.

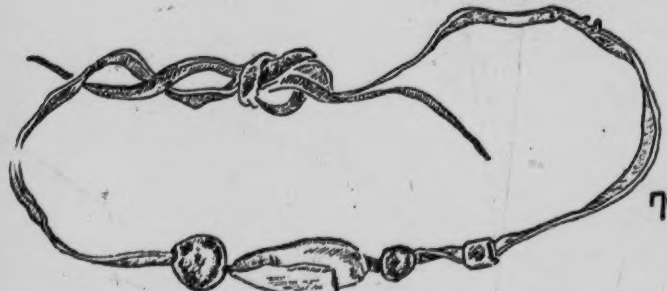
Joe Kicking-A-Woman came by and had breakfast coffee with us. We offered him food but he refused it, saying, "I already." Joe and Jim went off together after wood, and I did some typing. Later in the morning, with the Chief—who apparently didn't get much rest last night—asleep on the sofa, I put a few extra blocks in the stove and went to town to pick up the mail and to leave a change of address. The weather had cleared by now, and the day had decided to turn relatively clear and mild. On the way back, I stopped for a moment to say good-bye to Jim White Grass. I met practically everybody else in town, shopping. Am nearly broke now, but spent a precious $.97 on cough syrup for the Chief. The Chief's own cold

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

In my time, the shield became the property of Curly Bear, who went through a special ceremony in order to assume ownership of the shield and its power. Later on, Wades-In-The-Water went through the same ceremony, and then he was the owner of the shield. Wades-In-The-Water gave the magic shield to a Crow friend of his, and the Crow threw it onto the garbage heap. 778 789

After becoming satisfied that we had not "skipped out" anything from "Heavy-set Boy," brother Jim launched into an elusively anfractuous narration of an adventure which had befallen him while he was "in a armies," before he once again became a "civillain." It seems that, following completion of "basin training," Jim and his buddy found it a refreshing "chains" to put on a "carson hat [garrison hat]" and go "on a passes." The story continued for quite some time, and I suspect that I must have missed an installment or two because the first thing I knew some traumatic circumstance had induced Jim to "kill over in a knocked-out." I never did learn the nature of Jim's affliction, but he was "out under" for "ten-twenty minutes up maybe to hour" before he "final come to it." As I understood it, Jim was plucked from the depths of febrility by a good jolt from a pint of booze which his buddy happened to have "on handy." ("I asked him, I says, 'Hey, you better give me drink out of your whiskey.'") And our invalid was thus so effectively resuscitated that he dashed to the nearest restaurant, ate "some damn near everything," and proceeded to "date out" the best looking waitress imaginable. 122

Usually, Jim's autobiographical *chansons de geste* keep me in surreptitious stitches, but this night I was too weary to curl a lip. (By the time Jim and I concluded our bull session, I had just enough gas left to reach my sack before I "killed over in a knocked-out"; there was no opportunity at the time to record the events of the evening, and actually I am typing this early the next morning--Sunday morning--while Jim is outside cutting wood for the breakfast fire.) But even last night, in the very nadir of my energy and enthusiasm—when even the simple gesture of taking my writing pad out of my pocket made me wish for a bullet to bite on—I found myself sedulously jotting down the more meaty of Jim's catacreses, or neologies, or whatever they are. Whatever you wish to call them, Jim's original expressions pour forth so unexpectedly and in such profusion that if you don't write them down immediately, I guarantee that you won't be able to remember them an hour later.



Medicine Necklace

Tuesday Morning, September 25
(Somewhere in the State of Utah)

There is no one but I here in this little campground, but this is aloneness, not loneliness. Perhaps if I could see cars going by on the highway I might feel a twinge of loneliness, but I have a private little world here—gratefully—and this morning, after having enjoyed a good honest night's sleep in the back of the station wagon, I heated some water on the faithful old Coleman camp stove and took a "possible" bath. Then a quick plunge into the clear, deep stream that runs obligingly nearby, a brisk rub with a towel—and now I feel great.

My entire diet for the past two days has consisted of dried moose meat and fresh fruit. The fruit is nearly all gone now, but there is plenty of moose left, and since I am almost flat broke ("Pretty damn bent," Jim would say), I will be chewing moose meat all the way back. Actually, I have never felt stronger; never before have I traveled with so little sensation of fatigue. I guess the old Chief knows what he is talking about (as usual) when he maintains that drying is the best method of preserving meat. Come to think of it, since the moose was dried without being cooked or even smoked, I have subsisted for two days on *raw* meat.

Today promises to be bright and clear--a pleasant change from the clouds and intermittent rain of the past forty-eight hours. On the first day, Sunday, I didn't even get out of Montana—thanks to a mysterious rash of flat tires (I don't think the car wanted to leave) and to the fact that I got a late start. Actually, I had not planned to leave until Monday, but on Sunday morning Sweetgrass Hill de-